

A KNIGHT OF PHILADELPHIA

By JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER, Author of "The Sun of Saratoga," etc.
COMPLETE.



LIPPINCOTT'S

OCTOBER, 1897

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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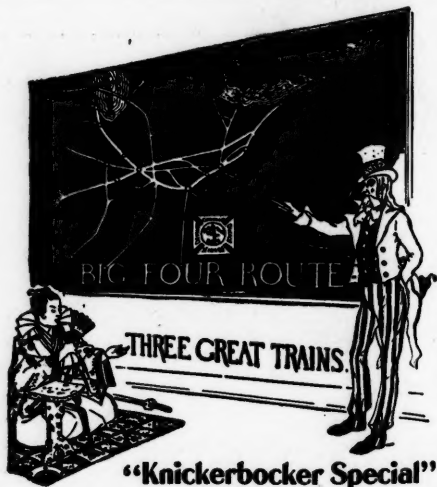
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JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER,
AUTHOR OF "THE SUN OF SARATOGA," ETC.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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A KNIGHT OF PHILADELPHIA.

CHAPTER I.

"CAPTAIN the Honorable Charles Montague, eldest son and heir of Lord George Montague, of Bridgewater Hall, Yorkshire, England," said Marcel, reading the letters, "and Lieutenant Arthur Melville, son of Sir Frederick William Melville, of Newton-on-the-Hill, Staffordshire, England. Those names sound well, don't they, eh, Chester? They roll like the Delaware."

I could not restrain a smile at the prim and choppy way in which Marcel pronounced the names and titles, just as if he were calling the roll of our company. But I wished to hide it nevertheless, as I felt some sympathy for the two young Englishmen because of the grievous state into which they had fallen. As they stood a bit apart from us, they preserved the seeming of dignity, but in truth it was very apparent that beneath this cloak they were sore troubled in mind, as well they had a right to be. It was a hard fate to come all the way across the ocean with letters of high recommendation to one's commander-in-chief, and then to fall into the hands of the enemy, letters and all, with the place of destination almost in sight.

"They should have stood very high in the graces of Sir William Howe had they reached Philadelphia," said Marcel, "for here are letters from some of the greatest men in England, descanting upon their military merits. Perhaps, Chester, we have saved the Thirteen Colonies with this little achievement, you and I. Because if everything in these letters is true,—and it is not for me to criticise the veracity of the writers,—one of our prisoners must be an Alexander at least, and the other a Hannibal."

Marcel had a sprightly humor, and one could never tell how it was going to show itself. But he was not given to malice, so he spoke the latter words in a tone that the Englishmen could not hear.

"Chester," he resumed, drawing me a little farther to one side, "these young gentlemen, barring their mischance of falling into our hands, seem to be pets of fortune. They are rich, of high station, and they come to join a powerful army which has all the resources of war. And look at their raiment, Chester; look at their raiment, I say."

In good truth, they were apparelled in most comfortable and seemly fashion. There is always a brave dash of color and adornment about the uniform of the British officer, and our prisoners had omitted nothing.

"Now look at our own attire," said Marcel, in tones of the utmost melancholy.

Of a verity, there was cause for his melancholy: the contrast was most piteous. Time and hard wear had played sad tricks with our regimentals, and, what was worse, we knew not when or how we were to replace them.

"I see not why we should grieve over it," I said. "The matter cannot be helped, and we must even make the best of it we can."

"Perhaps," said Marcel, fingering the letters meditatively. Then he turned and said with much politeness to Captain Montague,—

"I believe you stated that you and your friend are complete strangers to Sir William and his army?"

"Yes," replied Captain Montague; "we have no acquaintance with them at all, and we fear the unlucky capture of us that you have effected will prevent us from making any very soon."

"It was a mere chance, no fault of yours, that threw you into our hands," said Marcel, very courteously; "and it may save you from being killed on the battle-field, which latter I take to be a very unpleasant fate."

Then he drew me aside again.

"Chester," he said, assuming his most weighty manner, "sit down on this tree-trunk. I wish to hold converse with you for a moment or two."

I took the designated seat and waited for him to speak, knowing that he would take his own good time about it.

"Chester," he said, the solemnity of his tone unchanged, "you know what I am."

"Yes," I replied; "by descent three parts French and one part Irish, by birth South Carolinian; therefore wholly irresponsible."

"Quite true," he replied; "and you are by descent three parts English and one part Scotch, and by birth Pennsylvanian; therefore if you were to die the world would come to an end. Now, Bob Chester, still your Quakerish soul and listen to me. Behold those officers! Their brave clothes and well-rounded figures, which indicate a fine and abundant diet, arouse much envy in me, and because of it I have taken a resolution. Now look at me."

He rose and bowed low to me.

"Lieutenant Melville," he said, addressing himself to me, "pardon this somewhat formal and abrupt introduction, but I have heard often of your family, and I know its ancient and honorable distinction. Perhaps my own may fairly make some pretensions of a similar char-

acter. Lieutenant Melville, permit me to introduce myself. I am Captain the Honorable Charles Montague, eldest son of Lord George Montague, of Bridgewater Hall, Yorkshire. I am delighted to meet you, Lieutenant Melville, and doubly delighted to know that you also have letters to our illustrious commander-in-chief, and that we shall be comrades in arms and in glory."

"Marcel," said I, after a moment's pause, for he had taken the breath from me, "this is impossible. It would mean the halter for both of us before to-morrow night."

"Not so," he replied. "Neither of those men has a personal acquaintance in the British army. What I propose is easy enough, if we will only preserve a little coolness and tact. I am tired of skulking about like a half-starved hound, and I want an adventure. Moreover, think what valuable information we can acquire in Philadelphia, and what a great service we might render to our commander-in-chief. But if you are afraid to go with me I will go alone."

Now, I hold that I am a prudent man, but the Highland fourth in my blood will get the mastery of the English three-fourths now and then, and moreover I never would take a dare from Marcel.

"Very well," I said; "if you go alone you will surely be detected and hanged as a spy. Since it is necessary for me to go with you to save you, I'll do it."

"It is most kind of you," said Marcel; "and then if we must hang it will be pleasanter for us to hang together."

We beckoned to Sergeant Pritchard and told him our plan. He was full of astonishment and protestations. But, as he was under our command, he could do naught but obey.

The two young Englishmen were compelled to retire behind some trees and divest themselves of their fine clothes, which we donned, giving them our rags in return. All the letters and other documents that we found in their possession we put in our pockets. Then we mounted their sleek, fat horses and turned our heads towards Philadelphia.

"Sergeant Pritchard," I said, "look well to the prisoners, and see that they do not escape before we return."

"Then they will never escape," he said. "Lieutenant Chester, you and Lieutenant Marcel could find better ways to die. I beg you to come back."

"Sergeant Pritchard," said Marcel, "we will do you the honor of dining with you, at your expense, one month from to-day."

Then we bowed low to the gentlemen who wore our clothes, and galloped off towards Philadelphia.

One can become intoxicated without drinking, and the air was so brilliant and so buoyant that day that I think it got into our heads and created in us an unusual measure of high spirits. Moreover, we were so nobly clad and had such good horses under us that we felt like gentlemen of quality for the first time in long and weary months. We galloped along at a great rate for a half-hour, and then when we pulled our horses down to a walk Marcel turned a satisfied smile upon me.

"Lieutenant Melville, allow me to congratulate you upon the make

and set of your uniform," he said, with extreme politeness. "It is in truth most becoming to you, and I dare say there is no officer in the service of our gracious majesty King George who could present a finer appearance or prove himself more worthy of his commission."

"A thousand thanks, Captain Montague," I replied. "Such a compliment from an officer of your critical discernment and vast experience is in truth most grateful. Permit me to add, without attempting to flatter you, that you yourself are a most imposing and warlike figure. May these perverse rebels soon give us both a chance to prove our valor and our worth!"

"The warlike words of a warrior," said Marcel. "And it seemeth to me, Lieutenant Melville, that the warrior is worthy of his wage. The country about us is fair. There are hills and dales and running streams and woodland and pasture. I doubt not that when all the rebels are hanged and their goods confiscated the king will allot brave estates to us for our most faithful services. It will be very pleasant to each of us, Lieutenant Melville, to have fair acres in this country to add to what we may have some day in England. See that tall hill afar to the right; I think I will rear my mansion upon its crest. That curtain of wood on the slope there will make a lordly park, while my lands will roll back for miles."

"And I trust that I will be your neighbor, Captain Montague," I replied, "for, behold, to the left is another hill, upon which a noble building will rise, the home of the famous soldier General Melville, Duke of Pennsylvania."

Then we threw our heads back and laughed like two boys on a frolic, which I suspect was not far from being the exact state of the case.

"There is one thing that both of us must bear in mind, Lieutenant Melville," said Marcel, presently.

"What is that?" I asked.

"We must not forget the tragic end of two young American officers whom we knew, Lieutenant Robert Chester, of Pennsylvania, and Lieutenant Philip Marcel, of South Carolina."

"Ah! their fate was sad,—very sad," I said.

Marcel put his face in his hands and appeared to weep.

"They departed this life very suddenly," he said, "about ten o'clock of a fine morning, on the 8th of May, 1778, in his Britannic majesty's province of Pennsylvania, about fifteen miles east of his most loyal city of Philadelphia. The witnesses of their sudden and sorrowful demise were Sergeant Pritchard and four privates in the rebel service, and two young British officers who had just been captured by the aforesaid rebels. Such are the chances of war; but we must even weep their fate, for they were so young and so ingenuous! Lieutenant Melville, will you weep with me?"

We bowed our heads and wept.

We had but slight idea of our future course. It was our intent to take matters as they came.

"Suppose the other English officers should ask us about England and our homes and our kin?" I said to Marcel. "How can we answer them without convicting ourselves?"

"That is easy," replied Marcel, gayly. "We have brains, haven't we? And if any impertinent fellow becomes too inquisitive we can do as the Connecticut man does: we can answer a question with a question of our own. Besides, there is plenty of information in these letters that we have captured, and we can study them."

We were now approaching the British lines, but were still in a region that might be called doubtful ground, since parties from either army scouted and foraged over it.

I suggested that we halt in the shade of a convenient grove and examine the letters again with minute care, rehearsing them in order that we might be exceeding familiar with their contents. This we did, and then each tested the knowledge of the other, like a pedagogue questioning his pupil.

"I think we'll do," said Marcel. "Even if we were to lose the letters, we can remember everything that is in them."

"That being granted," I replied, "I propose that we push on at once for Philadelphia. I am most amazingly hungry, and I have heard that the rations of the British officers are a noble delight to the stomach."

We mounted our horses and rode leisurely on. As we were drawing near to the city we expected to meet scouting or skirmishing parties, and we were not subjected to disappointment.

Presently as our road wound around a hill we heard a clanking of spurs and the jabber of voices. Through some trees we could see bits of sunshine reflected from the metal of guns.

"A British scouting or foraging party," said Marcel. "Now, Bob, remember that we are to carry it off like two young lords, and are to be as weighty of manner as if we equalled Sir William Howe himself in rank."

We shook up our horses, and they trotted forward, Marcel and I assuming an air of ease and indifference. A dozen troopers came into our view. They were rather a begrimed and soiled lot, and it was quite evident to us that they had been on a foraging expedition, for one of them carried chickens and turkeys, and another had a newly slain pig resting comfortably across his saddle-bow. The leader seemed to be a large swart man who rode in front and clutched a squawking chicken in his left hand.

"They're Americans! They're of our own side, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Marcel. "We'll warn them that this is dangerous ground and that they may meet the enemy at any moment."

So we whipped up our horses and galloped forward with this benevolent purpose in view.

But, to our great amazement and to our equal indignation, the larger man drew a horse-pistol of a bigness proportioned to his own, and fired point-blank at us. I heard three or four slugs whizzing in a most uncomfortable manner past my head, and, thinking it was time to stop, drew back my horse with a jerk.

"The confounded whipper-snapper dandies!" exclaimed the big man with the pistol. "Would they dare to ride us down! At them, lads, and knock them off their horses!"

"Stop! stop!" shouted Marcel. "What do you mean by attacking your own countrymen and comrades?"

But his only answer was a shout of derision and the cocking of pistols. Then I remembered that we were clad in the British uniform. The Americans might well believe that our protestations of friendship were but a sham. In truth, they could scarce believe aught else. With a quick and powerful jerk of the rein I wheeled my horse about. Marcel did likewise, and away we galloped, our countrymen hot at our heels and their bullets whistling about us.

It was lucky for us that the foragers were well loaded up with spoil and their movements and their aim thus impeded. Otherwise I think we would have been slain. But, as it was, none of their bullets struck us, and the suddenness of our flight gave us a good start. We bent down upon our horses' necks, in order to present as small a target as possible.

"I think we ought to stop and explain," I said to Marcel when we had galloped a few hundred yards.

"But there is no time to explain," he replied. "If we were to check our speed we would be overtaken by bullets before we could make explanation. Our uniforms, though very fine and becoming, are much against us, and even if we should escape without wounds we would be taken back as prisoners to the American army."

"Then, Captain Montague," I said, "there is naught for us to do but continue our flight to Philadelphia and escape within the lines of his Britannic majesty's most devoted army."

"It is even so, Lieutenant Melville," returned Marcel. "How does his grace the Duke of Pennsylvania like to be pursued thus over his own domain by these wicked rebels?"

"He likes it not at all," I replied.

"But he must even endure it," said Marcel, grinning in spite of our predicament.

We had gained somewhat upon our pursuers, but we could hear the big man encouraging the others and urging them to greater speed. It was our good fortune that the country was not obstructed by hedges or fences, and it seemed that we might escape, for our horses evidently were the fresher.

I looked back and saw the big man fifteen or twenty feet ahead of his companions. He was making great efforts to reload his pistol, but was keeping a watchful eye upon us at the same time. It was plain to me that he was filled with the ardor of the chase and would not relinquish it as long as it seemed possible to overtake us. Presently he adjusted the charge in his pistol and raised the weapon. I saw that it was aimed at me, and just as he pulled the trigger I made my horse swerve. Nevertheless I felt a smart in my left arm and uttered a short cry.

"Are you hurt?" asked Marcel, apprehensively.

"No," I replied, "not much. I think his bullet took a piece of my skin, but no more."

But a fine trickle of blood that came down my left sleeve and stained my hand made me feel uneasy.

We urged our horses to greater efforts, and the spirited animals responded. We had curved about considerably in the course of our flight, but I had a good idea of the country, and I knew that we were now galloping directly towards Philadelphia. I trusted that if our pursuers were aware of this fact they would abandon the chase, which threatened soon to take them inside the British lines. But a half-hour passed, and they showed no signs of stopping.

"We have our pistols," said Marcel. "We might use them."

"We cannot fire on our own countrymen," I said.

"No," he replied, "but we can fire over their heads, and it may reduce the infernal eagerness they show in this pursuit. A bullet properly directed discourages overmuch enthusiasm."

We twisted about in our saddles and discharged our weapons as Marcel had suggested. But, unfortunately for us, our countrymen were brave and were not afraid of our pistols. They came on as fast as ever, while our movement had checked our flight somewhat and caused us to lose ground perceptibly. We began to grow discouraged.

But in this moment of depression we saw a smudge of red across a valley, and Marcel uttered a little shout of joy.

"A rescue! A rescue, most noble duke!" he cried. "See, the British troops are coming!"

Through the valley a strong body of British cavalry were galloping. There were at least fifty men in the party, and evidently they had seen us before we saw them, for many of them held their sabres in their hands, and presently they raised a great shout.

Our American pursuers, seeing they were outnumbered, turned about and took to their heels with great precipitation. The next moment we galloped into the middle of the British troop, and, a curious faintness overcoming me, I slid from my horse to the ground.

Marcel, having thrown himself from his horse, was beside me in a moment, and lifted me to my feet.

"A little water, please, as soon as you can," he said to a fine stalwart officer who had also dismounted and come to my aid. "The lieutenant was wounded in a brush we had with those confounded rebels, and I fear his strength is exhausted."

"Then here is something much better for him than water," said the officer, sympathetically.

He held a canteen to my mouth, and I took a draught of as fine whiskey as I ever tasted. It put the life back into me, and I was able to stand upon my feet without assistance.

A half-dozen of the British had stopped with the officer who gave me the whiskey, but the others had continued the pursuit. This officer, who wore the uniform of a captain, was apparently about thirty-five, and of prepossessing appearance. He looked at us inquiringly, and Marcel, who guessed the nature of his unspoken question, said,—

"My friend here, who is so unfortunate as to be wounded, is Lieutenant Arthur Melville, and I am Captain Charles Montague. We landed but lately in New York, and we undertook to come across the

country to Philadelphia, for we have letters to Sir William Howe, and we wished to see active service as soon as possible."

"You seem to have had an adventure, at any rate," said the officer.

"Why, it was nothing much, only a trifle," said Marcel, airily. "If the fellows had not been so numerous, I think we could have given a handsome account of them. Melville here, before he got his wound, popped one of them off his horse with a bullet through his head, and I think I gave another a reminder in the shoulder which he will not forget very soon. But it was lucky you came when you did, gentlemen, for they were most persistent scoundrels, and I verily believe they would have overtaken us."

"It is a pleasure to have been in time to save you," said the officer. "My name is Blake, Geoffrey Blake, and I am a captain in the Guards. I am something of a surgeon, and if Lieutenant Melville will permit me I will examine his arm and see the nature of his wound."

The wound proved to be very slight, but I readily saw how much the manner of our entry into the British lines was in favor of our adventure. We had come up full tilt, pursued by the Americans, and an American bullet had grazed my arm. The chase, after all, was a fortunate accident, for it created a vast prepossession in favor of our assumed identity.

"It was an early and rather rude welcome that the rebels gave us," said Marcel, as we were examining the wounded arm, "but I fancy that we will yet find an opportunity for revenge."

"No doubt of it! No doubt of it!" said Captain Blake. "We have not been able to bring on a general battle for some time, but their skirmishers swarm like flies around us, and nothing is safe beyond the sight of our army. It was like their impudence to pursue you here. But it was very bold of you, gentlemen, to undertake a journey from New York to Philadelphia across a rebel-infested country."

"We thought we might have a skirmish with the rebels," said Marcel, lightly, "and we had no great objection to such an encounter: did we, eh, Melville?"

"Oh, no, not at all, so long as Captain Blake and his gallant men were at hand to rescue us," I replied.

Captain Blake bowed and regarded us with a look of great favor. I saw that we were fast establishing our reputation with our new British friends as men of dashing courage and tact. Presently the troopers who had pursued the Americans returned and reported that they had been unable to catch them.

"They disappeared in the woods over there," said a lieutenant, "and we can discover no further traces of them. And they carried all their spoil with them, too; not a chicken, not a turkey, could we retake."

"Let them go," replied Captain Blake. "At least we have saved our friends here from capture."

"Which the friends aforesaid consider to be not the least among your achievements," said Marcel.

Captain Blake laughed good-humoredly, and then we rode into Philadelphia, Marcel and I bearing ourselves like conquering heroes and guests of honor.

X

CHAPTER II.

WE made a fine cavalcade when we rode through the streets of Philadelphia. As we had stopped at the outposts in order to comply with the usual formalities, some rumor of our adventures had preceded us, and, since it is not the habit of rumor to diminish the importance of things, it had made notable heroes of Marcel and me. Some part of the rumor came to our ears as we proceeded, and we found that between us we had slain at least eight rebels and had pursued a hundred others a matter of not less than ten miles.

"I fear, captain," said Marcel to Blake, "that we have achieved such a reputation for valorous conduct that we will never be able to prove the tenth part of it."

"Trust me, gentlemen, for thinking better of you than that," replied Captain Blake, who seemed to have taken a fine fancy for us. "I doubt not that both of you will be winning honors on bloody battle-fields."

"If so," said Marcel, "we trust that General Blake will be there to see it."

Captain Blake, who, like most men, was not inaccessible to flattery, seemed charmed at the high promotion Marcel had conferred so readily upon him, and certain was I that we would have a fast friend in him.

"I am going to take you immediately to Sir William himself," said the captain, "as you have letters of introduction to him, and I doubt not that he will place you on his own personal staff, where you will secure fine opportunities for conspicuous service."

"I would like to see service first at a well-loaded table," whispered Marcel to me. "I was hungry before I reached Philadelphia, and the sight of all these smug and comfortable people in the streets sharpens the pangs of famine."

And in truth the people we saw were a well-fed lot, with fat cheeks and chins, very unlike our own lean and hungry fellows, who had to fight on empty stomachs.

We arrived in a short time at the quarters of Sir William Howe, and I was somewhat astonished at the luxury and display I witnessed there. There were as many articles for ease and adornment as ever I had seen in the mansions of our most wealthy citizens, and seeing it all I did not wonder why this general should have been called "The Sluggard." It contrasted very strongly with the simplicity of our own commander-in-chief's tent, and I, who had not slept under a roof in a year, felt oppressed, as if the air was too heavy for my lungs. But it was not so with Marcel, who loved his ease and basked in rich colors.

"We have made a happy change, Chester," he said to me as we waited for Sir William. "This in truth looks to be a most comfortable place, and if we do not find much enjoyment here it will be because we are men of small resources."

But I was thinking of the great risks we were incurring, and made no answer. He did not notice it. He sighed in the most contented fashion, and said it was the first moment of real enjoyment he had experienced in six months. But his lazy pleasure was soon interrupted

by the entrance of Sir William Howe himself. Sir William was a swart, thick man, whose plump face and figure indicated a love of good eating. His expression was indolent, and on the whole good-natured. He received us with kindness. It was evident that some one had blown our trumpet for us already: I guessed that it was Blake.

"I am delighted to see you, gentlemen," he said. "It was in truth a daring deed to ride from New York to Philadelphia, for the rebels infest the country between. It is fortunate that Lieutenant Melville escaped with so slight a wound. I should like to hear more about your adventures, gentlemen."

Then Marcel with an air of great modesty told a most remarkable story of our encounter, how we had driven the rebels back once, and had knocked two of them off their horses, but at last under stress of numbers were compelled to retreat. I took careful note of everything he said, for if the time came for me to tell the tale alone, as most like it would, mine must not vary from Marcel's in any particular. Sir William seemed to be much pleased with the story.

"That will bear retelling," he said. "I must have you two, Captain Montague and Lieutenant Melville, at our dinner to-morrow. I am to have a company here composed of my most distinguished officers and of some of our loyal friends of Philadelphia. I shall be glad for you to come, gentlemen; and do you look your best, for there will be beauty at the banquet."

Of course we accepted the invitation with great alacrity, but a shade came over Marcel's face. The general observed it with keen eye.

"Why do you look sad, Captain Montague?" he asked.

Marcel hesitated, and seemed to be in a state of perplexity.

"I fear it would anger you, general, if I were to name the cause," he said.

"Speak out! Tell me what it is. Would you rather not come? If so, have no hesitation in saying it," replied Sir William.

But the general did not appear at all pleased at the possibility of his invitation to dinner being declined by a junior officer. At which I did not wonder, for it would have savored much of disparagement, not to say impertinence.

"It is not that, general," said Marcel, making a most graceful genuflection. "We have already derived acute pleasure in anticipation from the banquet to which you have so graciously invited us. But, general, it is the truth that we have great need of a banquet now, also. General, it pains me to have to say it in your presence, but we are starving. We have not eaten for a day. Perhaps we could have contained ourselves, if you had not spoken of a banquet, but that was too much for our endurance."

The general burst into a fit of great and hearty laughter. Marcel's sly impertinence, for such it was, seemed to please him.

"Starving, eh?" he exclaimed. "Then I must see that my heroes who fought the rebels so well do not perish of hunger. Britain has not yet come to such a pass that she must deny food to her soldiers. Vivian will care for you."

He called an aide of about our own age and bade him take us to

the officers' mess and give us the best that was to be found. This Vivian was a talkative and agreeable young personage. We had to tell our entire story again to him, which perhaps was not a bad thing, as it was a kind of rehearsal and served to fasten the matter in our minds. I was narrator this time, and I am confident that I followed Marcel's story so well that if the two narrations had been written out a reader could have found no difference in them. It is so easy to lie sometimes.

"You are caught between luncheon and dinner," said Vivian, "but I think the cook can knock up enough for you to stay the pangs of starvation."

"I trust he may," said Marcel, devoutly, "or else he will be responsible for our deaths, and that is too heavy a weight for a regimental cook to bear."

It was evident that the cook had faced such emergencies before, for he was most nobly equal to it, and we did not restrain the expression of our gratitude when we were seated at a table in the mess-room, with an imposing meat pie, an abundance of bread and fresh vegetables, and a flagon of wine before us.

"We can do better than this when we are warned," said Vivian.

"This is ample and most comforting," I replied, and that was about the first true thing that either Marcel or I had said since we had entered Philadelphia.

There was in this mess-room the same touch of luxury and adornment, though more restrained, that we had noticed at the head-quarters of the general. It was evident that his Britannic majesty's officers lived well in the good city of Philadelphia.

"Oh, why did we not come sooner?" said Marcel, with a double meaning that I alone understood.

"The rebels seem to have hurried you along fast enough," said Vivian, with a laugh.

"We hope to reverse the case soon," replied Marcel, "and become the pursuers ourselves. Meanwhile I take great comfort in demolishing this pie."

The news of our adventure had been spread very generally about head-quarters, for several officers came in while we ate. They were rather a friendly lot, and some of them I liked. Blake, our first British friend, was among them.

"I wonder the rebels had the courage to pursue you," said a very callow youth named Graves.

"Don't the rebels fight well?" asked Marcel.

"Oh, no, not at all," returned Graves, superciliously. "They take to flight at the first glimpse of a British uniform."

"Then why don't you go out and show yourself, Graves?" asked Vivian; "for they say that bands of the rebels do come alarmingly close to Philadelphia."

There was a general laugh, and Graves turned almost as red as his coat.

"There is no doubt," said an older officer, named Catron, "about our ability to crush these rebels if we could get them into a corner. But they are most cursedly sly."

"But," said I, for I was determined to defend my countrymen despite our situation, "the rebels are the weaker, and it is the business of the weaker party to avoid being pushed into a corner. And according to all the accounts that have come to England, they seem to show much skill in this particular."

"It is true," replied Catron, "but I must persist in calling it most unhandsome behavior on their part. They don't give us a chance to win any laurels, and they don't give us a chance to go home. We are kept in a condition of waiting and uncertainty which is the most unpleasant of all things."

"Well, all that will speedily come to an end," said Marcel, "for my friend Melville has arrived, and I tell you in strict confidence, gentlemen, that Melville is the fiercest warrior since Marlborough. I doubt not that the rebels, having heard of Melville's arrival, are even now fleeing into the wilderness across the Alleghany Mountains, that they may forever be beyond the reach of his mighty arm."

The laugh went around again, and this time at my expense.

"Perhaps if the discourteous rebels had known that I was one of the gentlemen whom they were pursuing," I said, "it might have saved my friend Captain Montague much exasperation of spirit and the loss of a most elegant military cloak that he brought from England with him. I assure you, gentlemen, that when we were compelled to take to flight the captain's beautiful cloak trailed out behind him like a streamer, and finally, a puff of wind catching it, it left his shoulders entirely. I doubt not that some ragged rebel is now wearing it as a trophy.—Ah, captain, it was a most beautiful cloak to lose, was it not?"

"And it was with that very cloak upon my shoulders," said Marcel, falling into the spirit of the matter, "that I expected to make conquest of some of these provincial maidens of whom report speaks in such glowing terms. Alas, what shall I do?"

"Oh, it will be easy enough to get it back," said a young officer, whose name, as I afterwards learned, was Reginald Belfort. "These rebels are a poor lot. They cannot stand before us."

Belfort was young and handsome, but his face expressed arrogance and superciliousness. I liked him but little.

"I know not much of the rebels from personal observation," I replied, not relishing his sneer, "but General Burgoyne would hardly have said that at Saratoga."

"No," commented Vivian, "for it would be somewhat severe upon General Burgoyne to be captured with all his veterans by such a poor lot of men as Belfort says the rebels are."

"But you must not forget," said Catron, good-humoredly, "that Belfort thinks the rebels are inferior in blood. Belfort, as you know, gentlemen, has a lineage that dates back to the Conquest. He claims that these rebels are the descendants of peasants and outcasts, and therefore should admit their inborn and permanent inferiority."

"And so they are such," said Belfort, still sneering. "They should be ruled by the gentlemen of England, and ruled by them they will be."

"What were the Normans themselves in the beginning," I asked,

"but Scandinavian pirates and peasants? The ancestors of these rebels may have been peasants, but at any rate they were not pirates."

Belfort flushed, and for a moment could not answer. He knew that I had told the truth, as any one who reads history knows also.

"We have come to a fine pass," he said at length, "when a man who has just escaped by the speed of his horse from the rebels sets himself up as their defender."

"That may be," I said, for I was still somewhat angry; "but I do not think it worth our while to depreciate men who have already taken an entire army of ours, and keep all our other armies cooped up in two or three large towns."

"Melville does not want to diminish the glory of the victories that we are to achieve," said Marcel, lightly. "The more valiant and the more worthy the foe, the greater one's glory to triumph over him."

"That is a very just observation," said Vivian, who seemed anxious to avoid a quarrel, "and I propose that the quality of the rebels and the amount of resistance they will offer to our conquering armies be left to the future. Such warlike questions will keep. Milder subjects become the present."

"Then would not the dinner that the general is to give to-morrow be a fit topic?" asked young Graves.

"Our new friends are to be there," said Vivian. "You are lucky chaps, Montague, you and Melville, to be invited, so soon after your arrival, to one of Sir William's entertainments. There is not a better diner in America, or Europe either, than Sir William."

"The banquet is to be blessed by beauty too," said Graves. "Our fair ally and her renegade father are to be there. Oh, but Sir William keeps a sharp eye on the old scoundrel, and well he deserves to be watched thus."

"I beg to avow ignorance of whom you mean," I said, my curiosity aroused. "You must remember that Montague and I have arrived but within the day and know not the great personages of Philadelphia."

"By 'old renegade' we mean John Desmond, merchant and money-lender of this city, who it is said has more wealth than any other man in all this rich colony, ay, even enough to set up a mighty estate in England, if he so chose," replied Vivian; "and by 'our fair ally' we mean his daughter Mary, as fine and fair a woman as these two eyes ever gazed upon. The old Desmond leans to the rebels, and 'tis said would help them with his money if he dared, while the daughter is all for us, as she should be, being a born subject of our liege King George, God bless him. And 'tis reported that it might go hard with the old rebel, but some of his sins are forgiven him for the sake of his loyal and lovely daughter."

Now, I had heard not of the daughter before, but the name of the father was not strange to me. Secret assistance of money had come into our camp sometimes, and it was said that this John Desmond had sent it. Repute had it that he was a man of great mind and brain, who would have come in person to join us had not his rich properties in Philadelphia demanded his care and attention. I could well believe

that his situation was of a very precarious nature, despite his daughter's fidelity to the king.

"I am curious to see both the rebel and his loyal daughter," said Marcel, unconsciously speaking my own thoughts also.

"You may yield to the charms of the daughter," replied Vivian, "but I warn you that if you seek to retort her conquests upon her you will have antagonists, and our friend Belfort here is not the least among them."

Belfort frowned as if he did not relish the allusion, but it was a jolly young company of officers, and his frowns did not prevent them from having but small mercy upon him.

"I am told," said Catron, "that the young lady looks very high, and it will not be an easy task to win her. I think, Belfort, that the uniform of a colonel would be an exceeding betterment to your chances. And even if you should achieve success with the lady, I know not how the glowering old Desmond will look upon you."

"It seems to me, gentlemen," said Belfort, a trifle warmly, "that you are over-personal in your discussions."

"Then in truth it is a most serious matter with you, eh, Belfort?" exclaimed Vivian.

"Nevertheless the field is open to any of us who choose to enter, and I suspect that some of us choose," said Catron. "Belfort must not expect to win a battle unopposed."

I saw that Belfort liked the discussion less and less, and that he did not fancy rivalry. Many of the British officers in America, with worldly wisdom, were already seeking alliances with our Colonial heiresses. I had no doubt that Belfort had such designs in his mind, and I took a dislike to him for it.

Our appetites had now been dulled, and Vivian, seeing it, suggested that perhaps we might like to seek repose, adding that we would not be assigned to any regular service for a day or two. We accepted the invitation to rest, for we were in truth quite tired. It had been a long day, filled with many adventures. The officers wished us a hearty good-night and slumber undisturbed by dreams of pursuing rebels, and then left us.

"I must return to Sir William," said Vivian, as he left, "but Waters will take you to your quarters.—Here, Waters, see that Captain Montague and Lieutenant Melville are made comfortable."

Waters, a large, red-headed man in the dress of a British orderly, stepped forward.

"Waters is American," said Vivian, "but no Englishman is more loyal to the king than he. He is a good soldier and a good fellow. In fact, he has been so useful to us that he is in some sort a privileged character, and often comes and goes pretty nearly according to his own liking. So you may know that he is esteemed by us all."

When Vivian had gone, Waters led the way to our quarters. Presently this red-headed man said to us, "The rebels are very numerous about the city, are they not, and make travelling a matter of much danger?"

"Why should you think they are numerous?" haughtily asked

Marcel, who was a great stickler for the formalities, and thought the man presumptuous in speaking unbidden to his superiors.

"I meant no harm, sir," said Waters, humbly. "I heard that they had pursued you and your friend there almost into the city itself."

"Well, at any rate," replied Marcel, shortly, "they did not overtake us; and if you will kindly conduct us to our quarters we will undertake to get along without any further questions from you about the rebels."

"Of a certainty, sir," replied Waters. "I see that your honor pays small heed to the rebels."

This savored of fresh impertinence, but neither Marcel nor I replied. When we had reached the room and Waters was adjusting it for us, I saw him regarding Marcel with a pair of remarkably keen and intelligent eyes. It was a more comprehensive gaze than that of an ordinary attendant prompted by curiosity, and there was something in it that struck me with alarm. Presently his gaze shifted from Marcel and fell upon me, but the eyes, meeting mine, passed on. A moment or two later, Waters, having finished his task, bowed to us and left the room, walking with a light, noiseless step, although he was a large, heavy man.

Sometimes little things stir one overmuch, and it was so with this incident. The man had aroused my apprehensions to a strange degree, and I showed my alarm in my face, for Marcel, turning to me, exclaimed,—

"Why, what ails you? What are you scared about?"

Then I explained how I had noticed the suspicious and inquiring gaze of the man Waters. This made Marcel look serious also.

"Of a truth the man was over-bold in his manner," he said, "and it may be he believes I am no more Captain Montague than you are Lieutenant Melville. He is an American, I believe Vivian said?"

"Yes, one of the Tories," I replied.

"They are the worst of all," said Marcel.

But presently we took a more cheerful view of the matter. We reasoned that, situated as we were, the slightest sort of incident was like to breed suspicion in our minds.

"At any rate," said Marcel, "I shall not be unhappy just after having eaten the first substantial and plentiful meal that I have had in a year. That red-headed Tory shall not rest upon my mind."

"Nor upon mine," I said.

"That being the case," said Marcel, "we'd better go to sleep." Which we did.

CHAPTER III.

I HAD heard that Sir William Howe was of a sybaritic temperament. What we had seen on the occasion of our first interview with him indicated the truth of this report, and what burst upon us when we entered the apartments where his banquet of state was served was

indubitable confirmation. There was such a confusion of soft carpets and silken hangings and glittering glass and other adornments of luxury that for a few moments both Marcel and I were quite dazzled and overpowered by the sight.

"I would like to turn about twenty of our starving soldiers loose here with liberty to do their will for a half-hour," Marcel whispered to me.

I smiled at the thought of the mighty wreckage and despoiling that would ensue. But Vivian and Blake were coming to greet us, and soon we were strolling about with them. We rendered our respects again to Sir William, who received us with kindly courtesy. He was in the full blaze of his most splendid and brilliant uniform, with a gold-hilted sword hanging by his side, and I have rarely seen a more sumptuously adorned figure.

"Suppose we get a glass of wine," said Blake, after we had performed our duty to our host and commander-in-chief.

We made assent, and he led the way to a smaller room, where was spread a fine array of bottles and glasses. An attendant hastened to fill the glasses for us, and when he handed mine to me I recognized the face of the man Waters. Perhaps it was my imagination again, but his eyes seemed to dwell upon me for a moment with a look of suspicion or of knowledge. But it was only for a moment, and then his face became as blank and stupid as that of a well-trained attendant ought to be. But the feeling of alarm was aroused in me as it had been aroused the night before, and I drank off the wine at a draught to steady my nerves and to still my fears. It had the effect desired: my blood grew warm in my veins again. Then I saw how foolish I had been. The imagination loves to trick us, and if ever we give it any vantage it will trick us in precisely the same way again.

Waters was asking me in the most respectful tone for the privilege of refilling my glass, but I declined, and passed on with my friends. I determined to say nothing to Marcel about this second alarm that Waters had given me, for I knew his volatile Southern temperament had long since thrown off the effects of what he might have felt the previous night, and he would only laugh at me.

Marcel and the two Englishmen said by and by that they wanted another glass of wine, and decided to return to the room in search of it. But I wished to keep my head cool, and refused to go with them.

"Very well," said Vivian. "Take care of yourself, and we will rejoin you presently."

So they left me; and I was not ill content to be alone,—that is, in so far as one can be alone in the midst of a crowd,—for I wished to look on and to note well, since I apprehended that in the course of our adventure we would need a great store of knowledge as well as tact. I was thinking such thoughts as these, and meanwhile failing to look about me with the acuteness that I had intended, when I turned an angle of the hall and barely saved myself from a collision with the handsomest young woman I had ever seen. Startled by my absence of mind and awkwardness, she stepped back with a little cry, while I stammered out some sort of an apology, though all the while I kept

my eyes upon her face, which was of that clear, fine, and expressive type which I so much admire. The slight look of annoyance that had appeared at first in her eyes passed away. I suppose it was my look of admiration that had placated her, for I have heard old men who know much of women say that no one of them is so good or so indifferent that she is not pleased by evident admiration. A half-dozen brilliantly uniformed officers were around her, and one of them—Catron it was—stepped forward.

"Miss Desmond," he said, with easy grace, "permit me to introduce to you the valiant Lieutenant Melville, who is one of the heroes of yesterday's encounter with the rebel band, of which you perhaps have heard.—Lieutenant Melville, make obeisance to Miss Desmond, our fairest and most faithful ally."

So this was the woman. As traitorous as she was fair! The apostate daughter of a patriot father! Not all her beauty—and I was fain to confess to myself that it was great—could prevent the anger from rising within me.

But I concealed my feelings and made a most lowly obeisance.

"You are just from England, I hear, Lieutenant Melville," she said. "Ah, that is a happy land! There the king's subjects are loyal and devoted to his welfare, while this wretched country is rent by treason and war."

Her words increased my anger.

"Miss Desmond," I said, "I am a soldier of his majesty King George, and hope to serve him well, but I can condemn all the rebels as rebels only, and not as men also. I hear that Mr. Washington and many of his officers are, aside from their lack of loyalty, most worthy persons."

These words had a bold sound, but I had determined to adopt such a course, for I believed it would come nearer to allaying suspicion than any over-warm espousal of Britain's cause. This in truth seemed to be the case, for two or three of the officers murmured approval of my words.

"You seem to be as frank as you are bold," said Miss Desmond, coldly. "But perhaps it would be wise for you to keep these opinions from Sir William Howe."

"He has not yet asked me for my opinions," I replied, then adding as an apology for the rudeness, "but if any one could convert me by argument to the belief that the morals of the rebels are as bad as their politics, it would be Miss Desmond."

"Then," she said, somewhat irrelevantly, "you do not believe that all these men should be hanged when the rebellion is crushed?"

"Miss Desmond," I replied, "you cannot hang an entire nation."

"Fie! fie!" broke in Catron, "to talk of such a gruesome subject at such a time! Melville, acknowledge yourself one of Miss Desmond's subjects, and come with us."

"I yield willingly to such overwhelming odds," I said.

"You are just in time," said Catron, "for here comes Belfort, who is even more fierce against the rebels than Miss Desmond."

Belfort saluted Miss Desmond in his most courtly manner, but was

chary of his politeness to the remainder of us. It was evident that he wished to assume a certain proprietorship over Miss Desmond, but the gay crowd around her was not willing to submit to that, and Miss Desmond herself would not have allowed such cool appropriation. So among us we made Belfort fight for his ground, and, though it is wrong, perhaps, to confess it, I extracted much enjoyment from his scarce-concealed spleen. In this pleasant exercise we were presently aided by Marcel, who saw how matters stood as soon as he joined us, and turned all the shafts of his sharp wit upon Belfort.

But these passages at arms were soon broken up, as the time for the banquet had arrived. The largest room in the house had been set apart for the feasting, and upon the great table which ran almost its full length was an array of gold and silver plate of a splendor and quality that I had never seen before. In the adjoining chambers were stationed two of the regimental bands, the one to play while the other rested. Scores of wax candles in magnificent candelabra shed a brilliant light over gold and silver plate and the gorgeous uniforms of the gathering guests. Of a truth the British army lived well. How could we blame our ragged and starving men for leaving us sometimes?

Sir William, as a matter of course, presided, with the general officers on either side of him. But a seat or two away from him was a large man in civilian's dress. This man was of a noble but worn countenance. I guessed at once that he was John Desmond, and soon found that I was right. I wondered why Sir William had brought him to the banquet, but supposed it was for his daughter's sake.

Miss Desmond was near the upper end of the table, with Belfort by her side. Nor was she the only beauty at the banquet, for the wives and daughters of our rich Philadelphians were very partial to the British, whose triumph in America they considered certain. This fact was not a matter of pleasure and encouragement to good patriots.

I would have liked to be near Miss Desmond, for I wished to draw her out further in regard to her political principles. I did not understand why an American woman could be so bitter against the best of her countrymen, and moreover there is a certain pleasure in opposition. We soon grow tired of people who always agree with us. But it was not my fortune to be near enough to converse with her. Nevertheless I could watch the changing expression of her brilliant countenance.

The viands and the liquors were of surpassing quality, and under their satisfying influence the dinner proceeded smoothly. There was much talk, mostly of the war and its progress, and everybody was in fine feather. Despite the late successes of the Americans in the North, there seemed to be no one present who did not anticipate the speedy and complete triumph of the British arms.

"Sir William expects to be made a marquis at least," said Blake, who was one of my neighbors, to me, "and if he should take Mr. Washington he would deserve it."

"Of a certainty he would deserve it if he should do that," I said.

Miss Desmond was talking with great animation to some officers of high rank, but my attention presently wandered from her to her father, and was held there by his square, strong, Quakerish face and

moody look. This man wore the appearance of a prisoner rather than a guest, and replied but curtly to the questions that were addressed to him, even when Sir William himself was the questioner. I was near enough to hear some of these questions and replies.

"It is a gay and festal scene, is it not, Mr. Desmond?" said Sir William. "It seems to me that the pinched condition of the rebels of which we hear so much would contrast greatly with this."

"You speak truly, Sir William," said Mr. Desmond, "but you do not say in whose favor the contrast would be."

I inwardly rejoiced at the blunt and bold reply, but Sir William only smiled. In truth I soon saw that he and some of the high officers around him had set out to badger the old Philadelphian, which I deemed to be a most ungallant thing, for he was wholly in their power.

"Mr. Desmond still feels some lingering sympathy for his misguided countrymen," said a general. "But perhaps it is as well that he does, is it not, Sir William? For they will need it."

"It is a characteristic of my countrymen to show patience and endurance in adversity," said Mr. Desmond, proudly.

"Let us attribute that to their British blood," said Sir William.

"And the bad qualities that they show," added a colonel, "we will attribute to their American birth."

"If you will pardon me for making the observation, gentlemen," said Mr. Desmond, with great dignity, "it was such attempts at discrimination, such reflections upon the American birth of British subjects, that were among the many causes of this present unfortunate war."

I would have applauded the stanch old merchant had I dared, and I listened without any reproach of my conscience for more, but Sir William's reply was lost amid a jangle of talk and the clinking of glasses. Moreover, at that precise moment an insinuating voice at my elbow asked me if I would have my wineglass filled again. There was a familiar tone in the voice, and, turning my head slightly, I beheld the leering visage of Waters. At least there seemed to me to be a leer upon his face, though I am willing to admit that imagination may have played a trick upon me.

Either this man was dogging me, or it was a curious chance that put him so often at my elbow. But I preserved my equanimity and curtly ordered him to fill my glass again. This he did, and then passed on about his business, leaving me much vexed, and all the more so because I had lost the thread of the most interesting dialogue between Mr. Desmond and the British officers. Mr. Desmond's face was flushed, and there was a sparkle in his eye that told of much anger.

"They're worrying the old rebel," said Blake to me, "but he has a stern spirit, and, as he is aware that his opinions are known, it is not likely that he will try to curry favor."

"It seems to me to be scarce fair to treat him thus," I said.

"Perhaps not," he replied, "but it is not so bad as it would appear, for by my faith the old man has a sharp tongue and the spirit to use it."

"Do you have many such events as this in Philadelphia?" I asked, meaning the banquet.

"We do not suffer from a lack of food and drink," said Blake, with a laugh, "and on the whole we manage to while away the hours in a pleasurable manner. But we have a bit of the real military life now and then also. For instance, the day we rescued you and Montague from the rebels we were out looking for that troublesome fellow Wildfoot and his band. A loyal farmer brought us word that he was lying in the woods within a few miles of the city."

"Did you find him?" I asked.

"No," said Blake, with an expression of disappointment, "but we found where he had been, for every horse and cow of the aforesaid loyal farmer had been carried off in his absence."

"It was not very far from serving him right," I said.

"From the stand-point of an American it was extremely even-handed justice," said Blake.

Now, this Wildfoot was a most noted partisan or ranger who had come up from Virginia, and, though I had not seen him yet, our army—and the British army also, I doubt not—was filled with the tale of his deeds, such as the cutting off of British scouting and skirmishing parties and the taking of wagons loaded with provisions, which last were worth much more to us than the taking of prisoners; for we could not eat the prisoners, though I have seen the time when I was sorely tempted to do so.

In consequence of these things, all patriotic Americans regarded Wildfoot with pride and gratitude. But, as the tale went, I had been so short a time in America it was not meet that I should know much about him: so I requested Blake to enlighten my understanding on that point, which he proceeded to do, and, to my great delight, gave a most marvellous account of the pestiferous fellow's misdeeds.

"He is here, there, and everywhere, chiefly everywhere," said Blake; "and I must admit that so far his ways are past finding out. He is doing more harm to us than a big battle lost. What is most annoying is the fellow's impertinence. One afternoon he and his band rode up to the river within full sight of the city and stopped a barge loaded with soldiers. They could not carry off the men, but they took their muskets and bayonets and all their ammunition. What is more, they got away without a scratch."

I had heard of the deed. In truth, some of the muskets taken on that occasion by Wildfoot and his men found their way to our regiment, where they proved a most welcome and serviceable addition, for, as I have said before, the British always arm and equip their soldiers well.

Blake was going into some further account of Wildfoot's exploits, when he was interrupted by the toast. Very heavy inroads had been made upon the wine supplied by his majesty to his officers in America, and though the guests were not so far advanced into a state of hilarity as to render the absence of the ladies necessary, yet it was manifest that their spirits were rising. It was in truth fit that the toast-making should not be put off longer, for, though the capacity of the British

stomach is one of the wonders of the world, there is a limit to all things.

Sir William rose in a very stately manner, considering his deep potations, and called for a toast to His Britannic Majesty.

"And may he soon triumph over his rebellious subjects here and wherever else they may choose to raise their heads!" said Sir William.

My glass had been filled before this toast by the ready Waters, as those of all the others had been filled for them, and I was even compelled to drink it. I looked across at Marcel and caught his eye. It twinkled with humor. It was easy to see that he did not look at the matter in the serious light that I did, and that reconciled me to it somewhat. But as I swallowed the wine I changed the toast, and I said to myself,—

"Here is to the long life and success of General Washington and his patriot army!"

This eased my conscience still further. Then there was another toast to the "speedy destruction of Mr. Washington and his rebels."

I drank to this also, as drink I must, but again I said to myself,—

"I drink to the speedy destruction of the army of Sir William Howe and of all the other armies of the oppressor in America, even as the army of Burgoyne was destroyed."

These and other toasts were accompanied by great applause; and when there was some subsidence of the noise, Sir William, whose face, through overmuch drinking, was now a fine mottle of red and purple, turned towards Mr. Desmond and exclaimed,—

"We have had loyal and heart-felt expressions for our king and country, but they have all come from Britons. Our king has other subjects who owe him allegiance. I call upon my guest, the loyal Mr. Desmond of the good city of Philadelphia, to propound a toast for us. Fill up your glasses, gentlemen. We await your sentiments, Mr. Desmond."

The noise of the talk ceased at once, for I think all were surprised at this request from Sir William, knowing as they did that Mr. Desmond thought not much of their cause. I wondered how the old merchant would evade the matter, and looked at his daughter, who was watching his face with evident anxiety. But Mr. Desmond, though the traces of anger were still visible on his countenance, seemed to be in no state of perplexity. He rose promptly to his feet with a full glass in his hand, and said, in a voice that was very firm and clear,—

"Yes, gentlemen, you shall have a toast from a loyal American, loyal to what is right. I drink to the health of General Washington, the best and the greatest of men, and likewise to the health of his gallant and devoted soldiers."

So saying, and before a hand could be lifted to stop him, he raised the glass to his lips and emptied it at a draught, I and many others doing likewise, I because it was a toast that I liked, and the others because it was the wine that they liked and they seized the opportunity to drink it before their dazed brains comprehended the nature of the toast. Replacing the glass upon the table, Mr. Desmond looked

defiantly about him. For a moment there was the heavy hush which so often succeeds impressive events, and then the company burst into a confused and angry clamor. One officer, who had been performing most notably at the wine-cup, leaned over, his face quite gray with passion, and would have struck at the daring speaker, but another less drunken seized him and threw him not lightly back into his seat. Sir William turned furiously upon the old man and exclaimed,—

“How dare you, sir, how dare you speak thus in my presence and in the presence of all these gentlemen, loyal subjects of the king?”

“Sir William,” said a clear voice, “you must not forget that you asked him for a toast. I say it with all due respect; but you knew his principles, and perhaps you could not have expected anything else. Let his daughter plead for his forgiveness, Sir William.”

Miss Desmond was standing. One hand rested upon the table in front of her, the other was slightly raised. Her eyes were aflame, her attitude was that of fearlessness. Above her white brow shone the black masses of her hair like a coronet, and a ruby placed there gathered the light and flashed it back in a thousand rays. Tory and traitor though she was, she seemed to me then as noble as she was beautiful always.

“I need no defence,” said Mr. Desmond, rising; “at least not from my own daughter.”

She flushed deeply at the rebuke, but she went on nevertheless.

“Sir William,” she said, “reflect that this was said at a banquet where much wine has been drunk, and under provocation.”

“Sir William must yield to her,” said Blake to me.

“Why?” I asked.

“Because it is as she says,” he replied. “Remember the place and the incitement. Sir William brought the retort upon himself. If he punishes the old rebel, the report of this is sure to get back to England, and see what a reflection it would be upon the dignity and duty of the commander-in-chief. High though his favor be, the king and the ministers are but ill pleased with Sir William’s conduct of the war, and the tale of such an incident as this would do him much hurt in their esteem.”

It was even as Blake said. Sir William hesitated. Moreover, I am not loath to say that many of the British officers were ruled by a spirit of gallantry and fair play. They crowded around Sir William and told him to let the matter pass as a jest. I suspect he was glad of their interference, for he soon yielded.

“Since the daughter pleads for the father’s forgiveness, it shall even be awarded to her,” he said. “To beauty and loyalty we could forgive greater sins.”

Miss Desmond bowed, but the frown gathered more deeply on the old patriot’s face.

“I admire his spirit,” said Blake, “but I would that it were displayed on the right side. It is such stubborn men as he that make this country so hard to conquer.”

“There are many such,” I said, and I spoke with more knowledge than Blake suspected.

"I doubt it not," he replied.

The banquet proceeded, but all the spirit and zest had gone out of it, and very soon it ended, as in truth it was time it should. As we withdrew from the apartment, I came near to Miss Desmond. She had thrown a rich cloak over her shoulders in preparation for her departure, and some traces of excitement or other emotion were still visible on her face. Belfort was standing near. The man was always hovering about her.

"Lieutenant Melville," said Miss Desmond, "you are but a short time in this country, but you find that strange things happen here."

"Not so strange, perhaps, as interesting," I replied. "However much I may condemn your father's sentiments, Miss Desmond, I would be a churl in truth to refuse admiration for the boldness and spirit with which they have been expressed this evening."

I spoke my opinion thus, knowing that she had the events of the evening in mind. But she turned upon me very sharply.

"If it is unwise in my father to speak such sentiments so openly, it is still more unwise in you to commend him for them, as he is an American and may have some excuse, while you are an Englishman and can have none," she said.

Then she turned away with Belfort, who took her triumphantly to her father.

"Chester," said Marcel, when we were back in our quarters and were sleepily going to bed, "the old Desmond has a temper of which I approve, and his daughter is fair, very fair."

"But she has the tongue of a shrew," I said.

"I am not sorry for that," he replied, "for she may exercise it on that fellow Belfort when she is Madame Belfort."

"Marcel," said I, after a silence of some minutes, "do you not think our position is growing more dangerous every hour? Suppose Sir William detects us."

"Sir William," said Marcel, half asleep, "is not a great general, but his wine is good, very good, and there was a noble supply of it."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN we awoke the next morning we found that the man who had put our uniforms in order and attended to the other duties about the quarters was Waters. There he was, grinning at us in the familiar way that made my anger rise. Again I became suspicious of this man, although there was nothing particular upon which I could rest such suspicions, unless it was the air of secret knowledge and importance I fancied I saw so often on his face. But I reflected that such looks were as much the characteristic of fools as of sages, and with this reflection I turned very cheerfully to receive the morning draught which Waters handed to me. The taste of it left no doubt that he was a noble compounder of beverages, and when I had drunk it all I readily forgave him his wise looks, for, as everybody knows, a

cool drink in the morning is a necessity after a revel the night before. Moreover, in a talkative way he volunteered us much information about the army and its prospects. Suspecting that this would be useful to us, we had no hesitancy in listening to him.

I knew that the attendants about the quarters of the officers often came into possession of valuable information, so I asked him, though I pretended a very careless and indifferent manner, if anything weighty might be afoot.

"A company of mounted dragoons are looking for Wildfoot, the American ranger," he said, "and a wagon-train loaded with provisions gathered from the farmers is expected in the afternoon. The general thinks the train may draw Wildfoot and his robbers, and then the dragoons will come down on him and put an end to him and his band."

That Waters spoke the truth we soon had good proof, for somewhat later both Marcel and I were ordered to join a troop commanded by Blake, which was intended to coöperate with the body of dragoons already in search of Wildfoot. Good horses had been secured for us, and we had no choice but to go and serve against our own countrymen.

"Let us trust to the luck which has never deserted us yet," said Marcel. "We may be of service to this Wildfoot without betraying ourselves."

That was a very reasonable and consoling way of putting the matter, and I mounted my horse with a feeling of relief at the prospect of being out in the country again. At least, the hangman's noose was not drawn so tightly around our necks there. We attracted attention from the populace as we rode through the city, and in truth a fine body of men we were, well mounted, well clothed, and well armed. Some of the people cheered us, but I could see other faces glowering, and I liked them the better. Though this Philadelphia, our finest city, lay under the heel of the enemy, I knew it still contained many faithful friends of the good cause.

A light rain had fallen in the morning, and the beads of water still lay on bush and blade of grass. Forest and field glowed in living green, and the south wind, which had the odor of flowers in its breath, was fresh as the dew upon our faces.

"It makes one think of the mountains and lakes, and of sleep under the trees," said Vivian, who was of our company.

"I warn you that you will not have a chance, Vivian, to go to sleep under a tree or anywhere else," said Blake. "We have more important business than day-dreaming in hand. This fellow Wildfoot, who is worse than a plague, must be trapped to-day."

"I trust that we shall have him hanging from a strong oak bough before nightfall," said Belfort, who also had been sent on the service.

"I can scarce say that," said Blake, who was a gallant fellow. "I would rather fight these people with the sword than with the cord."

The country seemed to be the abiding-place of peace. The district through which we rode had not been harried, and we could see some farmers going about their business.

They noticed us but little, for doubtless soldiers had ceased long since to be an unaccustomed sight to them. The fresh air and the

beauty of the country acted like a tonic upon us. We broke into a gallop, our sabres clanking at our sides. I forgot for the moment that I was with enemies,—official enemies.

"We should meet Barton somewhere near here," said Blake.

Barton was the commander of the first troop that had been sent out to trap Wildfoot. Blake had been sent along later, for fear Barton's squad would not be strong enough for its task. Blake was to command both detachments when they formed the desired junction.

"Barton may not like to be superseded thus," said Blake, "but it is the general's orders. He did not wish to take unnecessary risks."

"Anyway, we will make sure of the rebels," said Belfort, "and a bit of service like this does not come amiss, after so many weeks of feasting and dancing in Philadelphia."

"Those must be our friends on that distant hill-side yonder," broke in Marcel, "for against the green of the grass there is a blur of red, which I take to be British coats."

Marcel was right, and the two parties soon formed a junction. Barton, a middle-aged officer, did not seem so displeased as Blake thought he would be at the coming of the reinforcements and his own supersession in the command.

"What news?" asked Blake eagerly of him. "Have you seen anything of the rebels yet?"

"No," replied Barton, "but if you will ride with me to the crest of this hill I will show you the wagon-train."

Blake beckoned to several of us to accompany him, and we ascended the hill, which was crowned with oak-trees.

"See, there they are," said Barton, pointing into the valley beyond, "and I think those waggons carry enough food to tempt the starving rebels to almost any desperate deed."

About thirty large Conestoga wagons, each drawn by four stout bullocks, were moving along slowly and in single file. We could hear the creaking of the wheels of the wagons and the cracking of the whips of the drivers.

"You are right about the temptation," said Blake, "and if Wildfoot and his men mean to make the dash upon them according to our advices, this is the place for it. It would be a matter of great ease for them to surround the wagons in that valley. You have been careful to leave no evidence of your presence, Barton?"

"Yes; this is the nearest that we have been to the wagons," replied Barton. "If the rebels are about, they cannot suspect that the train has other guard than the half-dozen soldiers you see riding with it."

"I think it would be wise to keep watch as long as we can from this summit," said Blake. "It is well wooded, and will serve to conceal us from the rebels."

"Captain," said a soldier who had ridden up hastily, "Lieutenant Vivian wishes your presence immediately."

Vivian had been left in charge for the moment of the soldiers down the hill-side, and Blake, saying to us, "Come on, gentlemen," galloped back to him. We found the entire troop drawn up as we had left them, but all were gazing towards the north. We looked that way too, and

at once saw the cause of this concentration of vision. Just out of musket-range and under the boughs of a large oak-tree were three or four horsemen. Their reins hung loose, and their attitudes were negligent and easy, but all wore the uniforms of Continental soldiers. Their coats were ragged and faded, as in truth were all the uniforms in our army, but enough of the color was left to allow no room for doubt.

"By heavens, this savors much of impertinence!" said Blake. "How came they there?"

"We do not know," responded Vivian. "One of the men called my attention, and we saw them sitting there just as they are now."

I had been examining the men with great attention. The one who was nearest to us was large, dark, and apparently very powerful. His figure did not appear altogether strange to me. I was vexing my brain in an endeavor to account for the recollection, when Marcel leaned over and whispered to me,—

"Behold him, Chester. It is the lively gentleman who chased us so hotly when we fled into the arms of our friends the British."

"What is that you say?" asked Blake, who saw Marcel whispering to me.

"I was reminding Lieutenant Melville," replied Marcel, "that we had unexpectedly renewed an acquaintance. The large man who sits nearest to us is the leader of the band who chased us into the midst of your troop the other day."

"We failed to take him then," responded Blake, quickly, "but I do not think he can escape us now."

"It would be a pity to use arms on such skulkers," said Belfort. "They should be lashed into submission with whips."

A hot reply was rising to my lips, but Blake said, lightly, "Then we will even delegate the task of lashing them to you, Belfort. We will look on while you ride forward and perform your duty. But wait! what does that fellow mean?"

The large man had taken notice of us apparently for the first time. With very deliberate action he hoisted a piece of white cloth on the muzzle of his gun-barrel, and then began to ride slowly towards us.

"Does he mean that they surrender?" asked Blake.

"I think not," said Marcel. "That is a flag of truce. He wishes to confer with you."

"I would hold no conference with him," said Belfort. "He is a rebel and not worthy of it. Let us ride forward and shoot them down."

"Not so," said Blake; "we must recognize a certain degree of beligerency in them, rebels though they be, and we will hear what he may have to say. Let no one raise a weapon against him while he bears that white flag. The honor of England forbids it."

Belfort was silent under the rebuke, but I could see that it stung him. The American continued to approach, but when he was midway between us and his companions he stopped.

"Come," said Blake, "we will meet him." Accompanied by a party of officers, Marcel, Belfort, Vivian, and myself among the number, he rode forward. We stopped within speaking-distance of the

man, who waited very composedly. Then Blake hailed him and demanded his name and his errand.

"I am Captain William Wildfoot, of the American army," said the man, "and I have somewhat to say to you that may be to your profit, if you take heed of it."

There were some murmurs in our group when the famous ranger so boldly announced himself, and Blake said, in an undertone, "It would in truth be a great mischance if the fellow escaped us now."

Then he said to Wildfoot, "We have heard of you, and, I may say, have been looking for you, but did not expect that you would come to meet us. What is your message?"

"I demand the surrender of your command," replied the ranger. "I would spare bloodshed, which is distasteful to me, and I pledge you my word that I will treat you well, all of you, officers and men."

At this marvellous effrontery Blake swore a deep oath, and we heard a murmur from the soldiers behind us, who heard the demand, as the ranger probably intended they should.

"You may be witty, but you are not wise, Sir Rebel," returned Blake. "Yield yourself at once, and perhaps you may secure the pardon of Sir William, our commander-in-chief, though your misdeeds are many."

"Not so fast, my friend," returned Wildfoot. "What you call my misdeeds are deeds of which I am proud. At least they have been of some service to our cause and of some disservice to yours, and that, I take it, is the purpose of war. My demand for your surrender you may receive in jocular vein, but I make it again."

The man spoke with dignity, but it made no impression upon the English officers, some of whom angrily exclaimed, "Ride the insolent rebel down!" But Blake again restrained them, calling their attention to the flag of truce.

"Rejoin your companions," he said to Wildfoot. "To that much grace you are entitled, but no more, since you choose to boast of your treason and other misdeeds."

"It shall be as you wish," rejoined Wildfoot, "but I will find means to let Sir William Howe know that I gave you fair warning. He cannot say that I took advantage of you."

He turned his horse and rode placidly back to his companions, while Blake sat all a-tremble with rage. The moment Wildfoot reached his comrades, who had been waiting for him in apparent listlessness, he pulled off his wide-brimmed hat, which had shaded his face during the interview, waved it to us, and galloped away through the forest, while we, with a wild shout, galloped after him.

"He will soon bitterly rue his theatrical display," said Blake, "for I doubt not that Sir William will show little mercy to such a marauder as he. So ho, my lads! Yonder goes the chase! Lose not sight of them!"

The little American band had disappeared from our view for a moment, but as we came into an opening we saw them again galloping ahead of us just out of range.

"Give them a hunting call!" said Blake to a trumpeter who gal-

loped by his side. "We will show these fellows what we think of them."

The man raised the trumpet to his lips, and the clear and inspiring strains of a hunting catch rang through the forest. It was a note of derision, a summons for the hunter to pursue the game, and in recognition of its meaning the troopers burst into a cheer.

"It will be a fine hunt,—ay, finer than to pursue the fox or the deer," said Belfort.

The fugitives were well horsed, for the distance between them and the pursuers did not diminish. Some scattering shots were fired at them, but all fell short, and Blake commanded the firing to cease until the opportunities for execution grew better.

The flight of the Americans led us gradually towards the foot of the slope, and we came to a broad sweep of country that was free from trees or undergrowth. Here the British pushed their horses to the utmost, and Blake commanded his men to spread out fan-like, in the hope of enclosing the fugitives if they sought to turn or double like foxes. There seemed to be wisdom in this plan, for beyond the open the stretch of ground practicable for horsemen narrowed rapidly. The country farther on was broken by hillocks and was curtained with scrubby woods.

"We have them now," exclaimed Blake, joyously. "So ho! So ho! my lads!"

The trumpeter again merrily blew his hunting catch, and the men cheered its inspiring notes. I could understand easily why Blake was so eager to overtake Wildfoot, who in himself would be a very important capture, while his conduct on this occasion had been most irritating. It was his wish to get within firing range of the fugitives before they crossed the open stretch, but it was soon evident that such efforts would be in vain. The long easy stride of the horses that Wildfoot and his men rode showed that they had strength in reserve.

"There is a ravine in front of that wood," exclaimed Belfort, who rode at my left hand. "Mr. Fox and his friends have trapped themselves."

So it seemed. But, though Wildfoot must have seen the ravine, he and his men galloped towards it without hesitation.

"Forward, my men," cried Blake; "we'll take them now."

Wildfoot and his men were at the edge of the gully, which we could now see was wide and lined with bushes. They checked their horses, spoke to them soothingly, and the next moment the gallant animals, gathering themselves up, leaped over the bushes into the ravine, horse and man alike disappearing from our view.

"'Tis but a last desperate trick to delude us," cried Blake. "On, my lads!"

In a wide but converging line we swept down upon the gully. We were scarce fifty feet from it when I heard a sharp, brief cry like a command, and from the dense wood that lined its farther bank burst a flash of flame like the gleaming edge of a sword, only many times longer and brighter, and the next moment we went down as if smitten by a thunderbolt, as in truth we were.

In war there is nothing that strikes fear to the heart like a surprise. While the front ranks of the British force crumbled away like a wrecked ship before the beat of the sea, cries of terror burst from those behind, and, mingling with the groans and the terrified neighing of the horses, produced a din that bewildered me, and the others too, I suspect. From this stupor I was aroused by the plunging of my horse, which had been wounded in the neck. I seized the reins, which had fallen from my hands in the first shock, and endeavored to draw back the frightened animal, that he might not trample upon the fallen. Even as I pulled upon the reins I had a swift comprehension of the whole matter, the ambush, the cool way in which the British had been led into it, and the completeness of it all. Then I thought how Marcel and I would deserve our fate if we were killed there by our friends. What better could we expect for venturing upon such a mad prank?

As these things were pursuing one another through my head, Marcel's face appeared in the smoke, and he shouted to me,—

"Shelter yourself behind your horse as much as you can. It is time for them to give us another volley. I wonder if Belfort is lashing the rebels into submission just now."

I took his advice just in time, for the withering flame flashed from the wood a second time, and our command cried out like the wounded sheep when it receives the knife again. The ambush may be very useful in war, but I like it not, whether I am ambusher or ambushed, least of all the latter.

But the British—I will give them credit for bravery and all soldier-like qualities—began to recover from their stupor. Blake shouted and cursed, and the officers, with a fine display of gallantry, helped him to restore order in the command. Thus was the column beaten into some sort of shape and the fire of the ambushers returned, though no one could see whether the counter-fire did any execution.

After a few moments of this fusillade the British began to retreat, which was the wisest thing to do, for one who gets into a trap must even try to get out of it. But we heard a loud shout on the slope above us, and a party of horsemen led by Wildfoot himself burst from the covert and charged down upon us.

"Here are enemies whom we can see!" shouted Blake. "At them, my lads!"

The whole troop turned to meet the charge, but they were ill fitted to endure it, for their flanks were still crumbling beneath the fire from beyond the gully. The two bodies of horsemen met with a crash, and the British line staggered back. The next moment Wildfoot and his men were among us.

"By all the saints, I will do for him!" exclaimed Belfort, who had a ready pistol in his hand. Wildfoot and Blake were crossing swords in so fierce a combat that the ring of their blades was like the beat of the anvil under the hammer.

Belfort levelled his pistol point-blank at the partisan, and would have slain him then and there, but at that moment, why I shall not say, my horse stumbled and fell almost with his full weight against

Belfort's. His pistol was knocked from his hand, and he barely kept his seat on his horse.

"Damnation!" he cried. "What are you doing?"

"How can I prevent such things in the heat of a fierce battle?" I replied, simulating furious anger.

He was borne away in the press of the contest, and just then the duel between the two leaders ended. Blake was unable to cope with his larger and more powerful antagonist, and his blade was dashed from his hand. Wildfoot might have shorn his head from his shoulders with one blow of his great sabre. Instead, he thrust the weapon into his belt, seized Blake by both shoulders, and hurled him to the earth, where the stricken man lay, prone and still.

Daunted by the fall of their leader, the British line bent and broke, and the men fled towards the cover of the forest. My heart sickened at the plight of Blake, for I had grown attached to him, enemy though he was.

The Americans, much to the surprise of the British, did not pursue, but drew off towards cover. Blake lay between the two detachments, his face almost concealed in the grass. I could not leave him there while the life might still be in his body, to be trampled to pieces in the next charge of the wild horsemen. Impelled by a sudden thought, I sprang from my horse, ran forward, and seized him by the shoulders, just as the great ranger whirled his horse and galloped by me. He had his sabre in his hand again, and I thought he was going to cut me down, as he could easily have done, but, to my unutterable surprise and equal relief, he made no motion to strike. Instead he said to me, as he galloped by,—

"You are a brave man, but you are a fool, a most wondrous fool!"

I stayed not to reflect wherein I was a most wondrous fool, but, with a strength that was the creation of the emergency and the excitement, ran back towards the British lines, dragging poor Blake after me. I expected every moment to feel an American bullet in my back, but none came, nor did I hear the sound of shots.

Then, after a space of time which it seemed to me would never end, I reached the trees, and strong hands seized both Blake and me and dragged us into the cover.

CHAPTER V.

I REMAINED for a minute or two in a stupor, superinduced by the excitement of the fight and my great physical exertions. From this I was aroused by Barton, who was now in command, Blake being disabled.

"It was gallantly done, Lieutenant Melville," he said. "You have saved our captain's life."

"Are you sure he is still living?" I asked.

"He is stunned by the shock he received when that great rebel hurled him to the ground," said Barton, "but he will be well enough in time."

"You have saved more lives than Blake's," whispered Marcel, as Barton turned. "You have saved yours and mine, for that villain Belfort suspected that you threw your horse purposely against his. In face of this he dare not declare his suspicions."

"By the way," resumed Marcel, a moment later, "you might ask our haughty Norman noble over there if the rebel dogs can fight."

I did not ask the question, though, had time and place been otherwise, it would have pleased me much to do so.

All the troopers had dismounted and were putting themselves in posture of defence behind the rocks, hillocks, and trees. Barton expected another attack upon the instant, but it was not made. In truth, when he examined with his field-glass the wood into which Wildfoot and his men had withdrawn, he announced that he could see naught of them.

"I see nothing among those trees over there," he said; "not a horse, not a man. Verily the fellows have learned to perfection the art of hiding themselves. By St. George, they need it in their dealings with us!"

It was ever the temper of the British in our country to boast and to show arrogance even when sore outwitted and outfought by us, and then to wonder why we did not love them.

"Perhaps this silence is some new trick," said Belfort, "some scheme to draw us into another ambush."

"I suspect that you speak the truth," replied Barton. "Stand close, men. We have suffered too much already to risk another trap."

The men were quite willing to obey his order and stand close. Thus we waited and listened to the groans of the wounded who lay in the grass. Blake revived by and by, and a careful examination showed that he had no bones broken, though he was sore in every muscle and still somewhat dazed in mind. But he was urgent in entreating his officers not to take excessive risks.

"I fancy that we have nothing to do but to wait here," said Barton to him, "for the rebels will of a surety attack us again very soon."

But in this Barton was mistaken, for the Americans seemed to have gone away. We waited a full hour, and they gave no evidence that they were anywhere near us. Then a small scouting party was sent out, and presently returned with word that they were in truth gone, that all the woods were empty.

"They feared to attack us when we were on our guard," said Barton, triumphantly. "There is naught for us to do now but to go and escort the wagon-train back to the city."

We gathered up the wounded and rode over the ridge in search of the wagon-train. We found with ease the tracks of the wheels and followed them towards the city, expecting to overtake the wagons. Presently as we turned around a hill we rode almost full tilt into three or four of the wagons lying upon the ground, too much shattered and broken ever to be of use again.

In his surprise Barton reined back his horse against mine, for I rode just behind him.

"What is this?" he exclaimed.

"It seems that we have the wagon-train, or what is left of it," said Marcel. "There is a placard on the nearest wagon. It may inform us."

A pine board was stuck in a conspicuous place upon one of the wagons, and some words had been written upon it with a piece of charcoal. We rode forward and read,—

"To Sir William Howe or His Representative.
For the Wagons and their Contents
We Are Much Indebted
As we were Hungry
And You Have Fed Us.
We Give You Leave to Take Repayment
At Such Time and Place
As You May Choose.

WILLIAM WILDFOOT."

Barton swore in his rage. It was easy enough to see now why the patriots had withdrawn after the first attack. The provision-train was more valuable than arms or prisoners to the American army, and, barring the broken wagons that we saw, Wildfoot and his men had carried off everything. Nor were the British in any trim to pursue, a business at which, most like, they would have had their faces burnt.

Barton swore with a force and fluency that I have seldom heard surpassed. Blake said, with a melancholy smile,—

"It is well that I have this broken head to offer as some sort of an excuse, or I think it would go hard with me."

He spoke truth, for, though his expedition had been a most dire failure, his own condition was proof that he had done valiant duty.

The British gathered up their wounded again and began their march to the city, which in fact was but little distant. The country glowed in the brilliant sunshine of a summer afternoon, but I was in no mood to enjoy its beauty now. Our column marched mournfully along, as sad as a funeral procession. Even though the victory had gone where I wished it to go, yet there were others before my eyes, and I felt sorrow for them in their wounds and defeat.

When we approached the city some people on horseback turned and galloped towards us. As they came nearer I saw that two were women, one of whom I recognized as Miss Desmond. They were accompanied by two British officers whom I had seen at the banquet, Colonel Ingram and Major Parsons. The other young woman I learned afterwards was the daughter of a rich Tory of Philadelphia.

Belfort rode forward to meet them, and Marcel and I followed, though at a somewhat slack pace. We could take this privilege, as we were now within the lines and the observance of strict discipline was not necessary to our little troop. I judged that the officer and the ladies had been taking a ride for the sake of the air and the exercise, and such was the case.

"Here comes Blake's expedition," exclaimed Ingram as they rode

up, "and I see wounded men. Verily I believe we have taken the rebel Wildfoot at last."

"Is it true, Lieutenant Belfort?" asked Miss Desmond. "Has the robber Wildfoot been taken?"

Belfort was thrown into a state of embarrassment by this question, to which he knew he must return an unwelcome answer, and he hesitated, pulling uneasily at his bridle-rein. But Marcel, the readiness of whose wit is equalled only by his lack of a sense of responsibility, spoke up.

"I fear, Miss Desmond," he said, "that we have but sad news. The wounded men you see are not rebels, but our own. As for Mr. Wildfoot the robber, we suspect that he has had fine entertainment at our expense. Of a certainty he gave us all the sport we wanted."

"It was a trick, a dastard American trick!" exclaimed Belfort. "They gave us no chance."

"Then you have not captured this Mr. Wildfoot?" asked Miss Desmond.

"No," replied Marcel. "He came much nearer to capturing us, and in addition he has taken off our wagon-train, provisions, bullocks, drivers, and all, which I dare say will be welcome food to the Americans, drivers included, for we hear that they are starving."

"They did not stay to fight us to the end," broke in Belfort, "but ran away with the spoil."

"No doubt they had obtained all they wanted," said Miss Desmond, coldly. "Do not forget, Lieutenant Belfort, that, however misguided my countrymen may be, they are able to withstand anybody in battle, Englishmen not excepted."

"For you to say anything makes it true," said Belfort.

"You should also take note," said Marcel, "that Miss Desmond is more chivalrous than some other opponents of the Americans."

"I do not take your full meaning," said Belfort.

"It is easy enough to understand it," said Marcel. "Miss Desmond gives to our enemies the credit for the bravery and skill which they have shown so plainly that they possess."

"I think you have taken a very long journey for strange purposes," said Belfort, "if you have come all the way from England to defend the rebels and to insult the officers of the king."

A fierce quarrel between them might have occurred then, for it was breeding fast, but Miss Desmond interfered.

"If you say any more upon this subject, gentlemen," she said, "I shall not speak to either of you again."

"Where no other penalty might prevent us, Miss Desmond," said Marcel, with a low bow, "that of a surety will."

Marcel was a graceless scamp, but I always envied his skill at saying things which fitted the matter in hand.

Our shot-riddled party had now come up, and while the colonel and the major were receiving the full story from Barton I found myself for a few moments the only attendant upon Miss Desmond.

"Since I can now do it without risk of sudden death, our friend Lieutenant Belfort being absent, I assure you again that your country-

men showed great bravery and military skill in our action with them," I said.

"The appearance of your column," she replied, looking pityingly at the wounded soldiers, "is proof that you came off none too well."

"It would be better," I said, "to avow the full truth, that we were sadly beaten."

"Lieutenant Melville," she said, "why are you so quick in the defence and even the praise of the rebels? Such is not the custom of most of the British officers. It seems strange to me."

"Does it seem more strange," I asked, "than the fact that you, an American, espouse the cause of the British?"

The question appeared to cause her some embarrassment. Her lip quivered, and an unusual but becoming redness came into her face. But in a moment she recovered her self-possession.

"If you had been born an American, Lieutenant Melville," she asked, "would you have fought with the Americans?"

"The question is unfair," I answered, hastily.

"Then let the subject be changed," she said; and changed it was. In a few more minutes we entered the city, where the news we brought and the abundant evidence of its truth that we likewise brought with us carried much disturbance, and I may add also joy too, for there were many good and loyal patriots among the civilians of Philadelphia, and some who feared not to show their feelings in the face of the whole British army.

My rescue of Blake, more the result of impulse than of resolution, came in for much praise, which I would rather not have had, and of which I was in secret ashamed. But there was naught for me to do but to receive it with a good grace, in which effort I was much aided by the knowledge that the incident formed a coat of armor against any suspicions that Belfort might have formed:

"Well, Lieutenant Melville," said Marcel, when we were back in our quarters, "you have distinguished yourself to-day and established yourself in the esteem of your fellow-Britons."

"And you," I said, "have almost quarrelled with one of these same Britons, who hates us both already and would be glad to see us hanged."

"My chief regret," replied Marcel, "is that it was not a quarrel in fact. It would be the pleasantest task of my life to teach our haughty Norman nobleman a lesson in manners."

"Such lessons are very dangerous to us just now," said I.

"This one would be worth all the risk," said he.

I saw that he was obstinate upon the point, and so I said no more about it.

CHAPTER VI.

As neither Marcel nor I was assigned to any duty the next morning, we thought to while away a portion of the time by strolling about Philadelphia.

"We need not make spies of ourselves," said Marcel, "but I

know no military law against the gratification of our own personal curiosity."

Guided by such worthy motives, we spent some time that was to our amusement and perhaps to our profit also. Barring the presence of the soldiery, Philadelphia showed few evidences that war was encamped around it. I have seldom witnessed a scene of such bustle and animation, and even of gayety too, as the good Quaker City presented. A stranger would have thought there was no war, and that this was merely a great garrison town.

The presence of fifteen or twenty thousand soldiers was good for trade, and gold clinked with much freedom and merriment. Though wagon-trains of provisions were taken sometimes by the Americans, yet many others came safely into Philadelphia, and the profits were so large that the worthy Pennsylvania farmers could not resist the temptation to take the risks, though they would have preferred to sell to the patriots, had the latter possessed something better than Continental paper to offer them.

"The British boast much of their bayonets," said Marcel, "but they fight better with their gold."

"And we have neither," said I.

"Which merely means," said Marcel, "not that we will not win, but that we will be longer in the winning."

Our conversation was diverted from this topic by my observance of a peculiar circumstance. Often I would see four or five men gathered at a street corner or in front of a doorway and talking with an appearance of great earnestness. Whenever Marcel and I, who were in full uniform, and thus were known to be British officers, as far as we could be seen, approached, these men would lower their tone or cease to talk. This had not happened on any day before, and was not what we would expect from citizens who had grown used to the presence of the British army. I asked Marcel to take note of it.

"Something unusual that they do not wish to tell us of has happened," he said. "I propose that we find out what it is."

"How?" I said.

"I know no better way than to ask," he replied. "Suppose we seize the very next opportunity and interrogate our Quaker friends concerning the cause of their strange and mysterious behavior."

Presently we saw four men engaged in one of these discussions. Three appeared to be citizens of Philadelphia, or at least we so judged from the smartness of their dress; the fourth had the heavy, unkempt look of a countryman. We approached; on the instant they became silent, and there was a look of embarrassment upon their faces.

"Friends," said Marcel, in his courtly manner, "we wish not to interrupt your most pleasant discourse, but we would ask what news of importance you have, if there be no harm in the telling of it."

"It rained last night," said the countryman, "and it is good for the spring planting."

"Yet one might have news more interesting, though not perhaps more important, than that," replied Marcel; "for it has rained before, and the crops have been planted and reaped likewise before."

"Even so," said the countryman, "but its importance increases when there are twenty thousand red-coats in Philadelphia to be fed."

"But is that the whole burden of your news?" asked Marcel. "We have seen others talk together as you four talk together, and we do not think it accords with nature for all Philadelphia to be agog because it rained the night before."

"Some heads hold strange opinions," said the countryman, curtly, "but why should I be held to account for them?"

So saying, he walked off with his companions.

"You can't draw blood from a turnip," said Marcel, "nor the truth from a man who has decided not to tell it."

"Not since the torture-chamber was abolished," I said, "and I would even guess that this countryman is no very warm friend to the British, from the insolent tone that he adopted towards us."

"And I would guess also that his news, whatever it may be, is something that will not be to the taste of the British, or he would tell it to us," said Marcel.

But we were not daunted by one repulse, and we decided to try elsewhere. From another little group to which we addressed ourselves we received treatment perhaps not quite so discourteous, but as unproductive of the desired result. All this we took as further proof that there was in reality something of importance afoot. At last we went into a little eating-house where strong liquors also were sold.

"Perhaps if we moisten their throats for them," said Marcel, "they may become less secretive. It is a cure I have rarely known to fail."

There were eight or ten men in this place, some citizens of the town and some countrymen.

"What news?" I asked of one who leaned against the counter. "There seems to be a stir about the town, and we ask its cause."

"You are British officers," he replied. "The British hold this town. You should know more than we."

"But this town has a population of such high intelligence," I said, thinking to flatter him, "that it learns many things before we do."

"If you admit that," he said, "then I can tell you something."

"Ah! what is it?" I asked, showing eagerness.

"Perhaps you may not like to hear it," he said, "but the British were beaten yesterday by Wildfoot and his men. They do say the British were trapped most finely."

Then all of them laughed in sneering fashion.

"I was afraid you would not like my news," said the man, pretending of a sudden to be very humble, "but you would not be satisfied until I told it, and so I had to tell it."

"We must even try elsewhere," said Marcel.

Marcel was a jester, but, unlike most other jesters, he could endure a jest put upon himself. So we left the eating-house, and as we went out we saw the man Waters coming towards us. I did not like this fellow, and moreover I feared we had reason to dread him, but I thought he could tell us what we wished to know, as he had such a prying temper.

He saluted us with much politeness, and stopped when I beckoned to him. The men in the eating-house had all come to the door.

"Good-morning, Waters," I said. "Can you tell us what interests the people of this city so much, the news that we have been seeking in vain to learn? Here are gentlemen who have something that they would cherish and keep to themselves like a lady's favor."

"It would scarce be proper for me, who am but an orderly, to announce weighty matters to your honors," said the man, with a most aggravating look of humility. The loungers who had come to the door laughed.

"We will overlook that," said Marcel, who kept his temper marvellously well. "But tell us, is not the town really in a stir as it seems to be?"

"It is, your honors," said Waters, "and it has cause for it."

The loungers laughed again, but I did not mind it now, as I was eager to hear what Waters had to say.

"Let us have this mighty secret," I said.

"I fear your honors will not like it," replied Waters.

"Never mind about that," I said, impatiently. "I do not believe that it amounts to anything at all."

"It is only that the King of France has joined the Americans and declared war on the English," said Waters.

For a moment I could scarce restrain a shout of joy. There had been talk for some time about a French alliance, but we had been disappointed so often that we had given up hope of it. Now the news had come with the suddenness of a thunder-clap. I believe that Marcel felt as I did, but it was of high importance that we should keep our countenances.

"Whence did you get such a report as that?" I asked, affecting to treat it with contempt and unbelief.

"From the people of the city," replied Waters.

"Where did they get it?" asked Marcel.

"I think it was brought in from the American army," replied the man, "and, if your honor will pardon me for saying it, there is no doubt whatever about its truth."

"King George will now have two enemies to fight instead of one, and he has not whipped the first," said one of the loungers.

"Fear not that his armies will not be equal to the emergency," said I, thinking it needful to preserve my character as a British officer.

"Then they will have to do something more than feast and dance in this city," said the bold fellow. The others murmured their approval and applause, and Marcel and I, bidding them to beware how they talked treason, strolled on.

"I'm sorry to be the bearer of such bad news," said Waters, humbly.

"King Louis and the Americans are responsible for the news, not you," said Marcel. "Still, we thank you for narrating it to us."

His tone was that of curt dismissal, and Waters, accepting it, left us. Marcel and I looked at each other, and Marcel said,—

"If we were able, half armed, untrained, and unaided, to take one

British army at Saratoga, what ought we not to do now with King Louis's regulars to help us and King Louis's arsenals to arm us?"

"The alliance suggests many things," I said, "and one in particular to you and me."

"What is that?" asked Marcel.

"That we leave Philadelphia at once, or at least as soon as we can find an opportunity," I replied, "and rejoin our army. This should portend great events, perhaps a decisive campaign, and if that be true we ought to share it with our comrades."

"Without denying the truth of what you say," replied Marcel, "we nevertheless cannot leave the city to-day, so we might as well enjoy the leisure the gods have allotted to us. The counting-house of our rich patriot, old John Desmond, is on this street. Perhaps he has not heard the news, and if we were the first to tell it to him he might forgive our apparent British character, though I fear it would be but small recommendation to his handsome Tory daughter."

We entered the counting-house, where Mr. Desmond still contrived to earn fair profits despite the British occupation. Our British uniforms procured for us a certain amount of respect and deference from the clerks and attendants, but the stern old man, who would not bend to Sir William Howe himself, only glowered at us when we came into his presence.

"I fear I can give you but little time to-day, gentlemen," he said, with asperity, "though I acknowledge the honor of your visit."

"We are not in search of a loan," said Marcel, lightly, "but came merely to ask you if you had any further particulars of the great news which must be so pleasing to you, though I admit that it is less welcome to us."

"The news? the great news? I have no news, either great or small," said Mr. Desmond, not departing from his curt and stiff manner.

"Haven't you heard it?" said Marcel, with affected surprise. "All the people in the city are talking about it, and we poor Britons expect to begin hard service again immediately."

"Your meaning is still strange to me," said Mr. Desmond.

"It's the French alliance that I mean," said Marcel. "We have received positive news this morning that King Louis of France and Mr. Washington of America, in virtue of a formal treaty to that effect, propose to chastise our master, poor King George."

I had watched Mr. Desmond's face closely, that I might see how he took the news. But not a feature changed. Perhaps he was sorry that he had yielded to his feelings at the banquet, and was now undergoing penance. But, whatever the cause, he asked merely, in a quiet voice,—

"Then you know that the King of France has espoused the American cause and will help General Washington with his armies and fleets?"

"Undoubtedly," replied Marcel.

"Then this will be interesting news for my daughter," he said. He opened the door of an inner room, called, and Miss Desmond came forth.

She looked inquiringly at us, and then spoke with much courtesy. We returned the compliments of the day in a manner that we thought befitting high-born Britons and conquerors in the presence of sympathetic beauty. But I observed with some chagrin that neither our manners nor our appearance seemed to make much impression upon her.

"Daughter," said Mr. Desmond, in the same expressionless tone that he had used throughout the interview, "these young gentlemen have been kind enough to bring us the news that France and the colonies have signed a formal treaty of alliance for offensive and defensive purposes. The information reached Philadelphia but this morning. I thought it would interest you."

I watched her face closely, as I had watched that of her father, expecting to see joy on the father's, sorrow on the daughter's. But they could not have been freer from the appearance of emotion if they had planned it all before.

"This will complicate the struggle, I should think," she said, dryly, "and it will increase your chances, Captain Montague and Lieutenant Melville, to win the epaulets of a colonel."

"We had expected," I said, "that Miss Desmond, a sincere friend of our cause, would express sorrow at this coalition which is like to prove so dangerous to us."

"My respect to my father, who does not believe as I do, forbids it," she said. "But I think the king's troops and his officers, all of them, will be equal to every emergency."

We bowed to the compliment, and, there being no further excuse for lingering, departed, patriot father and Tory daughter alike thanking us for our consideration in bringing them the news.

"The lady is very beautiful," said Marcel, when we had left the counting-house, "but she sits in the shadow of the North Pole."

"Self-restraint," I said, "is a good quality in woman as well as in man."

"I see," said Marcel. "It is not very hard to forgive treason when the traitor is a woman and beautiful."

"I do not know what you mean," I said, with frigidity.

"It does not matter," he replied. "I know."

CHAPTER VII.

I DOUBTED not that the news of the French alliance would incite Sir William Howe to activity, for any fool could see that, with his splendid army, splendidly equipped, he had allowed his chances to go to ruin. There was much talk, and of a very definite nature too, about his removal from the chief command. So far as the subalterns knew, his successor might have been appointed already, and this would be an additional inducement to Sir William to attempt some sudden blow which would shed glory over the close of his career in America and leave about him the odor of success and not of failure.

My surmise was correct in all particulars, for both Marcel and I were ordered to report for immediate duty. We found an unusually large detachment gathered under the command of a general officer. Belfort, Barton, and others whom we knew were there; but, inquire as we would, we could not ascertain the nature of the service for which we were designed. In truth, no one seemed to know except the general himself, and he was in no communicative mood. But there was a great overhauling of arms and a very careful examination of the ammunition supply. So I foresaw that the expedition was of much importance.

"Perhaps it will be another such as the attempt to capture our brother-in-arms Mr. Wildfoot," said Marcel.

"If we come out of this as well as we did out of that," I replied, "we will have a right to think that Fortune has us in her especial keeping."

"Dame Fortune is kindest to those who woo her with assiduity," said Marcel, "and she cannot complain of us on that point."

But I knew how fickle the lady is, even towards those who woo her without ceasing. Therefore I was uneasy.

The detachment had gathered in the suburbs, and we were subjected to a long period of waiting there. I learned also that no one was allowed to pass from the city during the day, and from the circumstance I inferred that Sir William was building great hopes upon the matter which he had in hand, and which he had placed under the direction of one of his ablest generals. I would have given much to know what it was, but I was as ignorant as the drummer-boy who stood near me. It was not until dusk that we marched, and then we started forth, a fine body, three thousand strong, a thousand horse and two thousand foot.

"If there is a time for it to-night," I said to Marcel, when the opportunity came for us to speak together in secrecy, "I shall leave these people with whom we have no business, and return to those to whom we belong."

"And I," said Marcel, with one of his provoking grins, "shall watch over you with paternal care, come what may."

The night was half day. A full silver moon turned the earth—forest, fields, and houses—into that peculiar shimmering gray color which makes us feel as if we are dwelling in a ghost world that may dissolve in mist at any moment. Our long column was colored the same ghostly gray by the moon. There were no sounds, save the steady tramp of the men and the horses, and the occasional clank of the bayonets together.

I did not like this preternatural silence, this evidence of supreme caution. It warned me of danger to my countrymen, and again I wished in my soul that I knew what business we were about. But there was naught to do save to keep my mouth shut and my eyes open.

We followed one of the main roads out of Philadelphia for some distance, and then turned into a narrower path, along which the detachment had much difficulty in preserving its formation. This part of the country was strange to me, and I did not believe that we were

proceeding in the direction of the American encampment. Still, it was obvious that a heavy blow against the Americans was intended.

As the night advanced, clouds came before the moon, and the light waned. The long line of men ahead of me sank into the night so gradually that I could not tell where life ended and darkness began. Still there was no sound but the regular tread of man and beast and the occasional clank of arms. My sense of foreboding increased. How heartily I wished that I had never come into Philadelphia! I silently cursed Marcel for leading me into the adventure. Then I cursed myself for attempting to throw all the blame on Marcel.

The night was advancing, when we came to a long, narrow valley, thickly wooded at one end. We halted there, and the general selected about three hundred men and posted them in the woods at the head of the valley. I was among the number, but I observed with regret that Marcel was not. A colonel was placed in command. Then the main army followed a curving road up the hill-side and went out of sight over the heights. I watched them for some time before they disappeared, horse and foot, steadily tramping on, and blended into a long, continuous, swaying mass by the gray moonlight. Sometimes a moonbeam brighter than the rest would tip the end of a bayonet with silver and gleam for a moment like a falling star. At last the column wound over the slope and left the night to us.

About one-third of our little force were cavalymen; but, under the instructions of our colonel, we dismounted and gave our horses into the care of a few troopers; then all of us moved into the thick woods at the head of the pass, and sat down there, with orders to keep as quiet as possible.

I soon saw that the rising ground and the woods which crowned it merely formed a break between the valley that we had entered at first and another valley beyond it. The latter we were now facing. I had not been a soldier two years and more for nothing, and I guessed readily we were to keep this pass clear, while the main force was to perform the larger operation, which I now doubted not was to be the entrapping of some large body of Americans. Perhaps in this number was to be included the general-in-chief himself, the heart and soul of our cause. I shuddered at the thought, and again cursed the reckless spirit that had placed me in such a position.

At first we had the second valley in view; but our colonel, fearing that we might expose ourselves, drew us farther back into the woods, and then we could see nothing but the trees and the dim forms of each other.

I looked up at the moon, and hoped to see the clouds gathering more thickly before her face. I had confirmed my resolution. If the chance came to me, I would steal away from the English and enter the valley beyond. I doubted not that I would find my own people there. I would warn them of the danger, and remain with them in the future, unless fate should will that I become a prisoner.

But Dame Fortune was in no such willing humor. The clouds did not gather in quantities, and, besides, the English were numerous around me. Belfort himself sat on the grass only a few feet from me,

and, with more friendliness than he had shown hitherto, undertook to talk to me in whispers.

"Do you know what we are going to do to-night, Melville?" he asked.

"It seems," I said, "that we are to sit here in the woods all the night and be too hoarse with cold in the morning to talk."

Then I added, having the after-thought that I might secure some information from him,—

"I suppose we are after important game to-night. The size of our force and the care and secrecy of our movements indicate it, do they not?"

"There is no doubt of it," he replied, "and I hope we shall secure a royal revenge upon the rebels for that Wildfoot affair."

Our conversation was interrupted here by an order from the colonel for me to move farther towards the front, from which point I was to report to him at once anything unusual that I might see or hear. The men near me were common soldiers. They squatted against the trees with their muskets between their knees, and waited in what seemed to me to be a fair degree of content.

An hour, a very long hour, of such waiting passed, and the colonel approached me, asking if all was quiet. I supplemented my affirmative reply with some apparently innocent questions which I thought would draw from him the nature of his expectations. But he said nothing that satisfied me. As he was about to turn away, I thought I heard a movement in the woods in front of us. It was faint, but it resembled a footfall.

"Colonel," I said, in a hurried whisper, "there is some movement out there."

At the same moment one of the soldiers sprang to his feet and exclaimed,—

"There is somebody coming down on us!"

"Be quiet, men," said the colonel. "Whoever it is, he stops here."

Scarce had he spoken the words when we heard the rush of many feet. The woods leaped into flame; the bullets whistled like hail-stones around our ears. By the flash I saw the head of one of the soldiers who was still sitting down fall over against the tree, and a red streak appear upon his forehead. He uttered no cry, and I knew that he was dead.

For a few moments I stood quite still, as cold and stiff as if I had turned to ice. There is nothing, as I have said before, that chills the heart and stops its flow like a swift surprise. That is why veterans when fired upon in the dark will turn and run sometimes as if pursued by ghosts.

Then my faculties returned, and I shouted,—

"Back on the main body! Fall back for help!"

The colonel and the men, who like me had been seized by surprise, sprang back. Almost in a breath I had formed my resolution, and I ran neither forward nor back, but to one side. When I had taken a dozen quick steps, I flung myself upon my face. As I did so, the

second volley crashed over my head, and was succeeded by yells of wrath and pain.

"At them, boys! At them!" shouted a loud voice that was not the English colonel's. "Drive the bloody scoundrels into the earth!"

I doubted not that the voice belonged to the leader of the attacking party. I arose and continued my flight. Behind me I heard the British replying to the fire of the assailants, and the other noises of the struggle. The shots and the shouts rose high. I knew that I was following no noble course just then, that I fled alike from the force to which I pretended to belong, and from the force to which I belonged in reality; but I saw nothing else to do, and I ran, while the combat raged behind. I was in constant fear lest some sharpshooter of either party should pick me off, but my luck was better than my hopes, and no bullet pursued me in my flight.

When I thought myself well beyond the vortex of the combat, I dropped among the bushes for breath and to see what was going on behind me. I could not hear the cries so well now, but the rapid flashing of the guns was proof enough that the attack was fierce and the resistance the same.

As I watched, my sense of shame increased. I ought to be there with the Americans who were fighting so bravely. For a moment I was tempted to steal around and endeavor to join them. But how could I fire upon the men with whom I had been so friendly and who had looked upon me as one of their own but ten minutes ago? I was no crawling spy. Then, again, I was in full British uniform, and of course the patriots would shoot me the moment they caught sight of me. Richly, too, would I deserve the bullet. Again there was naught for me to do but to resort to that patient waiting which I sometimes think is more effective in this world than the hardest kind of work. And well it may be, too, for it is a more trying task.

I could not tell how the battle was going. So far as the firing was concerned, neither side seemed to advance or retreat. The flashes and the shots increased in rapidity, and then both seemed to converge rapidly towards a common centre. Of a sudden, at the very core of the combat there was a tremendous burst of sound, a great stream of light leaped up and then sank. The firing died away in a feeble crackle, and then I knew that the battle was over. But which side had won was a question made all the more perplexing to me by my inability to decide upon a course of conduct until I could learn just what had happened.

As I listened, I heard a single shot off in the direction from which the Americans had come. Then they had been beaten, after all. But at the very moment my mind had formed the conclusion, I heard another shot in the neck of the valley up which the British had marched. Then the British had been beaten. But my mind again corrected itself. The two shots offset each other, and I returned to my original state of ignorance and uncertainty.

My covert seemed secure, and, resorting again to patience, I determined to lie there for a while and await the course of events. Perhaps I would hear more shots, which would serve as a guide to me. But

another half-hour passed away, and I heard nothing. All the clouds had fled from the face of the moon, and the night grew brighter. The world turned from gray to silver, and the light slanted through the leaves. A lizard rattled over a fallen trunk near me, and, saving his light motion, the big earth seemed to be asleep. Readily could I have imagined that I was some lone hunter in the peaceful woods, and that no sound of anger or strife had ever been heard there. The silence and the silver light of the moon falling over the forest, and even throwing streaks across my own hands, overpowered me. Though knowing full well that it was the truth, I had to make an effort of the will to convince myself that the attack, my flight, and the battle were facts. Then the rustling of the lizard, though I could not see him, was company to me, and I hoped he would not go away and leave me alone in that vast and heavy silence.

At last I fell to reasoning with myself. I called myself a coward, a child, to be frightened thus of the dark, when I had faced guns; and by and by this logic brought courage back. I knew I must take action of some kind, and not lie there until the day found me cowering like a fox in the shelter of the woods. I had my sword at my side, and a loaded pistol was thrust in my belt. In the hands of a brave man they should be potent for defence.

Without further ado, I began my cautious journey. It was my purpose to proceed through the pass into the second valley and find the Americans if still they were there. Then, if not too late, I would warn them of the plan upon them. Success looked doubtful. It depended upon the fulfilment of two conditions: first, that the Americans had not been entrapped already, and, second, that I should find them. Still, I would try. I stopped and listened intently for the booming of guns and other noises of conflict in the valley below, but no sound assailed my ears. I renewed my advance, and practised a precaution which was of the utmost necessity. For the present I scarce knew whether to consider myself English or American, and in the event of falling in with either I felt that I would like to make explanations before any action was taken concerning me. I stood up under the shadow of the big trees and looked around me. But there was naught that I could see. Englishman and American alike seemed to have vanished like a wisp of smoke before the wind. Then, with my hand on my pistol, I passed on from tree to tree, stopping oftentimes to listen and to search the wood with my eyes for sight of a skulking sharpshooter. Thus I proceeded towards the highest point of the gorge. The crest once reached, I expected that I would obtain a good view of the valley beyond, and thus be able to gather knowledge for my journey.

As I advanced, my opinion that the wood was now wholly deserted was confirmed. Victor and vanquished alike had vanished, I felt sure, carrying with them the wounded and the dead too. After a bit, and when almost at the crest, I came to an open space. I walked boldly across it, although the moon's light fell in a flood upon it, and as I entered the belt of trees on the farther side I saw the peak of a fur cap peeping over a log not forty feet before me. It was a most un-

pleasant surprise, this glimpse of the hidden sharpshooter; but, with the fear of his bullet hot upon me, I sprang for the nearest tree and threw myself behind it.

I was too quick for him, for the report of no rifle lent speed to my flying heels, and I sank empty of breath but full of thanks behind the sheltering tree. Brief as had been my glimpse of that fur cap, I knew it, or rather its kind. It was the distinguishing mark of Morgan's Virginia Rangers, the deadliest sharpshooters in the world. I had seen their fell work at Saratoga when we beleaguered the doomed British army, where not a red-coat dared put his foot over the lines, for he knew it would be the signal for the Virginia rifle to speak from tree or bush. I do not like such work myself, but I acknowledge its great use.

Again I gave thanks for my presence of mind and agility of foot, for I had no wish to be killed, and least of all by one of our own men.

I lay quite still until my pulses went down and my breath became longer. I was fearful that the sentinel would attempt some movement, but a cautious look that I took reassured me. He could not leave his covert behind the log for other shelter without my seeing him. It was true that I could not leave the tree, but I did not feel much trouble because of that. I had no desire to shoot him, while he, without doubt, would fire at me, if the chance came to him, thinking me to be a British officer.

The tree grew on ground that was lower than the spot from which I had seen the sentinel. In my present crouching position he was invisible to me, and I raised myself carefully to my full height in order that I might see him again. But even by standing upon my toes I could see only the fur tip of his cap. I could assure myself that he was still there, but what he was preparing I knew not, nor could I ascertain. Yet I doubted not that his muscles were ready strung to throw his rifle to the shoulder and send a bullet into me the moment I stepped from behind the tree. The unhappy part of my situation lay in the fact that he would fire before I could make explanations, which would be a most uncomfortable thing for me, and in all likelihood would make explanations unnecessary, considering the deadly precision of these Virginia sharpshooters. Confound them! why should they be so vigilant concerning me, when there was a British army near by that stood in much greater need of their watching? But it was not worth while to work myself into a stew because I had got into a fix. The thing to do was to get out of it.

After some deliberation, I concluded that I would hail my friend who was yet an enemy or at least in the position of one. I was afraid to shout to him, for most likely, with his forest cunning, he would think it a mere device to entrap him into an unwary action that would cost his life. These wilderness men are not to be deluded in that manner. However, there might be others lurking near, perhaps British and Americans both, and either one or the other would take me for an enemy and shoot me.

But at last I called in a loud whisper to the sentinel. I said that

I was a friend, though I came in the guise of an enemy. The whisper was shrill and penetrating, and I was confident that it reached him, for the distance was not great. But he made no sign. If he heard me he trusted me not. I think there are times when we can become too cunning, too suspicious. This I felt with a great conviction to be one of such times.

As a second experiment, I decided that I would expose my hat or a portion of my uniform, in the hope that it would draw his fire. Then I could rush upon him and shoot my explanations at him before he could reload his gun and shoot a second bullet at me. But this attempt was as dire a failure as the whispering. He was too wary to be caught by such a trick, with which he had doubtless been familiar for years.

I almost swore in my vexation at being stopped in such a manner. But vexation soon gave way to deepening alarm. I could not retreat from the tree without exposing myself to his fire, and there I was, a prisoner. As I lay against the tree-trunk, sheltering myself from the sharpshooter, a bullet fired by some one else might cut my life short at any moment. I waited some minutes, and again I raised myself up and took a peep. There he was, crouched behind his log, and still waiting for me. He seemed scarce to have moved. I knew the illimitable patience of these forest-bred men, the hours that they could spend waiting for their prey, immovable like wooden images. I repeat that I had seen them at work at Saratoga, and I knew their capabilities. I liked not the prospect, and I had good reason for it.

The old chill, the old depression, which was born part of the night and part of my situation, came upon me. I could do naught while my grim sentinel lay in the path. I knew of no device that would tempt him to action, to movement. I wearied my brain in the endeavor to think of some way to form a treaty with him or to tell him who and what I was. At last another plan suggested itself. I tore off a piece of the white facing of my uniform, and, putting it on the end of my gun-barrel, thrust it out as a sign of amity. I waved it about for full five minutes, but the watcher heeded not; perchance he thought this too was a trick to draw him from cover, and he would have none of it. Again I cursed excessive caution and suspicion, but that did me no good, save to serve as some slight relief to the feelings.

A strong wind sprang up, and the woods moved with it. The clouds came again before the moon, and the color of trees and earth faded to an ashen gray. The light grew dimmer, and I felt cold to the bones. Fear resumed sway over me, and, dry-lipped, I cursed my folly with bitter curses.

But the shadows before the moon suggested one last plan to me, a plan full of danger in the presence of the watchful sentinel, but like to bring matters to a head. I unbuckled my sword and laid it upon the ground behind the tree. I also removed everything else of my equipment or uniform that might make a noise as I moved, and then crept from behind the tree. I had heard how Indians could steal

through the grass with less noise than a lizard would make, and I had a belief that I could imitate them, at least to some extent.

I felt in front of me with my hands, lest I should place the weight of my body upon some stick that would snap with a sharp report. But there was only the soft grass, and the faint rustle it made could not reach the ears of the sentinel, no matter how keen of hearing or attentive he might be. All the time I kept my eyes upon the log behind which he lay. Each moment I trembled lest I should see a gun-barrel thrust over the log and pointed at me. Then it was my purpose to spring quickly aside, rush upon him, and cry out who I was.

But the threatening muzzle did not appear. I grew proud of my skill in being able thus to steal upon one of these rangers, who know the forest and all its tricks as the merchant knows his wares. Perchance I could learn to equal them or to surpass them at their own chosen pursuits. I even stopped to laugh inwardly at the surprise and chagrin this man would show when I sprang over the log and dropped down beside him, and he never suspecting, until then, that I was near. Of a truth, I thought, and this time with a better grace, there could be an excess of caution and suspicion.

When I had traversed about half the intervening space, I lay flat upon my face and listened, but without taking my eyes off the particular portion of the log over which I feared the gun-muzzle would appear. But the watcher made no movement, nor could I hear a sound, save that of the rising wind playing its dirge through the woods. Clearly I was doing my work well. Bringing my muscles and nerves back to the acutest tension, I crept on.

I must have been aided by luck as much as by skill, perhaps more, and I made acknowledgment of it to myself, for never once did I make a false movement with hand or foot. No twigs, no dry sticks, the breaking of which would serve as an alarm, came in my way. All was as smooth and easy as a silk-covered couch. Fortune seemed to look kindly upon me.

In two more minutes I had reached the log, and only its foot or two of diameter lay between me and the sentinel. Complete success had attended my efforts so far. It only remained for me to do one thing now, but that, perhaps, was the most dangerous of all. I lay quite still for a moment or two, drawing easy breaths. Then I drew in one long one, inhaling all the air my lungs would hold. Stretching every muscle to its utmost tension, and crying out, "I'm a friend! I'm a friend!" I sprang in one quick bound over the log.

I alighted almost upon the ranger as he crouched against the fallen trunk, the green of his hunting-shirt blending with the grass, and the gray of his fur cap showing but faintly against the bark of the tree. As I alighted by his side he moved not. His rifle, which was clutched in both his hands, remained unraised. His head still rested against the tree-trunk, though his eyes were wide open.

I put my hand upon him, and sprang back with a cry of affright that I could not check.

The sentinel was dead and cold.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN I discovered that I had stalked a dead man as the hunter stalks the living deer, I was seized with a cold chill, and an icy sweat formed upon my brow. My muscles, after so much tension, relaxed as if I had been struck some sudden and mortal blow, and I fell into a great tremble.

But this did not last long. I trust that I am not a coward, and I quickly regained possession of my limbs and my faculties. Then I turned to the examination of the dead man. He had been shot through the head, and I judged that he had been dead a good two hours. A stray ball must have found him as he lay there watching for the enemy and with his rifle ready. I thought I could still trace the look of the watcher, the eager attention upon his features.

I left him as he was, on duty in death as well as in life, and hurried through the grass, still hoping to reach the Americans in the valley beyond, in time.

A second thought caused me to stop. I knew that in the rush and hurry of the fight our horses must have broken from the men, and perchance might yet be wandering about these woods. If I could secure one, it would save much strength and time. I began to look through the woods, for I had little fear of interruptions now, as I believed that everybody except the dead and myself had left the pass. My forethought and perseverance were not without reward, for presently I found one of the horses, saddled and bridled, and grazing peacefully among the trees. He must have been lonely, for he whinnied when he saw me, and made no effort to escape.

I sprang into the saddle, and was soon riding rapidly into the farther valley. The slope was not so steep as that up which I had come with the British, and the woods and the underbrush grew scantier. There was sufficient light for me to see that I would soon be on cleared ground, where I could make fine speed and perchance would quickly find the object of my search.

There was increase to my joy when my horse's foot rang loud and clear, and, looking down, I saw that I had blundered into a good road. It led straight away down the valley, and, with a quickening of our gait, we followed it, my good horse and I.

The night brightened somewhat, as if to keep pace with the improvement of my fortune. I could see fields around me, and sometimes caught glimpses of houses surrounded by their shade-trees. From one of these houses a dog came forth and howled at me in most melancholy tune, but I heeded him not. I rode gayly on, and was even in high enough mood to break forth into a jovial song, had I thought it wise. Such was my glee at the thought that I had left the British, had cast off my false character, and was now about to reassume my old self, the only self that was natural to me, and take my place among the men with whom I belonged.

It was shortly after this that my horse neighed and halted, and, had not my hand been firm on the reins, would have turned and looked behind him. I urged him forward again, but in a few moments he

repeated the same suspicious movement. This caused me to reflect, and I came to the conclusion that some one was behind us, or my horse would not have acted in such fashion. I pulled him to a stand-still, and, bending back, heard with much distinctness the sound of hoof-beats. Nor was it that only; the hoof-beats were rapid, and could be made only by a horse approaching with great speed. Even in the brief space that I listened, the hoof-beats of the galloping horse became much more distinct, and it was evident to me that if I did not put my horse to his own best speed or turn aside into the fields I would be overtaken. But I had no mind either to take the difficult route through the fields or to flee from a single horseman. My loaded pistol and my sword were in my belt; and, while I did not wish to slay or wound any one, it did not seem becoming in me to take to flight.

I eased my grasp on the bridle-rein and took my pistol in my hand. Then, twisting myself round in my saddle, and watching for the appearance of my pursuer, if pursuer it were, I allowed my horse to fall into a walk.

I knew I would not have long to wait, for in the still night the hoof-beats were now ringing on the road. Whoever it was, he rode fast and upon a matter of moment. Presently the figure of the flying horse and rider appeared dimly. Then they grew more distinct. The rider was leaning upon his horse's neck, and as they rushed down upon us I saw that it was a woman. Great was my surprise at the sight.

My first impulse was to rein aside, but when the woman came within twenty feet of me she raised her face a little, and then I saw that it was Mary Desmond, the Tory. Even in that faint light I could see that her face was strained and anxious, and I was struck with a great wonderment.

I turned my horse into the middle of the road, and she was compelled to rein her own back so suddenly that he nearly fell upon his haunches.

"Out of my way!" she cried. "Why do you stop me?"

"I think you will admit, Miss Desmond," I said, "that the meeting is rather unusual, and that surprise, if nothing else, might justify my stopping you."

"Why is it strange that I am here?" she demanded, in a high tone. "Why is it more strange than your presence here at this time?"

"I am riding forward to join a detachment of the American army which I believe is encamped not much farther on," I said.

In reassuming my proper American character I had forgotten that I still wore the British garb.

"Why are you doing that?" she asked, quickly and keenly.

"I wish to take them a message," I replied.

"Who are you, and what are you?" she asked, abruptly, turning upon me a look before which my eyes fell,—“you whose garb is English and speech American.”

"Whatever I am at other times," I replied, "to-night I am your servant only."

"Then," she replied, in a voice that thrilled me, "come with me."

I ride to warn the Americans that they are threatened with destruction."

"You!" I exclaimed, my surprise growing. "You warn them! You, the most bitter of Tories, as bitter as only a woman can be?"

She laughed a laugh that was half of triumph, half of scorn.

"I have deceived you too, as I have deceived all the others," she said. "But I should not boast. The part was not difficult, and I despised it. Come! we will waste no more time. Ride with me to the American army, if you are what you have just boasted yourself to be."

Her voice was that of command, and I had no mind to disobey it.

"Come," I cried. "I will prove my words."

"I know the way," she replied. "I will be the guide."

We galloped away side by side. Many thoughts were flying through my head. I understood the whole story at once, or thought I did, which yielded not less of satisfaction to me. She was not the Tory she had seemed to be, any more than I was the Briton whose uniform I had taken. Why she had assumed such a rôle it was not hard to guess. Well, I was glad of it. My spirits mounted to a wonderful degree, past my ability to account for such a flight. But I bothered myself little about it. Another time would serve better for such matters.

The hoof-beats rang on the flinty road, and our horses stretched out their necks as our pace increased and we fled on through the night.

"How far do we ride?" I asked.

"The American encampment is four miles beyond," she said. "The British force is coming down on the right. Pray God we may get there in time!"

"Amen!" said I. "But, if we do not, it will not be for lack of haste."

We passed a cottage close by the roadside. The clatter of our horses' hoofs aroused its owner, for in those troublous times men slept lightly. A night-capped head was thrust out of a window, and I even noted the look of wonderment on the man's face; but we swept by, and the man and his cottage were soon lost in the darkness behind us.

"It will take something more than that to stop us to-night," I cried, in the exuberance of my spirits.

Miss Desmond's face was bent low over her horse's neck, and she answered me not; but she raised her head and gave me a look that showed the courage a true woman sometimes has.

We were upon level ground now, and I thought it wise to check our speed, for Miss Desmond had ridden far and fast, and her horse was panting.

"We will not spare the horse," she said. "The lives of the patriots are more precious."

"But by sparing the former we have more chance of saving the latter," I said; and to that argument only would she yield. The advantage of it was soon seen, for when we increased our speed again the horses lengthened their stride and their breath came easier.

"Have you heard the sound of arms?" she asked. "Surely if

any attack had been made we could hear it, even so far as this in the night."

"I have heard nothing," I replied, "save the noise made by the galloping of our own horses. We are not yet too late."

"No, and we will not be too late at any time," she said, with sudden energy. "We cannot—we must not be too late!"

"How strong is the American force?" I asked.

"Strong enough to save itself, if only warned in time," she replied.

We came to a shallow brook which trickled peacefully across the road. Our horses dashed into it, and their flying hoofs sent the water up in showers. But before the drops could fall back into their native element we were gone, and our horses' hoofs again were ringing over the stony road.

Before us stretched a strip of forest, through the centre of which the road ran. In a few moments we were among the trees. The boughs overhung the way and shut out half the moon's light. Beyond, we could see the open country again, but before we reached it a horseman spurred from the wood and cried to us to halt, flourishing his naked sword before him.

We were almost upon him, but on the instant I knew Belfort, and he knew me.

"Out of the way!" I cried. "On your life, out of the way!"

"You traitor! You damned traitor!" he shouted, and rode directly at me.

He made a furious sweep at my head with his sabre, but I bent low, and the blade circled over me, whistling as it passed. The next moment, with full weight and at full speed, my horse struck his, and they went down, the cries of despair, the shriek from the man and the neigh from the horse, mingling as they fell.

With a snort of triumph, my horse leaped clear of the fallen and struggling mass, and then we were out of the forest, Mary Desmond still riding by my side, with her head bent over her horse's neck as if she were straining her eyes for a sight of the patriots who were still two miles and more away.

"You do not ask me who it was," I said.

"I know," she replied; "and I heard also what he called you."

"'Tis true, he called me that," I replied. "But he is in the dust now, and I still ride!"

We heard musket-shots behind us, and a bullet whizzed uncomfortably near. So Belfort had not been alone. In the shock of our rapid collision I had not had the time to see; but these shots admitted of no doubt.

"We will be pursued," I said.

"Then the greater the need of haste," she replied. "We cannot spare our horses now. There is a straight road before us."

No more shots were fired at us just then. Our pursuers must have emptied all their muskets; but the clatter of the horses' hoofs told us that they were hot on the chase. Our own horses were not fresh, but they were of high mettle, and responded nobly to our renewed calls upon them. I took an anxious look behind me, and saw that our pursuers

numbered a dozen or so. They were riding hard, belaboring their mounts, hands and feet, and I rejoiced at the sight, for I knew the great rush at the start would tell quickly upon them.

"Will they overtake us?" asked Mary Desmond.

"It is a matter of luck and speed," I replied, "and I will answer your question in a quarter of an hour. But remember that, come what may, I keep my word to you. I am your servant to-night."

"Even if your self-sought slavery takes you into the American lines?" she asked.

"Even so," I replied. "I told you my mission, though you seemed to believe it not."

With this the time for conversation passed, and I put my whole attention upon our flight. My loaded pistol was still in my belt, and if our pursuers came too near, a bullet whistling among them might retard their speed. But I held that for the last resort.

So far as I could see, the men were making no attempt to reload their muskets, evidently expecting to overtake us without the aid of bullets. I inferred from this circumstance that Belfort, whom I had disabled, had been the only officer among them. Otherwise they would have taken better measures to stop us. Nevertheless they pursued with patience and seemingly without fear. By and by they fell to shouting. They called upon us to stop and yield ourselves prisoners. Then I heard one of them say very distinctly that he did not want to shoot a woman. Mary Desmond heard it too, for she said,—

"I ask no favor because I am a woman. If they should shoot me, ride on with my message."

I did not think it wise to reply to this, but spoke encouragingly to her horse. He was panting again, and his stride was shortening, but his courage was still high. He was a good horse and true, and deserved to bear so noble a burden.

Presently the girl's head fell lower upon the horse's neck, and I called hastily to her, for I feared that she was fainting.

"'Twas only a passing weakness," she said, raising her head again. "I have ridden far to-night; but I can ride farther."

The road again led through woods, and for a moment I thought of turning aside into the forest; but reflection showed me that in all likelihood we would become entangled among the trees, and then our capture would be easy. So we galloped straight ahead, and soon passed the strip of wood, which was but narrow. Then I looked back again, and saw that our pursuers had gained. They were within easy musket-range now, and one of the men, who had shown more forethought than the others and reloaded his piece, fired at us. But the bullet touched neither horse nor rider, and I laughed at the wildness of his aim. A little farther on a second shot was fired at us, but, like the other, it failed of its mission.

Now I noted that the road was beginning to ascend slightly. Farther on rose greater heights. This was matter of discouragement; but Miss Desmond said briefly that beyond the hill-top the American encampment lay. If we could keep our distance but a little while now, her message would be delivered. Even in the hurry of our flight I

rejoiced that the sound of no fire-arms save those of our pursuers had yet been heard, which was proof to me that the attack upon the Americans had not been made.

The road curved a little now and became much steeper. Our pursuers set up a cry of triumph, and they were near enough for us to hear them encouraging each other. I could measure the distance very well, and I saw that they were gaining faster than before. The crest of the hill was still far ahead. These men must be reminded not to come too near, and I drew my pistol from my belt.

As the men came into better view around the curve, I fired at the leader. It chanced that my bullet missed him, but, what was a better thing for us, struck his horse full in the head and killed him. The stricken animal plunged forward, throwing his rider over his head. Two or three other horsemen stumbled against him, and the entire troop was thrown into confusion. I struck Miss Desmond's horse across the flank with my empty pistol, and then treated my own in like fashion. If we were wise, we would profit by the momentary check of our enemies, and I wished to neglect no opportunity. Our good steeds answered to the call as well as their failing strength would permit. The crest of the hill lay not far before us now. If we could but reach it, I felt sure that the British would pursue us no farther.

But when I thought triumph was almost achieved, Miss Desmond's horse began to reel from side to side. He seemed about to fall from weakness, for of a truth he had galloped far that night and done his full duty as well as the best horse that ever lived, be it Alexander's Bucephalus or any other. Even now he strove painfully, and looked up the hill with distended eyes as if he too knew where the goal lay. His rider seemed smitten with an equal weakness, but she summoned a little remaining strength against it, and raised herself up for the final struggle.

"Remember," she said again to me, "if I fail, as most like I will, you are to ride on with my message."

"I have been called a traitor to-night," I said, "but I will not be called the name I would deserve if I were to do that."

"It is for the cause," she said. "Ride and leave me."

"I will not leave you," I cried, thrilling with enthusiasm. "We will yet deliver the message together."

She said no more, but sought to encourage her horse. The troopers had recovered from their confusion, and, with their fresher mounts, were gaining upon us in the most alarming manner. I turned and threatened them with my empty pistol, and they drew back a little; but second thought must have assured them that the weapon was not loaded, for they laughed derisively and again pressed their horses to the utmost.

"Do as I say," cried Miss Desmond, her eyes flashing upon me. "Leave me and ride on. There is naught else to do."

But my thought was to turn my horse in the path and lay about me with the sword. I could hold the troopers until she might escape and take the message that she had borne so far already. I drew the blade from the scabbard and put a restraining hand upon my horse's rein.

"What would you do?" cried Miss Desmond.

"The only thing that is left for me to do," I replied.

"Not that!" she cried; "not that!" and made as if she would stop me. But, even while her voice was still ringing in my ears, a dozen rifles flashed from the hill-top, a loud voice was heard encouraging men to speedy action, and a troop came galloping forward to meet us. In an instant the Englishmen who were not down had turned and were fleeing in panic terror down the hill and over the plain.

"You are just in time, captain," cried Miss Desmond, as the leader of the rescuing band, a large, dark man, came up. Then she reeled, and would have fallen from her horse to the ground had not I sprung down and seized her.

CHAPTER IX.

BUT Miss Desmond was the victim only of a passing weakness. I was permitted to hold her in my arms but for a moment. Then she demanded to be placed upon the ground, saying that her strength had returned. I complied of necessity; and, turning to the American captain, who was looking curiously at us, she inquired,—

"Captain, the American force, is it safe?"

"Yes, Miss Desmond," he replied; and I wondered how he knew her. "It is just over the hill there. The night had been quiet until you came galloping up the hill with the Englishmen after you."

"Then we are in time!" she cried, in a voice of exultation. "Lose not a moment, captain. A British force much exceeding our own in strength is even now stealing upon you."

The message caused much perturbation, as well it might, and a half-dozen messengers were sent galloping over the hill. Then the captain said,—

"Miss Desmond, you have done much for the cause, but more to-night than ever before."

But she did not hear him, for she fell over in a faint.

"Water!" I cried. "Some water! She may be dying!"

"Never mind about water," said the captain, dryly. "Here is something that is much better for woman, as well as man, in such cases."

He produced a flask, and, raising Miss Desmond's head, poured some fiery liquid in her mouth. It made her cough, and presently she revived and sat up. She was very pale, but there was much animation in her eye.

"You have sent the warning, captain, have you not?" she asked, her mind still dwelling upon the object for which she had come.

"Do not fear, Miss Desmond," said the leader, gravely. "Our people know now, and they will be ready for the enemy when they come, thanks to your courage and endurance."

Then he beckoned to me, and we walked a bit up the hill-side, leaving Miss Desmond sitting on the turf and leaning against a tree.

"A noble woman," said the captain, looking back at her.

"Yes," said I, fervently.

"It was a lucky fortune that gave you such companionship to-night," he continued.

"Yes," said I, still with fervor.

"Lieutenant Chester," he said, "that is not the only particular in which fortune has been kind to you to-night."

"No," I said, with much astonishment at the patness with which he called my true name.

"I have said," he continued, with the utmost gravity, "that fortune has been very kind to-night to Lieutenant Robert Chester, of the American army. I add that it has been of equal kindness to Lieutenant Melville, of the British army."

"Who are you, and what are you?" I cried, facing about, "and why do you speak in such strange fashion?"

"I do not think it is strange at all," he said, a light smile passing over his face. "So far as I am concerned, it is a matter of indifference, Lieutenant Chester or Lieutenant Melville: which shall it be?"

I saw that it was useless for me to pretend more. He knew me, and was not to be persuaded that he did not. So I said,—

"Let it be Lieutenant Robert Chester, of the American army. The name and the title belong to me, and I feel easier with them than with the others. I have not denied myself. Now, who are you, and why do you know so much about me?"

"Nor will I deny myself, either," he said, a quiet smile dwelling upon his face. "I am William Wildfoot, captain of rangers in the American army."

"What! are you the man who has been incessantly buzzing like a wasp around the British?" I cried.

"I have done my humble best," he said, modestly; "I have even chased you and your friend Lieutenant Marcel into Philadelphia. For that I must crave your forgiveness. Your uniforms deceived me then; but we have become better acquainted with each other since."

"How? I do not understand," I said, still in a maze.

"Perhaps you would know me better if I were to put on a red wig," he said. "Do not think, Lieutenant Chester, that you and Lieutenant Marcel are the only personages endowed with a double identity."

I looked at him closely, and I began to have some glimmering of the truth.

"Yes," he said, when he saw the light of recognition beginning to appear upon my face, "I am Waters. Strange what a difference a red wig makes in one's appearance. But I have tried to serve you and your friend well, and I hope I have atoned for my rudeness in putting you and Lieutenant Marcel to such hurry when I first saw you."

His quiet laugh was full of good nature, though there was in it a slight tinge of pardonable vanity. Evidently this was a man much superior to the ordinary partisan chieftain.

"Then you too have placed your neck in the noose?" I said.

"Often," he replied. "And I have never yet failed to withdraw it with ease."

"I have withdrawn mine," I said, "and it shall remain withdrawn."

"Not so," he replied. "Miss Desmond must return to her father

and Philadelphia. It is not fit that she should go alone, and no one but you can accompany her."

I had believed that nothing could induce me to take up the character of Lieutenant Melville of the British army again, but I had not thought of this. I could not leave Miss Desmond to return alone through such dangers to the city.

"Very well," I said, "I will go back."

"I thought so," returned Wildfoot, with a quick glance at me that brought the red blood to my face. "But I would advise you to bring Miss Desmond to the crest of the hill and wait for a while. I must hurry away, for my presence is needed elsewhere."

The partisan was like a war-horse sniffing the battle; and, leaving Miss Desmond, myself, and two good, fresh horses on the hill-top, he hastened away. I was not averse to waiting, for I expected that a sharp skirmish would occur. I had little fear for the Americans now, for in a night battle, where the assaulted are on their guard, an assailing force is seldom successful, even though its superiority in arms and numbers be great.

From the hill-top we saw a landscape of alternate wood and field, amid which many lights twinkled. A hum and murmur came up to us and told me that the Americans were profiting by their warning and would be ready for the enemy.

"You can now behold the result of your ride," I said to Miss Desmond, who stood by my side, gazing with intent eyes upon the scene below, which was but half hidden by the night. She was completely recovered, or at least seemed so, for she stood up, straight, tall, and self-reliant.

"We were just in time," she said.

"But in good time," I added.

"I suppose we will see a battle," she said. "I confess it has a strange attraction for me. Perhaps it is because I am not near enough to see its repellent phases."

She made no comment upon my British uniform and my apparent British character. She did not seem to see anything incongruous in my appearance there, and it was not a subject that I cared to raise.

"See, the fighting must have begun," she said, pointing to a strip of wood barely visible in the night.

Some streaks of flame had leaped up, and we heard a distant rattle which I knew well was the small arms at work. Then there was a lull for a moment, followed by a louder and longer crackle, and a line of fire, flaming up and then sinking in part, ran along the edge of the woods and through the fields. Through this crackle came a steady rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub.

"That is the beat of the drums," I said to Miss Desmond, who turned an inquiring face to me. "The drum is the soldier's conscience, I suppose, for it is always calling upon him to go forward and fight."

I spoke my thoughts truly, for the drum has always seemed to me to be a more remorseless war-god than the cannon. With its steady and tireless thump, thump, it calls upon you, with a voice that will not

be hushed, to devote yourself to death. "Come on! Come on! Up to the cannon! Up to the cannon!" it says. It taunts you and reviles you. Give this drum to a ragamuffin of a little boy, and he catches its spirit, and he goes straight forward with it and commands you to follow him. It was so at Long Island when the Maryland brigade sacrificed itself and held back the immense numbers of the enemy until our own army could escape. A scrap of a boy stood on a hillock and beat a drum as tall as himself, calling upon the Maryland men to stand firm and die, until a British cannon-ball smashed his drum, and a British grenadier hoisted him over his shoulder with one hand and carried him away. There is a league between the drum and the cannon. The drum lures the men up to the cannon, and then the monster devours them.

Above the crackle rose the louder notes of the field-pieces, and then I thought I heard the sound of cheering, but I was not sure. We could see naught of this dim and distant battle but the flame of its gunpowder. The night was too heavy for any human figure to appear in its just outlines; and I guessed that I would have to judge of its progress by the shifting of the line of fire. The British attack was delivered from the left, and the blaze of the musketry extended along a line about a half-mile in length. Though while the light was leaping high at one place it might be sinking low at another, yet this line was always clearly defined, and we could follow its movements well enough.

The line was stationary for full fifteen minutes, and from that circumstance we could tell that the Americans had profited well by the warning and were ready to receive the attack. Still, the action was sharper and contested with more vigor than I had expected. Having made the attack, the British seemed disposed to persist in it for a while at least. But presently the line of fire began to bend back towards the west at the far end.

"The British are retreating!" exclaimed Miss Desmond.

"At one point, so it would seem," I said.

"Yes, and at other points too," she cried. "See, the centre of the fiery line bends back also."

This was true, for the centre soon bent back so far that the whole line was curved like a bow. Then the eastern end yielded also, and soon was almost hidden in some woods, where it made but a faint quivering among the trees. In truth, along the whole line the fire was dying. The sputter of the musketry was but feeble and scarce heard, and even the drum seemed to lose spirit and call but languidly for slaughter.

"The battle is nearly over, is it not?" asked Miss Desmond.

"Yes," I replied, "though we could scarce call it a battle. Skirmish is a better name. I think that line of fire across there will soon fade out altogether."

I chanced to be a good prophet in this instance, for in five minutes the last flash had gone out and there was naught left but a few echoes. It was clear that the British had suffered repulse and had withdrawn. It was not likely that the Americans would follow far, for such an undertaking would expose them to destruction.

I suggested to Miss Desmond that it would now be the part of wisdom for us to begin our return to Philadelphia. We were preparing for departure, when we heard the approach of horsemen, and in a moment or two Wildfoot and three of his men approached. "It was not a long affair," said the leader, "though there was some smart skirmishing for a while. When they found that we were ready and rather more than willing, they soon drew off, and they are now on the march for Philadelphia. I tell you again, Miss Desmond, that you have ridden bravely to-night, and this portion of the American army owes its salvation to you."

"My ride was nothing more than every American woman owes to her country," replied Miss Desmond.

"True," replied Wildfoot, "though few would have the courage to pay the debt. But I have come back mainly to say that some of my scouts have brought in Lieutenant Belfort, sore bruised, but not grievously hurt, and that he will have no opportunity to tell the English of your ride to-night, Miss Desmond, at least not until he is exchanged."

I had forgotten all about Belfort, and his capture was a lucky chance for both of us.

Captain Wildfoot raised his hat to us with all the courtesy of a European nobleman and rode away with his men, while we turned our horses towards Philadelphia and were soon far from the hill on which we had stood and witnessed the battle's flare. Miss Desmond knew the way much better than I, and I followed her guidance, though we rode side by side.

"You do not ask me to keep this matter a secret," I said, at length, when we had ridden a mile or more in silence.

"Is not your own safety as much concerned as mine?" she asked, looking with much meaning at my gay British uniform.

"Is that the only reason you do not ask me to speak of it?" I said, still bent upon going deeper into the matter.

"Will you speak of it when I ask you not to do so?" she said.

I did not expect such a question, but I replied in the negative with much haste. But presently I said, thinking to compliment her, that, however my own sympathies might be placed, I must admit that she had done a very brave deed, and that I could not withhold my admiration. But she replied with some curtness that Captain Wildfoot had said that first,—which was true enough, though I had thought it as early as he. Had it been any other woman, I would have inferred from her reply that her vanity was offended. But it was not possible to think such a thing of Mary Desmond on that night.

"Have you any heart for this task?" she asked me, with much suddenness, a few minutes later.

"What task?" I replied, surprised.

"The task that the king has set for his army,—the attempt to crush the Colonies," she replied.

There was much embarrassment in the question for me, and I sought to take refuge in compliment.

"That you are enlisted upon the other side, Miss Desmond," I

replied, "is enough to weaken the attachment of any one to the king's service."

"This is not a drawing-room," she replied, looking at me with clear eyes, "nor has the business which we have been about to-night any savor of the drawing-room. Let us then drop the speech of the drawing-room."

She was holding me at arm's length, but I made some rambling, ambiguous reply, to the effect that a soldier should have no opinions, but should do what he is told to do,—which is a very good argument, but does not always appease one's conscience. But she did not press the question further,—which was a relief to me.

When we became silent again, my thoughts turned back to our successful ride. On the whole, I had cause for lightness of feeling. Aided by chance or luck, I had come out of difficulties wondrous well. Within a very short space I had seen our people twice triumph over the British, and I exulted much because of it.

I think I had good reason for my exultation aside from the gain to our cause from these two encounters. While accusing us of being boasters, the British have quite beaten us at anything of that kind. I think it was their constant assumption of superiority, rather more than the tea at the bottom of Boston Harbor, that caused the war. Then they came over and said we could not fight. They are much better informed on that point now, though they continue to slander us throughout the world, for which I am sorry, for I would like to see our people and those of the old country friends again, though I fear it will never be so long as they choose to assume towards us airs of patronage and toleration.

Our return journey was not prolific of events. The night seemed to have exhausted its fruitfulness before that time. When we were within a short distance of the British lines, Miss Desmond pointed to a low farm-house almost hidden by some trees.

"That is my retreat for the present," she said. "It was from that house I started, and I will return to it. For many reasons, I cannot be seen riding into Philadelphia with you at this hour."

"But are the inhabitants of that house friends of yours?" I asked, in some protest.

"They can be trusted to the uttermost," she replied, briefly. "They have proved it. You must not come any farther with me."

"Then I will leave you," I replied, "since I leave you in safety; but I hope you will not forget that we have been friends and allies on this expedition."

"I will not forget it," she said. Then she thanked me and rode away, as strong and upright and brave as ever. I watched her until she rode among the trees around the house and disappeared. Then, although I might have fled to the American camp, I rode to Philadelphia, a much wiser man than I was earlier in the night.

Some of the stragglers were coming into the city already, and it was not difficult for me, with my recent practice in lying, to make satisfactory explanation concerning myself. I told a brave tale about being captured by the rebels in the rush, my escape afterwards, and

my futile attempts to rejoin the army. Then I passed on to my quarters.

In the course of the day the entire detachment, save those who had been killed or wounded in the skirmish, returned, and I learned that Sir William was much mortified at the complete miscarriage of the expedition. He could not understand why the rebels were in such a state of readiness. I was very uneasy about Marcel, but he rejoined me unharmed, although he admitted that he had been in much trepidation several times in the course of the night.

CHAPTER X.

I WISHED to hold further conversation with Marcel that morning on a matter of high interest to both of us, but I did not find the opportunity, as we were sent on immediate duty into different parts of the suburbs. Mine was soon finished, and I returned to the heart of the city. I noticed at once that the invading army had suffered a further relaxation of discipline. Evidently, after his failure of the preceding night, Sir William took no further interest in the war, and but little in the army, for that matter, except where his personal friends were concerned. But most afflicting was the condition of mind into which the Tories had fallen. Philadelphia, like New York, abounded in these gentry, and a right royal time they had been having, basking in the sunshine of British favor, and tickling themselves with visions of honors and titles, and even expecting shares in the confiscated estates of their patriot brethren.

Now they were in sore distress, and but little of my pity they had. Among the rumors was one, and most persistent it was too, that a consequence of the French alliance would be a speedy evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, who would in all probability seek to concentrate their strength at New York. This was a misfortune that the wretched Tories had never foreseen. What! the British ever give up anything they had once laid their hands upon! The descendants of the conquerors of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, the grandsons of the men who had humbled Louis the Great at Blenheim and Malplaquet, be beaten by untrained, half-armed, and starving farmers! The thing was impossible. And Tory and Briton vied with each other in crying to all the winds of heaven that it could not be. Yet we beat these British boasters many times, man for man; and afterwards, when I went south with Greene and Morgan, I saw nine hundred Americans, more than half of whom had just come from their farms and had never seen a battle before, destroy a British force of eleven hundred veterans led by their best cavalryman, Tarleton, and armed with cannon, too, while we had none. Where were the British boasters then? Either dead or prisoners in our hands.

Perhaps I ought not to speak of these things, lest I be taken for a boaster too. But the British were most arrogant and overweening in those days, nor do they seem to have abated much of their manner now,

for which reason we always took much satisfaction in beating them, admitting at the same time that they were brave men, and never cared much about our victories over the Hessians, who, to tell the truth, were very fierce in the pursuit of a beaten enemy, but not quite so enduring in the main contention as the British.

But I ever had more animosity against the Tories than the British, and I felt much secret delight at their manifest and troublous state of mind. Some, who had their affairs well in hand, were preparing to depart with their beloved British, who little wanted such burdens. Others were mourning for their houses and goods which they expected to see wrenched from them as they would have wrenched theirs from the patriots. All seemed to expect that the American army would be upon them immediately, such were their agitation and terror. Curses, too, were now heard against King George for deserting his faithful servants after making so many great promises to them. Well, it is not for those who shake the dice and lose, to complain. We, too, had had our sufferings.

Nevertheless, the British, as is their wont, put a good face upon the matter. That very night, many of the officers were at a reception given with great splendor at the house of a rich Tory, and they talked glibly of past triumphs and of others soon to be won. I also was there, for I had contrived to secure an invitation, having special reasons for going.

As I had expected, Miss Desmond was present. She seemed to neglect none of the fashionable gayeties of the city, and to me she looked handsomer and statelier than ever. I wished for some look, some suggestion that we had been companions in danger and that we were rather better friends than the others present; but she was cold and proud, and there was nothing in her manner to show that we had ever met, save in the formal drawing-room.

"I hear, Lieutenant Melville," she said, "that you were in the unfortunate attack last night and fell into the hands of the rebels."

"Yes, Miss Desmond," I replied, "but good fortune succeeded bad fortune. I escaped from them in the darkness and the confusion, and am back in Philadelphia to lay my sword at your feet."

Such was the polite language of the time; but she received it with small relish, for she replied, with asperity,—

"You have barely escaped laying your sword at the feet of the rebels. Is not that enough of such exercise?"

Then some British officers, who heard her, laughed as if the gibe had no point for them.

I had no further opportunity for conversation with her until much later in the evening. The rooms were buzzing with the gossip of great events soon to occur; and though I sought not the part of a spy, and had no intent to put myself in such a position, I listened eagerly for the fragments of news that were sent about. This was not a matter of difficulty, for all were willing, even eager, to talk, and one could not but listen, without drawing comment and giving offence.

"Tis reported," said Symington, a colonel, to me, "that the French king will despatch an army in great haste to America. But we shall not care for that: shall we, Melville? I, for one, am tired of playing

hide-and-seek with the old fox Mr. Washington, and should like to meet our ancient foes the French regulars in the open field. Then the fighting would be according to the rules as practised by the experts in Europe for many generations."

I thought to throw cold water upon him, and said I feared the Americans and the French allied might prove too strong for us; and as for the ancient rules of war, campaigns must be adapted to their circumstances and the nature of the country in which they are conducted. If the Americans alone, and that too when at least one-third of them were loyal to our cause, had been able to confine us to two or three cities practically in a state of besiegement, what were we to expect when the full might of the King of France arrived to help them?

But he would have naught of my argument. He was full of the idea that glory was to be found fighting the French regulars in the open field according to the rules of Luxembourg and Marlborough. But I have no right to complain, for it was such folly as his that was of great help to us throughout the war and contributed to the final victory over the greatest power and the best soldiers of Europe.

Although much interested in such talk as it was continued by one or another through the evening, I watched Miss Desmond. Now, since I knew her so well, or at least thought I did, she had for me a most marvellous attraction. At no time did she betray any weakness in the part she played, and though more than once she found my eyes resting upon her, there was no answering gleam. But I was patient, and a time when I could speak to her alone again came at last. She had gone for air into the small flower-garden which adjoined the house after the fashion of the English places, and I, noting that no one else had observed her, followed. She sat in a rustic chair, and, seeing me coming, waited for me calmly and in such manner that I could not tell whether I came as one welcome or repugnant. But I stood by her side nevertheless.

"You have heard all the talk to-night, Lieutenant Melville, have you not?" she asked.

"I suppose that you have in mind the new alliance with the French that the rebels have made?" I said.

"Yes," she said. "That has been the burden of our talk."

"I could not escape it," I replied. "It is a very promising matter for the rebels, and for that reason a very unpromising one for us."

"The French," she said, "would consider it a glorious revenge upon us for our many victories at their expense, if they could help the rebels to certain triumph over us. It would shear off the right arm of England."

I looked with wonder at this woman who could thus preserve her false part with me when she knew I knew so well that it was false. I thought she might never again refer to our night ride, our companionship in danger. It was not anything that I wished to forget. In truth, I did not wish to forget any part of it.

"Do you think, Lieutenant Melville," she asked, turning a very thoughtful face towards me, "that this alliance will crush the English, or will the French intervention incite them to more strenuous efforts?"

"I think, Miss Desmond," I replied, deeming it wise to play my part as well as she, "that we will defeat Americans and French combined. You know we are accustomed to victory over the French."

"It is as you say," she said; "but when one reads French histories one finds French victories over the English also."

Which is very true, for it is a great gain to the glory of any country to have expert historians.

"We will not underrate the French," I said, "for that would depreciate such triumphs as we have achieved in conflict with them."

"You make very little of the Americans," she said. "Do you not think that you will also have to reckon with my misguided countrymen?"

"Mere louts," I said, thinking that at last I had found a way to provoke her into an expression of her real opinions. "Perchance they might do something if they were trained and properly armed. But, as they are, they cannot withstand the British bayonet."

She looked at me with some curiosity, at which I was gratified, but, in imitation of her own previous example, I had discharged expression from my face.

"I had thought sometimes, Lieutenant Melville," she said, "that you had been moved to sympathy for these people, these rebels."

"Then you are much mistaken, Miss Desmond," I said, "although I hope I am not hard of heart. I am most loyal to the king, and hope for his complete triumph. How could I be otherwise, when you who are American-born set me such a noble example?"

"That is but the language of compliment, Lieutenant Melville," she said, "the courtly speech that you have learned in London drawing-rooms, and—pardon me for saying it—means nothing."

"It might mean nothing with other men," I said, losing somewhat of my self-possession, "but it does mean something with me."

"I do not understand you, Lieutenant Melville," she said, turning upon me an inquiring look. "You seem to speak in metaphors to-night."

"If so," I replied, "I may again plead your noble example. I do not understand you at all to-night, Miss Desmond."

"Our conversation has been of a military character," she replied, smiling for the first time. "So gallant an officer as you, Lieutenant Melville, should understand that, while all of it may well be a puzzle to me, a woman, whom the sound of a trumpet frightens, it is easy enough for you to comprehend it."

"It is this time I who ask pardon, Miss Desmond," I replied, "if I say that is the language of compliment, of the drawing-room."

She made no reply, but bent forward to inhale the odor of a flower that blossomed near her. I too was silent, for I knew not whether she wished me to go or stay, or cared naught for either. From the drawing-room came the sound of music, but she made no movement to go.

"I have had thoughts about you too, Miss Desmond," I said, at length, after some minutes of embarrassment, for me at least.

"I trust that such thoughts have been of a pleasant nature, Lieutenant Melville," she said, turning her deep eyes upon me again.

"I have thought," I continued, "that you too felt a certain sympathy for the rebels, your misguided countrymen."

"What reasons have I furnished for such a supposition?" she replied, coldly. "Are you in the habit, Lieutenant Melville, of attributing treasonable thoughts to the best friends of the king's cause?"

This I thought was carrying the matter to a very extreme point, but it was not for me, who called myself a gentleman, to say so aloud.

"I would not speak of it as treason," I said: "it seems to me to be in accord with nature that you, who are an American, should feel sympathy for the Americans."

"Then," she replied, "it is you who have treasonable thoughts, and not I."

"I trust I may never falter in doing my duty," I said.

"I trust I may not do so either," she said.

"Then," I exclaimed, flinging away reserve and caution, "why play this part any longer?"

"What part?" she asked, her eyes still unfathomable.

"This pretence of Toryism," I cried. "This pretence which we both know to be so unreal. Do I not know that you are a patriot, the noblest of patriots? Do I not honor you, yes, love you for it? Do I not remember every second of our desperate ride together, and glory in the remembrance?"

I paused, for I am not accustomed to making high speeches, even when under the influence of strong emotion.

"Well?" she said. But her eyes wavered, for the first time, and the red flush swept over her face.

"I said that I love you, Mary," I continued. "I repeat it. Will you marry me?"

"I will never marry an Englishman," she said. Then she rose abruptly and went into the house, leaving me to wonder what she meant.

CHAPTER XI.

MARCEL and I had some leisure the next morning at our quarters. "Marcel," said I, "I wish to talk to you on a matter of serious import."

"It must be of very high import, in truth," said Marcel, "if I may judge of its nature from the solemn look that clothes your face like a shroud."

"It is no matter of jest," I replied, "and it is of close concern to us both."

"Very well," replied Marcel, carelessly, flinging himself into a chair. "Then let it be kept a secret no longer."

"It is this, Marcel," I replied, and I was in deep earnest. "I am tired of the false characters we have taken upon ourselves. The parts are awkward. We do not fit in them. We have been required to serve against our own people. Only luck, undeserved luck, has saved

us from the rope or acts which would smack of treason. I want to reassume my own character and my own name, to be myself again."

I spoke with some heat and volubility. I was about to add that I was sorry ever to have gone into such a foolish enterprise, but the thought of a fair woman's face recalled the words.

"Is that all?" asked Marcel, beginning to whistle a gay dancing-tune which some newly arrived officers had brought over from London.

"No, it is not," I replied. "I said I wished to be myself again, and that I mean to be."

"I think I shall do likewise," said Marcel, cutting off his tune in the beginning. "I am tired of this piece of stage-play myself, but I wanted you to say so first."

"It is time to leave it off," I added, "and go back to our duty."

"You speak truly," said Marcel. "It would not be pleasant to be killed by American bullets or be forced to fire upon our old comrades. And yet the adventure has not been without interest. Moreover, let it not be forgotten that we have had plenty to eat, a good luck which we knew not for two years before."

He said the last in such a whimsical tone of regret that I laughed despite myself.

"There is no need to laugh," said Marcel. "A good dinner is a great item to a starving man, and, as you know, I am not without experience in the matter of starvation."

Wherein Marcel spoke the truth, for during our long campaigns hunger often vexed us more sorely than the battle.

"I shall be glad to see our comrades and to serve with them again. When will we have a chance to leave?" he asked.

"I do not know," I said; "and I do not see that it matters. I am not going."

"Then will his lordship condescend to explain himself?" said Marcel. "You speak in riddles."

"We have come into this town, Marcel," I said, "in the guise of Englishmen and as the friends of the English. We have eaten and drunk with them, and they have treated us as companions. If I were to steal away, I would think that I had played the part of a mere spy."

"What then?" said Marcel.

"I mean to take what I consider to be the honorable course," I said. "I mean to go to Sir William Howe, tell him what I am and what I have done, and yield myself his prisoner."

"You need not look so confoundedly virtuous about it," said Marcel. "I will go with you and tell what I am and what I have done, and yield myself his prisoner in precisely the same manner that you will. Again I wanted you to say the thing first."

I never doubted that Marcel would do what was right, despite his habitual levity of manner, and his companionship strengthened me in my resolution.

"When shall we go to Sir William?" asked Marcel.

"To-day,—within the hour," I said.

"Do you think he will hang us as spies?" asked Marcel, grimly.

"I do not know," I said. "I think there is some chance that he will."

In truth, this was a matter that weighed much upon me. Do not think that I was willing to be a martyr, or wanted to die under any circumstances. Nothing was further from my desires.

"He is like enough to be in a very bad humor," said Marcel, "over his failures and his removal from the chief command. I wish for our sakes he felt better."

By representing to an aide that our business was of the most pressing importance, we secured admission to Sir William Howe. I think we came into the room before he expected us, for when we entered the doorway he was standing at the window with the grayest look of melancholy I ever saw on any man's face. In that moment I felt both sorrow and pity for him, for we had received naught but kindness at his hands. I stumbled purposely, that I might warn him of our coming, and he turned to meet us, his face assuming a calm aspect.

"You sent word that your business is pressing," he said. "But I hope that Lieutenant Melville and Captain Montague are in good health."

"We know not the bodily condition of Lieutenant Melville and Captain Montague," I said, "but we trust that both are well."

"What sort of jesting is this?" he said, frowning. "Remember that, though my successor has been appointed, I am yet commander-in-chief."

"It is no jest," I replied. "We speak in the utmost respect to you. I am not Lieutenant Melville of the British army, nor is my friend Captain Montague. Those officers are prisoners in the hands of the Americans."

"Then who are you?" he asked.

"We are American officers," I replied, "who in a moment of rashness and folly took the places of Captain Montague and Lieutenant Melville."

"Is this truth or insanity?" he asked, sharply.

"I think it is both," I replied, soberly.

He smiled somewhat, and then asked more questions, whereupon I told the whole story from first to last, furnishing such proofs that he could not doubt what I said. For a while he sat in a kind of maze. Then he said,—

"Are you aware, gentlemen, that the most natural thing for me to do is to hang you both as spies?"

We admitted with the greatest reluctance that the laws of war would permit it.

"Still, it was but a mad prank," said Sir William, "and you have given yourselves up when you might have gone away. I cannot see of what avail it would be to the British cause, to me, or to any one, to hang you. It seems that you are quite capable of hanging yourselves in due time. I will spare the gallows. But I do wish you were Englishmen, and not Americans."

I felt as if the rope were slipping off our necks when Sir William spoke these words, and my spirits rose with most astonishing swiftness.

I must say that Sir William Howe, though a slothful man and a poor general, was kind of heart sometimes, and I have never liked to hear people speak ill of him.

"Your case," he said, "is likely to be a source of mighty gossip in this town, but I shall not leave you here long to enjoy your honors. We exchange for Lieutenant Belfort and some other prisoners who are in the hands of the rebels. You will be included in the exchange, and you will leave Philadelphia to-morrow. You need not thank me. In truth, I ought to hang you as spies; but I am curious to know what act of folly you will commit next."

I am confident that Sir William in reality liked us, for he was fond of adventure. Perhaps that was the reason he was not a better general.

"I shall have to place you under guard," said Sir William, calling an aide, "and if ever this war ends and we are alive then, I should like to see you both in England, and show you off as the finest pair of rascals that ever deserved to be hanged and were not."

"It appears to me that we came out of that matter easily," said Marcel as we left the room.

CHAPTER XII.

WE lay gasping under the apple-trees. The hottest sun that ever I felt or saw was dissolving our muscles and pinning us to the earth, mere flaccid lumps. The heat quivered in the air, and the grass turned dry blades to the brown soil. I ran my finger along the bare edge of my sword, and the skin was scorched. My throat burned.

"What a day to fight!" said Marcel. "The red coats that the British over yonder wear blaze like fire, and I dare say are as hot. I wish I were a private and not an officer. Then I could strip myself."

He looked longingly at a huge soldier who had taken off coat and shirt and was lying on the grass, naked to the waist, his rifle ready in his hands.

"Leave old Father Sun alone," I said: "I believe he will settle the business for both armies. At least he seems to be bent upon doing it."

I tried to look up at the sun, but His Majesty met me with so fierce a stare that I was glad to turn my eyes again, blinking, to the earth. When they had recovered from the dimness, I looked along the line of panting soldiers, and saw one who had dropped his rifle on the grass and flung his arms out at ease.

"Stir up that man, there," I said: "he must keep his rifle in hand and ready."

"If you please, sir," said the bare-waisted soldier, "he won't be stirred up."

"Won't be stirred up?" I said, with natural impatience: "why won't he?"

"Because he can't be," said the soldier.

"Can't be?" I said, not understanding such obstinacy. "What do you mean?"

"He can't be stirred up," replied the soldier, "because he's dead, sir."

I examined the man and found that it was true. We had marched long and hard in the stifling heat before we lay down in the orchard, and the man, overpowered by it, had died so gently that his death was not known to us. We let him lie there, the dead man in the ranks with the quick.

"Doesn't the concussion of cannon and muskets cause rain sometimes?" asked Marcel.

"I have heard so," I replied. "Why?"

"Because, if it does," said Marcel, "I hope the battle will be brought on at once, and that it will be a most ferocious contention. Then it may cause a shower heavy enough to cool us off."

"Whether it brings rain or not," I said, "I think the battle will soon be upon us. You can hear it now across those fields."

The rattle of musketry was quite fierce, but I had become too much of a veteran to pay much attention to it. I reserved all my energies for our own time of conflict.

Up went the sun, redder and fiercer than ever. The heavens blazed with his light. The men panted like dogs, and their tongues hung out. The red coats of the British opposite us looked so bright that they dazzled my eyes. The leaves of the apple-trees cracked and twisted up.

"It would be funny," said Marcel, "if the British were to charge upon us and find us all lying here in a placid row, dead, killed by the sun."

"Yes," said I, "it would be very funny."

"But not impossible," said the persistent Marcel.

We lay near the little town of Freehold in the Jersey fields. The British under Sir Henry Clinton had fled from Philadelphia for New York, and we had given chase, although we were far inferior in numbers and equipment. Nevertheless it was pleasant to us to pursue, and we fancied that the British liked flight but little. At last we had overtaken them, and the battle was a certainty.

I can say with truth that the men were eager for the fight. They had starved long at Valley Forge, and now with full stomachs they had come upon the heels of a flying enemy. Moreover, we had been raised up mightily by the French alliance. We did not know then how much the French were to disappoint us, and how little aid they were to give us until the final glorious campaign.

"Leftenant," said the bare-waisted man, "ain't it about time to let us have another drink? The inside of my throat's so dry it's scalin' off."

We had filled our canteens with water before this last march, but I had allowed my men to drink but sparingly, knowing how much they would need it later. Now I pitied them as well as myself, and I gave the word to turn up the canteens, but I ordered that the drink should be a very short one.

Up went the canteens as if they had been so many muskets raised

to command. There was a deep grateful gurgle and cluck along the whole line as the water poured into the half-charred throats of the men. But Marcel and I had to draw our swords and threaten violence before they would take the canteens away from their lips.

"Leftenant," said the bare-waisted man, reproachfully, "I was right in heaven then, and you pulled me out by the legs."

"Then you may be sent back to heaven or the other place soon enough," I said, "for here come the British. Ready, men!"

"Confound the British!" growled the big man. "I don't mind them, but I hate to be baked afore my time."

The British opposite the orchard were forming in line for an attack upon us. The trumpets were blowing gayly, and the throbbing of the drums betokened the coming conflict. Presently across the fields they came, a long line of flashing bayonets and red coats, with the cavalry on either wing galloping down upon us. General Wayne himself passed along our line, and, like Putnam at Bunker Hill, told our men to be steady and hold their fire until the enemy were so close that they could not miss.

The British fired a volley at us as they rushed across the fields, and then, with many an old score to settle, we rose and poured into them at short range a fire that swept away their front ranks and staggered the column. But they recovered, and charged us with the bayonets, and we met them with clubbed rifles, for few of us had bayonets.

In a moment we were in a fierce turmoil of cracking guns, flashing swords, and streaming blood and sweat. The grass was trampled into the earth; the dust arose and clogged our throats and blinded our eyes. Over us the sun, as if rejoicing in the strife and seeking to add to it, poured his fiercest rays upon us, and men fell dead without a wound upon them. A British sergeant rushed at me with drawn sword when I was engaged with another man. I thought the road to another world was opening before me, but when the Englishman raised his sword to strike, the weapon dropped from his limp fingers to the ground, and he fell over, slain by the sun.

Had the cavalry been lucky enough to get in among us with their sabres, they might have broken our lines and thrust us out of the orchard; but we had emptied many a saddle before they could come up, and the horses that galloped about without riders did as much harm to the enemy as to us. The British showed most obstinate courage, and their leader, a fine man, Colonel Monckton I afterwards learned his name to be, encouraged them with shouts and the waving of his sword, until a bullet killed him and he fell between the struggling lines.

"Come on!" I shouted, under the impulse of the moment, to the men near me. "We will take off his body!"

Then we rushed upon the British column. Some of our men seized the body of their fallen leader, and they made a fierce effort to regain it. But the British did not have raw militia to deal with this time, and, however stern they were in the charge, equally stern were we in resisting it. The colonel's body became the prize for which both of us fought; and we retained our hold upon it.

The clamor increased, and the reek of blood and sweat thickened. The pitiless sun beat upon us, and rejoiced when we slew each other. But, however they strove against us, we held fast to the colonel's body; nay, more, we gained ground. Twice the British charged us with all their strength, and each time we hurled them back. Then they gave up the struggle, as well they might, and with honor too, and fell back, leaving us our apple orchard and their colonel's body. We had no intent but to give suitable burial to the fallen chief, and a guard was formed to escort his remains to the rear.

As the broken red line gave ground, some of their men turned and fired a few farewell shots at us. I felt a smart blow on my skull as if some one had suddenly tapped me there with a hammer. As I threw up my hands with involuntary motion to see what ailed me, black clouds passed of a sudden before my eyes, and the earth began to reel beneath me. Marcel, who was standing near, turned towards me with a look of alarm upon his face. Then the earth slid away from me, and I fell. Ere I touched the ground my senses were gone.

When I opened my eyes again, I thought that only a few minutes had passed since I fell; for above me waved the boughs of one of the very apple-trees beneath which we had fought. Moreover, there were soldiers about, and the signs of fierce contention with arms were still visible. But when I put one of my hands to my head, which felt heavy and dull, I found that it was swathed in many bandages.

"Lie still," said a friendly voice; and the next moment the face of Marcel was bending over me. "You should thank your stars that your skull is so thick and hard, for that British bullet glanced off it and inflicted but a scalp-wound. As it is, you have nothing but good luck. The commander-in-chief himself has been to see you, and has called you a most gallant youth. Also, you have the best nurse in America, who, moreover, takes a special interest in your case."

"But the army! The battle!" I said.

"Disturb not your mighty mind about them," said Marcel. "We won the battle, and the British army is retreating towards New York. I imitate it, and now retreat before your nurse."

He went away, and then Mary Desmond stood beside me. But her face was no longer haughty and cold.

"You here!" I cried. "How did this happen?"

"When the American army followed the retreating British, we knew there would be a battle," she said. "So I came with other women to nurse the wounded, and one of them I have watched over a whole night."

She smiled most divinely.

"Then, Mary," I cried, with an energy that no wound could lessen, "will you not marry an American?"

Her answer?

Everybody knows that my daughter is the greatest heiress in Philadelphia.

THE END.

POLITICAL TRICKS AND TRIBULATIONS.

IN no other field of legitimate effort does the doctrine of chances find so many untoward and conflicting possibilities to hamper its workings as in that welter of human endeavor known as politics. It is a glorious thing, forsooth, to send one's eloquence ringing down the corridors of time by way of the halls of Congress and the *Congressional Record*; it is good, beyond question, to feel that the scope of one's political authority is limited only by the boundaries of the nation; but the way to these happy pinnacles of greatness is often long and difficult, and many are the vicissitudes that may be encountered upon the path. Political prospects are as susceptible to demoralization as the most delicate line of credit; personal popularity is a fickle thing; "fences" are fragile possessions in a land where political upheavals akin to nature's wildest disturbances are wont to disrupt the existing order of affairs; and when the ballots are harvested it often happens that the score of the canvassing board shows the too confident statesman how vain are human hopes. Then in truth the world to him is sad and dreary; but the ups and downs of political chance must be taken complacently, and it is well for the politician that hope, with all the vitality accredited to truth, arises after each crushing with a new vigor.

The State of Indiana is one of the chief battle-fields in national politics, and perhaps its fluctuating allegiance is fairly typical of the uncertainty that in all "doubtful" States hangs upon the suffrages of the voters. Nowhere is this dubitancy better shown, and nowhere, it may be, are the haps and mishaps of political conflict better displayed, than in the capital of that commonwealth. In Indianapolis, as in all localities where the result of an election ordinarily is a matter of speculation, political battles are fought with great vigor, and it is in such contests that wits are sharpened to devise new tricks and methods of campaigning. A few illustrations may serve to show the contingencies that local political leaders sometimes have to face, and the devices to which they now and then resort in order to gain their ends. Similar expedients are used and similar experiences are known wherever political strife wages hot.

Political tactics are offensive as well as defensive in character. Not only must the voters of the one party be kept loyal to their faith, but every effort should be made to win over the adherents of the other parties, by fair means if possible, by those less honest if necessary. Every one knows the story of the candidate in Cleveland who employed a "double" of his opponent to go about among the latter's supporters and silently arouse an antagonism against him. In Indianapolis a number of similar schemes have been employed. The last one almost resulted in a riot, but its success was beyond question. Under a certain city administration an era of street improvement was begun, and in the opinion of many voters it was carried to an extreme. The dissatisfaction was particularly manifest in a poorer portion of the city,

and was there expressed very openly. Into this district, on the day before the election, the managers of the party then out of power sent a corps of pretended civil engineers, equipped with the instruments of the profession, under instructions to go through the form of taking levels and measurements. To all inquiries—which were many—the only answer given was that they were estimating the cost of paving the street with asphalt. That night an impromptu mass meeting was held in the neighborhood, and the vote of the ward next day spoke loudly for a change of administration.

In a recent national campaign the local chairman of one of the parties organized a club of old soldiers, a majority of whom, it chanced, were on the pension list. By properly approaching a member of this organization, the chairman of the committee of another party obtained the names and addresses of its entire membership. Two or three days before the election this list was divided among several trusted men who were directed to visit the home of each pensioner and propound, with no comment or explanation, a series of carefully prepared questions which were intended to arouse in the mind of the war-scarred old soldier a grave fear that a pension cannot confidently be expected to go on forever. It is told in the political circles of Indianapolis that a large majority of these veterans spent the first half of the next day at the head-quarters of one party, saying unkind things of the President, and the other half at the head-quarters of the opposition, swearing allegiance to a party that would provide for old soldiers with due and patriotic liberality.

Such tricks as these are far from unusual in hard-fought campaigns. Now and then—but much more rarely—an emissary is secretly sent literally into the camp of the enemy. A good example of such an incursion happened at Indianapolis during the last campaign. A candidate upon one of the legislative tickets had been endorsed by another of the parties, and his name thus appeared twice upon the ballots. His chief opponent was a colored man. The white candidate, who may be designated as Smith, conceived the plan of calling the attention of voters to the color of the other by means of a hand-bill purporting to come from his colored adversary, on which bill should appear a portrait of that candidate. In order that a good likeness might be secured, he employed another negro to enter the candidate's home and there purloin his photograph. From this a cut was made showing a negro of the blackest, beneath which were the words "Vote for — for the Legislature." A large number of bills were printed from this plate and delivered at the head-quarters of one of the committees for which Smith stood. The purpose was to give these bills wide circulation on the day before the election. So far all was well; but at this point a counter-schemer came into the field in the person of an attaché of the committee to whom the bills were delivered. In the negotiations that ensued he was known only as "Jack." Jack determined to put his knowledge of political methods to profitable use, and to that end straightway wrote to a prominent politician of the opposing party that, at a secluded spot which he named, he could, at a certain hour, give the prominent politician information of importance.

The latter met him and there learned of Smith's plan. Jack suggested that for a consideration the bills might be delivered to some one other than Smith. The politician artfully belittled their value, and said that he had no great fear of damage to his party from them; but he expressed a willingness to pay a small sum for their possession and that of the plate from which they were printed. It was arranged that a trusted man should be sent to the committee-rooms for the bills at a time when Smith was not likely to be there. The messenger, however, arrived when Smith was on the scene, and, catching Jack's wink, hastily retired, to return in an hour. Once more he went after them; on that occasion his demand was overheard by an officer of the committee, who said he had no doubt the man was all right, but that he must bring a written order from Smith before he could be given them.

Again and again during the afternoon the messenger was foiled, and as the day drew to a close Jack saw that his chance to earn a few dollars was fading from view. At last he despatched word to the prominent politician that, as the bills were to be sent away the next day, something must be done at once; he suggested that the politician station a man in the alley below the windows of one of the committee-rooms from six-fifteen to seven P.M., and the bills should be thrown down to him between the hours named. At six-thirty Jack and one man were alone in the room. Upon Jack's suggestion the other man went out for a drink, and immediately, with what seemed to the two hearers the sound of an avalanche, the big packages were tossed down to the man waiting below. He had no instruction as to their disposal, and was at a loss to know what to do with them. At last he remembered an accessible vault that had been built to hold refuse. Escaping the vigilance of a suspicious policeman, he reached it with his heavy burden, and, having torn the bills in pieces, he crowded them into the vault. The bills were thus put beyond the power to do harm, but the plate from which they had been printed was yet to be obtained. Its place of location was known to but two men, Smith and Jack. In order that no future investigation might trace the theft to Jack, forged orders calling for the delivery of the plate to the bearer were sent to each of the printing-houses that had done work for Smith's committee. One of them secured it, and it was at once destroyed. The loss of the bills was discovered early the next morning, but a search failed to disclose them or the manner of their disappearance.

Smith was sorely troubled. He promptly sent to the printer to have a new lot struck off, and was there met by the statement that the plate had been delivered to the committee. This assertion the printer backed by showing the written order on which it had been surrendered, signed with Jack's name, but clearly not in his writing. The language in which Smith announced that he would not be balked left no doubt of his earnestness in the premises. At his request Jack himself went to the engraver who had made the plate, to order a new one cut immediately. He presently returned to say that there was not sufficient time in which to do the work, and that in any event the engraver would not begin it until he had been paid for the first plate. Smith was now in a deplorable rage; he visited the engraver in person, with

the result that a new plate was made, from which as many bills were printed as the time allowed. It was too late for a thorough distribution, however, and they availed little in results.

The "heeler" who haunts the political committee-rooms and hangs about the polling-places on election-day has many little peccadilloes that do not endear him socially to his fellow-men of cleaner linen. At all times his thirst is that of desert sands; far be it from him ever to decline the proffered cigar; his ready tongue prattles ceaselessly on national issues or his own misfortunes or needs, and all things between; his personal aroma is not such as perfumers vend; his manners find no advocate among the Chesterfields of to-day; mendacity has reached in him its fullest flower; and in his presence it is the part of wisdom to guard well small articles of value. But whatever he may be—and this catalogue is far from complete—it must never for a moment be forgotten that he is the proud possessor of that theoretically priceless boon, the ballot, before which kings and ward-workers alike must bow in their several manners.

It is chiefly among such as he that the grosser kinds of political bargaining take place. Corruption in some form, however, is found in almost every branch of political campaigning, and with it sometimes may be encountered an element of bodily danger, for men who are willing to barter their votes are usually those who realize the hazard of such negotiation and are ready to use physical force in order to escape the possible consequences of their greed. Thus it comes to pass that in all the relations which commonly hedge about the civilized man of to-day, no more dramatic situations can be encountered than sometimes arise in political life.

An instance of such nature is told in the annals of Indianapolis politics. A body of negro voters had been organized under the name of the "Boston Glee Club," ostensibly for the purpose indicated by the name, but really, as subsequent events proved, with a view to obtaining pay for their votes. From time to time hints had been given a prominent candidate upon a local ticket that for a consideration the services of the club could be secured in his behalf. The nature of these vague innuendoes seemed to indicate a lack of honesty, but the candidate—a man high above questionable intrigue—was no tyro in political work, and he determined to visit the organization in person for the purpose of further testing its calibre. The campaign drew on toward the end, and still the club, with a caution born of its vicious purpose, hesitated to disclose either its meeting-place or its authorized head. Its indefinite hints of support still found their way now and then to the candidate's ears, but always in a roundabout manner, and elicited from him no offer of financial assistance. At last, almost on the eve of the election, he learned from a source wholly new and unexpected that a meeting of the club was to be held on a certain evening at a livery-stable in a somewhat secluded part of the city. Without notifying the club of his intention, the candidate went to the stable at the hour of meeting, in company with a friend in whose judgment and discretion he had full confidence. After guarded inquiries, the club was found sitting in absolute darkness in a rear room of the stable. A

dead silence followed the visitors' entrance. Facing his unseen, unknown audience, the candidate began the interview.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am here to-night to make, if possible, some arrangement by which to get your aid in this campaign. If you have an officer or spokesman authorized to speak for you, please let him signify his presence."

A voice from the gloom answered that they would do as they had agreed. The candidate was taken aback: he had neither made them a proposition nor received one from them.

"I am here in person," he said, "and desire a definite understanding as to what you are willing to do."

The voice answered that for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars each of the twenty-five members of the club would vote for two men on "the ticket."

The candidate knew that no such tender had been made to the committee he represented. Inasmuch as it was evident that definite overtures had been made, it followed that the opposing party were in actual negotiation, although no name, either of party or individual, had so far been mentioned. The candidate at once saw the necessity of placing the men before him in such a position that they could do no harm to his faction.

He answered that the proposition was not satisfactory; that no agreement would be entered into which did not provide for the voting of straight tickets; that the price asked was too great for the service offered; and that he had come prepared to make a final settlement, but could not do so on such a basis as proposed.

A hubbub of voices arose in reply, and for ten minutes the discussion was fast and furious. As the talk grew more heated, the club members relaxed the prudence they had at first observed, and said openly that two party managers—naming two well-known leaders of the opposition—had previously agreed to pay the club members ten dollars each to vote for two men on their ticket, and had further stipulated to make the payment on that evening at that place.

The situation was critical: it behooved the candidate to act quickly. A compromise was soon effected by which the club, still in ignorance of the politics of its visitors, should, in consideration of the sum mentioned, vote for three unnamed candidates on "the ticket."

The excitement died away; once more the visiting candidate took the floor uninterrupted.

"Before the money is paid," he said, "it is necessary that I receive a list of the names, residences, and voting-places of your members."

Such a list was handed him, written in a greasy grocer's account-book. Evidence of the presence of each of the men therein named was then demanded. At the suggestion of the candidate, the club members crowded into an adjoining room, also unlighted, and as they passed back, one by one, into the larger room in which the meeting had been held, the candidate took each by the arm, asked his name, residence, and voting-place, and repeated them to his companion, who stood, list in hand, by a lamp near the entrance to the stable, checking off the names as given. When the last man had passed, the club was

again in the larger room, with the exit blocked by the candidate at the door.

The drama had reached its climax. Once more the candidate addressed the club.

"Now," he said, "I will tell you that you are mistaken in the man with whom you are dealing. I came here to represent one party, but you have sold out to me as the representative of the other party. The votes of such as you would not be worth the buying, and in this election no one of you shall cast a ballot. I have, as you know, the name, residence, and voting-place of each of you. Copies of this list will be placed in the hands of our challengers on election-day, and special officers will be detailed to arrest you in case you attempt to vote. You know the law, and you know how near you are to the penitentiary. I will leave this place at once: if any man attempts to follow me, he will be shot down like a dog. I bid you good-evening."

As the candidate and his companion passed out into the street, a carriage drove rapidly to the stable door, and from it stepped the two well-known leaders of the other party, come for the purpose of closing their little deal with the members of the Boston Glee Club.

In the turmoil of political work there may be encountered individuals as erratic as any whereof this world holds record; hence the well-equipped politician must be a careful student of human nature. The vanities of his fellow-men, great and small, he cultivates with all the delicate care shown by the orchid-grower; conciliation is with him a fine art; sociability pervades his environment like a benediction; geniality radiates from him like light from the sun; and often a feigned credulity is his to a most surprising degree. He who enters the political field learns much of mankind that may remain unknown to him who holds aloof, for nowhere else do there grow so many and such surprising specimens of the genus freak. But of all those who take part "in politics," perhaps the chairman of a general committee finds fewest primroses along his path.

His every act is scrutinized and fiercely criticised; friends, voters, committee-men, lend him their maledictions; the fierce light that beats upon a throne is no more searching than that in which he stands. Verily his lot is not a happy one. A Job-like patience should be his; he must listen to countless tales of unfair treatment by his party; he must hear by the hour recitals of the supposed plans of the opposing leaders; advice for his conduct of the campaign is given him unendingly; secret-laden cranks flock to him; pretended renegades attempt to mislead him in a thousand ways; henchmen appear to vie with each other in devising unique and fanciful claims and demands; and bores of all kinds, regardless of political faith, impose upon his good nature. Then, too, a large proportion of his visitors show him the least pleasing side of their characters; some of them are moved by sordid motives only, and the chairman of a local committee, more than all other men, knows the voter of the lowest class to be as yet unconvinced that the franchise is not a marketable commodity.

To the chairman all grades of humanity come with a bold front, and the most objectionable come not the least frequently. Never for

a moment should his vigilance flag. He must in all his plans consider every race, color, age, trade, nationality, labor organization, and religious creed; every differentiation save that of complexion among Caucasians must be thought of and provided for. Aid, financial and otherwise, is demanded of him on many pleas. Impecunious householders desire their rent paid in order that an enforced change of residence may not lose them their votes; those hapless individuals whose misdoings have landed them behind prison bars petition the committee freely for bail, to the end that they may be able to reach the polls; foreigners ask for naturalization papers; the alleged needy beg for food and fuel; prisoners about to be tried demand of the committee the services of reputable attorneys to defend them; and thousands of the enlightened owners of the franchise, regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, unhesitatingly call for well-nigh everything that seems to them desirable.

Clubs and individuals of every nationality, sect, and color demand club-rooms, uniforms, torches, hats, caps, drums, lanterns, bugles, fireworks, badges, flags, banners, hand-bills, transparencies, bunting, streamers, pictures of the candidates, political literature, posters, stationery, and postage-stamps. Voters who may chance to be out of town on election-day send for return transportation, that their votes may not be lost; party supporters ask legal advice concerning their tenant rights and voting qualifications; bands and drum-corps request remunerative engagements; individuals wish work of all sorts as a condition of party loyalty; and all the while the demands for cash in hand are unceasing. In fact, a campaign fund is deemed by the rank and file to be a grab-bag from which each should draw what he can; it is considered legitimate prey, and over this fund the chairman must maintain a constant watch.

All of this worry does not, of course, fall directly upon the chairman; he has lieutenants among whom his territory is divided, and who stand responsible for the management of political affairs within their several jurisdictions. Other general matters, such as taking the polls and making out the books for the challengers, looking after the transportation of absent voters, etc., are intrusted to the care of experienced men. About the door of the chairman's inner sanctum yet other assistants are on continuous picket-duty, guarding him against those whose business may be attended to by some one other than himself. But even with this protection life is not a joy to him, and during the feverish last days of the campaign his door-keepers must be big and strong to hold the importunate crowd at bay.

While the thousand unavoidable annoyances beset him, there are many matters of the greatest importance that he must look to. The organization of his territory must be perfected to the least detail, for organization is absolutely necessary in politics; breaches in the party lines must be repaired; feuds, dissensions, and strifes must be appeased; the dreaded "roorback" must ever be guarded against; the public must be impressed with the importance of the issues, as well as with the correctness of the stand taken upon them by his party; novel tactics are often the most telling, and new schemes and methods must be

devised ; precinct and election officers must be chosen ; parades and rallies must be planned and executed ; money must be raised, and, in order that there may be little or no deficit at the end of the campaign, reckless expenditure must be avoided ; torrents of oratory must be hurled at the voters of each ward and township ; the best means of "getting out" the party vote on election day must be arranged ; and through all these perplexities and cares, through all the turmoil and excitement, the chairman must remain cool-headed and—so far as the public knows—serene and confident, following his purposes and perfecting his plans, while every hour his watchful eye studies the political sky and reads the signs of progress in the stars.

Somewhere in that sphere of action which we know as "politics" there lurks a microbe that, once in the human system, never can be eradicated. No agent can rob it of vitality ; no factor—not even failure—can wholly dislodge it, and "once a politician always a politician" is as true as the saying of which it is an adaptation. The Fountain of Trevi does not recall those who drink its waters with any measure of the certainty with which the game of politics wins back to itself its one-time players. Nor is this surprising, for its allurements are manifold, its attractions unending. Aside from all other considerations that draw men into its toils, there is in it a fascination more enticing, perhaps, than hope of profitable office,—one in which in a degree are blended the excitement of war, the intellectual pleasures of diplomacy, and the hopes and hazards of other games of chance. Its plots and rumors of plots, its moves and checkmates, its stirring action and ever varying phases woo thousands to it who would disclaim all hope of political preferment. This is the cleaner side of the shield ; there is another side, one smirched with the filth of corruption, for in its license with respect to methods politics is commonly ranked with love and war.

In politics no man should have an over-tender conscience ; that is a function of our higher intellectual equipment in which the lesser statesman may not indulge himself. The morals of the monk, or the frankness and open dealing of other fields of effort, seldom are taken successfully into the cabinet of the politician ; there the ways are often dark and the tricks vain. It is true that very many politicians would not have it so, but when the enemy sets such an example it must of necessity be followed, in accordance with the well-known suggestion for warfare with the devil. A Southerner once said that the South could whip the North with pop-guns, but five years later he added that it did not because the North would not fight that way ; the choice of deadly weapons precluded those less harmful ; and so it is in politics. But although the politician may not always act upon the old adage that happiness lies in virtue, he is careful to foster tact, that less ethical aid in smoothing the changes and chances of this mortal life. Tact, however, is not the only quality essential to the politician's success, nor is it the most indispensable. More important still is a talent for organization and intrigue. Yet, possessed of these qualifications though he may be, the career of the politician is never one of unalloyed pleasure, for although he may have these and all the other personal characteristics

that promise success, now and then he will suffer the pangs of disappointment, and yet more often will the inevitable lesser grievances and mortifications of the strife for office vex his soul.

Many indeed are the troubles and trials that come to him who is in politics, and each campaign seems to add new ones, while maintaining, as well, every one of the old. Not all of them, however, are closely connected with electioneering; some are only remotely related to it. Late on the night preceding a recent Presidential election a representative of one of the great parties started from the head-quarters of his affiliation at Indianapolis to supply some of the party workers of the out-townships with their shares of the sinews of war. In the crisp gray dawn he knocked at the door of a committee-man who lived some miles in the country. There was no response, With the butt of his revolver he beat a loud tattoo, and at last the door was opened by the man sought, clad in the garment of nocturnal repose. He explained that all of his household were away, and that the delay in answering the knock was due to this and to the further fact that he himself was a very sound sleeper. The errand was done, and the visitor then asked the route to his next stopping-place. That there might be no mistake, the committee-man stepped onto the porch to point out the way: as he did so, the wind slammed the door shut behind him, and a spring lock did its dire work.

When the first faint light of breaking day illumined the landscape, it fell with a gladsome glow on the wind-whipped white night vestment of that precinct committee-man as he, greenbacks in hand, fitted around his domicile, vainly seeking entrance thereto.

Allan Hendricks.

THE UNDER SIDE OF NEW ORLEANS.

TRAVELLING through our Southern States, it is only at New Orleans that the tourist becomes conscious of marked cosmopolitan influences. The first settlers reclaimed its crescent-shaped site from swamp and river, and in comparatively few years there came together a heterogeneous contrasting population, including trappers, fishermen, flatboatmen, pirates, French Canadian and West Indian immigrants of gentle lineage, Jesuit, Capuchin, and Benedictine missionaries, Spanish courtiers, dames, and dagoes, Congo dancers, Voodoo conjurers, quad-roon belles, and nameless grisettes. The supply of wives for the early colonists proving unsatisfactory in point of character, the King of France sent them a cargo of virtuous maidens who are chronicled as *filles de la cassette*, or "casket girls," because of the caskets they brought with them to contain the modest trousseaux provided by his considerate majesty. The devout, scholarly Ursuline nuns who chap-eroned them in this strange land before marriage remained on the spot to educate their children afterwards in the massive convent they cemented so firmly that it is in good preservation to-day as part of the archbishopric.

Three civilizations—the French, the Spanish, and the Anglo-American—have blended in forming New Orleans, the French always dominating in blood, manners, and customs. The ideals of the French gentry and nobility were introduced as far as they were practicable in a young colony by the Sieur de Bienville, the “father of New Orleans,” and paramount in its development they stamped it with a chrism of distinction up to the time of our civil war; but the spell which ultimately will make over all American cities into one likeness is now at work there.

As yet, however, along with the inherent cosmopolitanism of New Orleans a strong local flavor is perceptible, and a distinctive civic temperament attracts the attention of the student of sociology. The natives take a light-hearted, child-like pleasure in their Mardi-Gras festivities: their ordinary street manners are so amiable and kindly that a well-dressed lady may wander alone through the poorest parts of the city without disagreeable notice from loafer or urchin; but this suavity covers a powerful undertow. Suddenly by a turn of the current the will of New Orleans can show itself to be fierce and irresistible in carrying a point; if the wheels of justice tarry in supporting the people, blade and revolver will be brought into use without hesitation to accomplish the end desired.

In 1874 the “White League” deposed the negro legislature by a prompt recourse to arms, fighting hand to hand self-organized in the streets, and thus convincing the general government at Washington that the reign of the carpet-bag governor and the negro legislator must come to an end in the South. Again, in the more recent affair of the Mafia, New Orleans settled the Italian secret society troubles in a conclusive although terrible fashion, so that no more policemen should be killed in the discharge of duty.

Resolute, desperate on occasion, the city is oftener sympathetic and charitable in her mood, and the union of diverse racial strains in the people produces many brilliant and attractive phases.

“I suppose I am a kind of gumbo,” a New Orleans man said to me, as if enjoying the joke on himself. “I am French and German on my mother’s side, and English on my father’s; my wife is a mixture of French and German; we talk French with our children, but we have given them English names, and we are bringing them up to be thorough Americans.”

At this juncture a tribute to “gumbo,” the dish *par excellence*, seems appropriate. Okra, valued as a homogeneous article of diet in Egypt and Syria for centuries, becomes a general mixer of meats and vegetables in Louisiana; “okra gumbo” has a universal succulence and adaptability to the tables of the rich and the poor. There are gumbos also of oysters, crabs, or shrimps, according to taste, and the Creoles have their “gumbo *filé*.”

The men of New Orleans as a rule are fearless, generous, and polite; the women are cordial, graceful, and vivacious, those of the higher and educated class having a spirit of enterprise. They as well as the men have inaugurated an active club life, and discuss all the innovations of the period, even woman’s suffrage having its quota of adherents. Ladies

who have outlived their youth remain on deck, so to speak, and retain their grip on society, which after the courteous and sensible Parisian fashion ignores their ages so long as they can make themselves agreeable.

An admirable trolley system affords a rapid view of broad new avenues which extend for miles and are lined with hundreds of elegant modern houses that look out from gardens of roses, magnolias, and azaleas, distinctly tropical plants having been injured by the recent severe winters. Every car returns to Canal Street, the bright stimulating thoroughfare which is the general starting-place. Beautiful churches, colleges, and public buildings become more and more imbued with advanced thought and endeavor. The face of Janus that looks towards the future is alive with promise for the Greater New Orleans of the twentieth century. The crowd who come only for Carnival week will carry away an electric fountain of impressions colored with every prismatic tint. The thoughtful stranger who comes at some other season will find in the pensive, the reminiscent, the occult or under side, as it may be styled, of life there, an alluring suggestiveness, and memory will retain afterwards the face of Janus which turns towards the past of New Orleans as wearing an expression that is distinctive and unique here in our United States. Anywhere in and around the city one may feel the imprint of old customs, peculiar cults, legends, and traditions. A rosette and streamers of black and white tarlatan attached to a garden fence will show that a recent bereavement has taken place in the home beyond it, and here and there the printed black-bordered notice of a funeral will be seen sticking to a lamp-post.

In the Third District it is pleasant to watch the young girls trooping to the pretty vine-embowered shrine of the Bavarian Saint Roch (or Rocque), the protector from epidemics. These faithful maidens believe that in addition to the exercise of his special function he will obtain them good husbands before the year has expired if they make a novena to him with tributary candles, and they engage St. Joseph, the patron of the Home, as a valuable ally by purchasing at the gate a tiny leaden image of him to carry in their pockets.

From this occult region of coy virginal hearts one may turn to the sadly famous duelling-ground of ante-bellum days. This is situated on the outskirts, and has been converted into a park, where the grand centenarian live-oaks which sheltered the affairs of honor from public view at the rate of four and six per diem in the busy season—suicides interspersed—still guard their secrets well. Their deep shadows creep over the earth; even the flickering sun-spots look ghostly; scarcely a sound escapes the brooding solitude. An occasional pelican may be seen haunting the tragic place and standing on one leg with dejected mien by a sluggish stream. As Louisiana's armorial bird he fitly represents the mother State mourning the folly and the anguish of her misguided sons.

Adjoining this historic City Park is the Sportsmen's Reservation, marshy ground which the foot of man must tread warily. Going in any direction from the city the excursionist will reach water, either lake, river, morass, or bayou. The vast melancholy swamp, aban-

doned to reptiles and batrachians, is lonely and voiceless, save for the frog chorus below, the cries of sea-gulls in the air above, and the shy notes of small neutral-tinted birds that emerge from the willow thickets to flit from one delicately outlined, deeply rooted cypress-tree to another, the branches chained fast in the embrace of the Spanish moss, which is said to grow beneficently in such places as a consumer of malarial poison. This slippery, treacherous marsh is an enduring monument to the will and perseverance of the first settlers, who had but a small tract of dry land as a nucleus for their projected city.

Memorials in stone and cement to the citizens of a century and more ago are mouldering in the pathetic Old St. Louis Cemetery. The dead are buried above-ground everywhere, because the foundations of New Orleans had to be laid in water. There are untold acres of cemeteries,—“God’s Acres:” storied, oven-like rows of vaults and imposing mausoleums literally whiten the plain of suburban districts, the living city ever marching nearer to them. The noblest creations in marble and bronze are erected over the honored Knights of the Lost Cause, the dark satiny sheen of orange and magnolia foliage making a striking background; sculptured angels guard the silence around vaulted doorways, and over the solemn splendor of their wings crape myrtles and yellow jessamines shed their bright petals.

There is a resurrection of the vanished Confederacy in the city,—the Howard Memorial. There the epoch-making battle-scenes of the early sixties are pictured under tattered flags that will never wave again in the outer air, and crossed swords of the unreturning brave which rest forever in the darkness of their sheaths. The genial curator of the Museum, himself an ex-Confederate soldier, has a goodly supply of thrilling stories to fit the bullet-pierced uniforms, worn haversacks, and blurred portraits around him in this Mecca.

Through the mould and decay of a quaint architecture, what once was handsome now grown picturesque, the walk down Royal Street leads into the heart of the French Quarter, and there many a gabled house of pink and white stucco, sacred to the tread of high-instepped French feet at the beginning of the century, is given over to the shop-keeper at the end of it, for the civil war wrought wreck and ruin among the fortunes of the Creoles. The generation that was too happy in the elect seclusion of French Town to visit or even to trade on the other side of Canal Street now sleeps in the four St. Louis cemeteries; the more affluent of its descendants have moved away into the prettier and fresher French garden district, glorying always in the traditions and customs which constituted a distinct life and history in former years.

The susceptible imagination, however, can still obtain hints and glimpses, broken fragments along these time-worn streets, from which to reconstruct those past scenes. Sometimes a tall barred gate opens suddenly as a trap-door at the side of a “gallery” or porch, and a blooming inner court-yard with a central fountain greets the surprised eye, the huge colored cistern-jar for rain-water that may be in close proximity to the palm-tree or cactus only enhancing the picturesque effect of the whole. A fortunate observer may catch a retiring glint

of the mistress who waters her plants lovingly through the hot season and basks along with them in the penetrating winter sunshine which by noonday dispels the excessive dampness generated by the soil during the night.

* A marked characteristic of the Creoles is a certain aloofness of manner which bounds their elegant courtesy, as though forbidding an intrusion or liberty. This tenacity of social and racial peculiarities, along with a deficiency perhaps in the sense of humor, has inspired them with a frank dislike for the stories of Mr. George W. Cable. Outside critics perceive at once that these were written from a sympathetic stand-point; his heroes and heroines may be like Japanese pictures, mere suggestions, and received through a stained glass window as it were, the artist sometimes unintentionally missing the significance of things which were transparent to those who lived in the interior of the structure. Whether Mr. Cable's characters have a photographic fidelity to actual Creole life or have it not, they have certainly heightened the interest of readers and tourists in the part of New Orleans to which he assigned them. The houses of *Sieur George*, *Madame John*, and *Madame Delphine* reveal their identity to the patient seeker, and are invested with a charm that is not inherent in weather-stained cement and shingles. The sacrifice of *Madame Delphine's* broken heart to insure the happiness of her beautiful daughter seems so real that it hallows the dirty pavement of the entire block she trod in her daily rounds. *

Another interesting strain of reminiscence comes from the survival of a large cupola-crowned mansion on *St. Louis Street*, that was erected by the millionaire *Girod* to shelter *Napoleon*. His munificence also built and manned a swift clipper to go to *St. Helena* for the rescue of the exile. Its semi-piratical captain drilled his crew carefully and often in the difficult process of storming the island prison under cover of night, overcoming the guard around *Longwood*, bearing *Napoleon* to the coast, and lowering him from the rocky escarpment by means of a chain and windlass. But the piercing eyes of the great general were not to look over a new world from a hospitable cupola in *New Orleans*; if there was still a field for him to conquer, it lay in the universe of spirit dim and unexplored. Just three days from the date appointed for the clipper to sail, the news of *Napoleon's* death was received in America. After looking at his intended refuge, the pedestrian's dream of a dream is scarcely disturbed by the chattering jargon from the bird-stores on *Chartres Street*, but a psychic transformation will soon be wrought by the gray façade and turrets and the gilt crosses of the old Spanish cathedral, one of the finest and most suggestive relics of Spanish dominion in the far Southern States. The spell of architecture is more subtle, more instantaneous, than that of painting, because form and dimension convey a sense and touch of reality; in this environment the cathedral and the adjacent Spanish *cabildos* have a bewitching effect upon the eye and mind of the beholder. The first parish church in *New Orleans* stood on this site: after it had been destroyed by fire it was restored in a prouder form by the generous *Don Andrés Almonaster y Roxas*, a noble Andalusian, *alcalde*, royal

standard-bearer, and wearer of various titles and dignities, whose ashes now repose under the flag-stones before the altar, along with those of the first bishop of the diocese, the Right Reverend Luis de Penalvert y Cardenas.

The buildings, of the same Spanish architecture, located on both sides of the cathedral, ooze with tradition and with moisture; they are still used for civic purposes. In one of them the transfers of Louisiana to the different governments were consummated,—from France to Spain, then back to France, to be sold about three years later to the United States, greatly to the mortification of the Creole City. In one of these fortress-like abutments to the temple the gallant La Fayette was lodged as the guest of New Orleans, and a touching interview occurred between that French champion of American liberty and the old Spanish Capuchin, Padre Antonio de Sedella, who was the first parish priest of the cathedral. The monk never expected to see his native land again, but his love for it was inextinguishable in its national troubles at that period.

* “Oh, my son! my son!” he exclaimed, in a tearful embrace at parting, “can you not do something to help Spain also, my unhappy country?”

Only a few steps from the cathedral, in the parlor of the pastoral residence, situated on the other side of the shadowy St. Anthony's Alley, there is a full-length portrait of this celebrated Capuchin. After gazing awhile at the firm poise of the tall erect figure in monastic robe and sandalled feet, and studying the long grave Spanish face moulded in granite and softened with the milk of human kindness, the visitor becomes magnetized into a persuasion that he is the genius of the precinct, although Don Andrés Almonaster and the aforesaid first bishop in all their claims and decorations cover other portions of the wall, lending an air of courtly state to the unpretending apartment. The Capuchin monk was sent in the high noon of Spanish rule to establish the Inquisition in Louisiana, but the proposition was not even considered, and he was respectfully escorted to a vessel bound for Spain. By one of the strong contrasts which New Orleans history has exhibited so often, Padre Antonio de Sedella returned to Louisiana before long, and, released from the curb of Spanish ecclesiasticism, acted out his own nature, showing himself during a long term of office—thirty-seven years—in the light of as kind, merciful, and self-abnegating a parish priest as the mind of man could conceive. Henceforth he was known and beloved in New Orleans as Père Antoine: living like an anchorite in a bamboo hut in the cathedral garden, he carried an ample bag at his belt from which he dispensed freely to the poor the alms given him by the rich.

It is a sweet-voiced appealing bell that rings from the cathedral belfry, and there are always worshippers in this temple of mediæval tone, St. Louis, King of France, proclaiming the crusade from a mural decoration above their bowed heads. They have an abiding faith in that undiscovered country which eludes the grasp, even the hope, of so many minds nowadays, and bounding, charting the invisible world in every direction, they leave on the altars of their special patrons in-

numerable small marble tablets with "*Merci*," or "Thanks," engraved upon them as an expression of their loving gratitude for favors received. In one of the churches of the French Quarter a man cured by prayer has left an effigy of his head, the diseased part of his anatomy, and probably it is a tolerable likeness, even to the fashion of the beard. Hands and feet are more common testimonials.

* Black-garbed Sisters are often seen walking back and forth noiselessly from their convent on Orleans Street to the Spanish cathedral, accompanied by their charge of orphan children. So modest and devout is their bearing that it is difficult to meet their eyes, and only a Southerner would detect the slight African hue in their complexions. The order of the Holy Family, to which they belong, was founded in 1843 by three excellent women of the class then known as free *gens de couleur*, or colored persons, a superior social caste to the dark-skinned negroes and slaves, all of whom had their own grades and distinctions. The object of the order was to help and to educate young persons of any and every degree of African blood. It seemed a timely offset also to the sinful allurements of the free quadroon immigrants from the West Indies, who too often possessed a stock of beauty, jewels, and accomplishments exceeding that of virtue. In this Sisterhood many a passionate heart has found a safe refuge when weary of the struggle with an anomalous destiny.

The present Mother Superior is a woman of dignity and refinement: we had a brief talk in her reception-room about her mission and its aims, and she added in a minor key, with the echo of a sigh, her soft voice carrying a significance, "Religion makes all things equal."

By a singular and romantic fitness, the spot on which this convent and orphanage now stands was once the site of the old Orleans Theatre, famous not only for its brilliant dramatic performances of Parisian quality, but for its quadroon balls, which offered irresistible attractions to gilded, pleasure-seeking young men, native and foreign. Sometimes hot quarrels engendered there terminated only on the gloomy duelling-ground under the live-oaks. To-day prayers ascend to the Most High from the former scene of unhallowed trysts.

A good way to become saturated with the spirit and legends of the Spanish cathedral neighborhood is to frequent the Catholic picture- and statue-stores on the corners: the keepers of these are friendly and communicative, and have a chair in waiting for the tired pilgrim. After giving an account of the present parish priest's school for deaf-mutes, and of the Ursulines' recent coronation of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, the mistress of one of these marts told me some curious stories about the belief in Black Magic which underlies the surface of New Orleans life among the negroes and the lower Latin elements of the population. This foul exotic, originating in Darkest Africa, is supposed to have been grafted on this city by the San Domingan slaves who accompanied the white refugees from that island, and it has spread cancerous ineradicable rootlets in every direction of the dark underworld of superstition. Condemned by the Church, it dares to invade even the sanctuary, for the sacristan at the Spanish cathedral sometimes

finds pins stuck at intervals in the candles which have been brought to burn before the altar for the fulfilment of a wish, each pin being designed to invoke some particular misfortune to the victim prayed against.

An oath to the sea-serpent is part of the Voodoo initiation. A hideous black mass is sometimes celebrated, an inconsistent desire existing to incorporate this infernal cult with Christianity. Lighted candles are placed on an altar and invocations made to satanic agencies to compass evil ends, the ruin instead of the salvation of some person. No respectable tradesman will keep these black candles.

A negro customer who was looking at the supply of candles at one of the highly reputable stores near the cathedral rejected the darkest shown him, made of a yellowish wax, saying, in an explanatory manner, "That candle ain't exactly the color of the man I'm working on."

Another asked for an image of St. Anthony "without the baby." This saint is always represented with the infant Jesus in his arms, and is believed to bring good luck to the invoker. The storekeeper, at once suspecting that his presence was sought to bring luck to one of those devil's altars, replied in her most disapproving accents,—

"Do you know who that Baby is you are trying to get rid of? We have no such images of St. Anthony."

"Well, I want to know which is the saint that works harm to a person," the customer persisted, to be informed very decidedly that there is no such saint in the calendar.

A light-colored woman once came into this same store and with an eager malignity in her eyes inquired,—

"What is the saint that will bring back your lover? A woman stole my husband, and I worked my way here in a boat from St. Louis. I heard that you could get your revenge in New Orleans."

Night policemen find bundles of herbs and curiously assorted rubbish on door-steps; cloves, rice, red beans and green powders, birds' claws and knotted strings of linen, get into mattresses and pillow-cases so mysteriously as to defy detection, all for the working of wicked spells. A gentleman told me that early one morning he saw in the centre of Congo Square a dead black chicken laid out in state on a plate and surrounded by lighted candles.

Adepts in this Black Art have a knowledge of vegetable poisons. Their "conjure" work succeeds only through these natural instrumentalities, aided by the awful, unfathomable power of the human imagination.

There has been a succession of Voodoo kings and queens in New Orleans. For forty years "Dr. John," black as the ace of spades, was the royal pretender to astrology, divining, and mind-reading, keeping a polyglot collection of roots, herbs, charms, lodestones, white peppers, and chicken-feathers in his office.

Later came the bold handsome quadroon Marie Laveau, as the Voodoo queen. She held her court in a secluded cabin on the lake shore, and many a veiled lady alighted from her carriage in front of it, for Marie was famous for her amulets and her fortune-telling. She

kept a snake in a box near her as a type of her master: a beheaded white rooster was also part of her insignia. To awe her more besotted votaries she made use of a ritual that was constructed with a blasphemous semblance to the litanies and invocations of the Church to the Virgin and other saints. Marie died repentant in the bosom of the Church. Her city cottage is still standing on a side street off from the general thoroughfares of French Town, and the glance of the passer fastens on it as an appropriate residence for the uncanny priestess; the roof which covers its one story slopes nearly to the ground, projecting over the eaves like shaggy eyebrows, and giving an air of secrecy. Lights are often seen within burning close together and sending lurid gleams through the small window-panes. Perhaps her descendants keep a shrine at which they pray for the repose of her sin-fraught soul.

"Dr. Alexander" was another representative of the royal Voodoo family. He was a saucy fellow who lived in an old frame house on the Bayou St. John, and kept about a dozen snarling underbred dogs to guard his premises from intruders who did not have the password. The police had begun to hound the nefarious business from an entirely different point of view, and when they raided the doctor's mysterious head-quarters one night they discovered a motley group of devotees and patrons of various castes that made fine material for the reporters.

"Don Pedro" is the present occupant of the throne, but uneasy lies the head that wears such a crown in these later days of legal interference with its prerogative, and he is forced to keep his cranium in almost total eclipse. Voodooism as an organization has been materially crippled, but its fatalistic spell over individual minds that have once yielded to its sway is rarely broken in this phase of existence.

The genuine Voodoo or Hoodoo dances are wild uncontrolled orgies, of which a modified idea may be derived from the scenes at negro revival meetings throughout the Southern States: the contortions and stiffenings of the body, the frenzies and ecstasies of the converts, the rising rhythmic cadences of the hymns, and the final sinking on the ground from exhaustion, are all component parts of the aboriginal African inheritance.

On St. John's Eve dusky men and women in slight drapery used to rise like weird apparitions out of the darkness of the lake shore and around the desolate Old Spanish Fort, and after gyrating in an extraordinary style, crooning and shouting senseless repetitions of song ever louder and louder, they would disappear, not to be traced or located until they were seen again on the next St. John's Eve. For some years now, however, if any performances of this kind have been witnessed by lake, fort, or river on that particular night, they are believed to have been given by darkies either hired for the occasion by white persons, or making a frolic for themselves in imitation of the old version. The initiated, official Voodoo dancers, sincerely gruesome in their pristine savagery, seem to have vanished among the high lights and deep shadows of the New Orleans past.

Frances Albert Doughty.

MRS. MERIWETHER'S WEDDING.

MRS. MERIWETHER threw down her list in despair. "It's perfectly hopeless," she said, fretfully; "I simply can't have a luncheon. My dining-room won't seat the people I ought to invite, and one half of them don't speak to the other. That's the trouble about old settled communities like this; at every dinner-party the hostess has to puzzle her brain to arrange five Montagues and six Capulets so that no combatants shall sit together. I wonder we are not all lunatics."

"It is trying," said her sister-in-law, looking over the top of her book, "and I know you were never fond of arithmetic."

"Trying!" echoed Mrs. Meriwether, leaning back in her low chair and clasping her hands behind her head. "It's maddening. When I get rich I am going to endow a chair of social mathematics in some girls' school and teach them to work sums like this: 'A, B, C, D, E, and F are invited to dinner. A does not visit C; D's grandfather shot B's uncle in a duel; E's mother disinherited A's wife, and C circulated a story about D that broke off his engagement with F. How shall the hostess arrange them so that only friends shall sit together?' That would develop the gray matter, or destroy it altogether."

"Why don't you give a reception?"

"Oh, Louise, you know that wouldn't do. Most of these people," indicating the abandoned list with the tip of her slippered foot, "have asked me to dinner. A reception wouldn't be legal tender."

"What you ought to have," responded Louise, oracularly, "is a wedding."

"A wedding?"

"Yes. It's an absolutely ideal form of entertainment. You can ask as many as your house will hold, and they will all feel flattered, and you can invite those you specially wish to compliment to be bridesmaids and ushers."

"If I only had a marriageable daughter!" sighed Mrs. Meriwether.

"It gives unbounded scope to genius," continued her sister, warming with her theme. "You can set the bride's table as handsomely and daintily as for a dinner, and all the world will see it, and there is simply no limit to the supper you can serve—in either direction. You can have terrapin stew and woodcock, in courses; or a plate decorated with the perennial chicken salad, flanked by two olives and a blade of celery."

Mrs. Meriwether regarded her with a beatific smile. "Louise," she said, solemnly, "you are a genius. I'll give a wedding."

"Thanks," replied Miss Meriwether, in her low, deep drawl. "But you can't, you know, unless you marry me off; and I decline to be the victim." Her eyes dropped to the pages of her book, then

suddenly lifted again. "Perhaps you are thinking of being married yourself," she added, mischievously.

Mrs. Meriwether shot an indignant glance toward her, which spent itself upon the cover of her book, Louise having discreetly disappeared behind it.

"I will give a wedding," Mrs. Meriwether continued, evenly, "and I will provide two of my friends for the sacrifice. It will be a mock marriage. It's all coming to me as an inspiration."

"Why, Carry, it would be sacrilegious: they'd bring you up before the bishop."

"Not a bit of it. The ceremony will be *en tableau*, and I'll ask the rector and his wife."

"Oh!" said Louise, with a disappointed accent; "half the fun is in going to church in full war-paint and feathers, and pluming one's self over the women in bonnets who haven't been asked to the house."

"I know that," replied her sister, meekly, "but of course I can't have a church wedding. But there will be compensations; and oh," she started excitedly, "I've just thought of a perfect study for the groom."

"Who is he?" breathlessly.

"Mr. Berrien."

Half an hour later Mrs. Meriwether was standing at the telephone, patiently expostulating with Central.

"I said 213 on 301," she repeated, wearily. "You've given me every number in the book except 213. If you will kindly try again you are sure to hit it. . . . Is that Mr. Berrien? . . . This is Mrs. Meriwether. . . . Oh, thank you: 'distance lends enchantment,' I am sure, in my case. . . . What have you on hand for this evening? . . . Then will you dine with Louise and me at seven? . . . Please don't be so amiable over it; it will be a 'dinner of herbs,' I know, for my cook is in a dreadful humor, and I'm afraid to go near her. . . . That's awfully good of you; I'll tell her you are coming: if that doesn't restore her temper, nothing will."

Berrien decided that it had, when dinner was served that evening. "Am I to infer," he inquired, "that my mere presence has exerted a benign influence on your cook's disposition, or does she do better when she's mad, like some people we know?"

"There may be something in that," replied Mrs. Meriwether. "You know Mrs. Bibb is always most brilliant at a dinner-party when she is seated opposite Mrs. Chatham; they hate each other so cordially."

"Your illustration is interesting, but not altogether pertinent," answered Berrien, critically. "That is the spirit of rivalry, rather than wrath, and I cannot flatter myself that Aunt Violet entertains any such sentiment toward me. However, we'll let that pass. What I am most anxious to know is for which of my 'good parts' did you ask me to dinner?"

Louise looked meaningly at her sister. "He suspects the disinterestedness of your invitation," she commented, in her customary bass.

"For all of them," replied his hostess, warmly. "I never admired

them and needed them more in my life. I want you to help me do something utterly wild,—really delirious, you might say; and I rely on you to make it seem the sanest thing I ever did."

"My dear friend," replied Berrien, "don't ask impossibilities. The sanest thing you ever did,—you! With a little practice and a camels'-hair brush I might attempt to 'paint the lily,' but don't ask me to 'throw a perfume on the violet.'"

"You are so comforting," said Mrs. Meriwether. "I really believe you'll begin by making me think there is nothing in my plan 'by ordinar,' if you'll pardon an Ian-Maclarenism. I am going to give a party," she continued, "and it is to be an entirely novel form of entertainment. My guests are to be invited to a wedding, in proper form, and entertained with a tableau in which I want you to take the principal part."

"I know what that is," said Berrien, glibly: "it's to raise the curtain. That's the only really important thing about private theatricals. Anybody can act them; but to manage an amateur curtain requires a combination of talents that is rarely met with in private life. I am so flattered that you selected me."

"Nonsense!" retorted Mrs. Meriwether. "I wouldn't think of trusting you with the curtain. I shall have what my little boy calls a 'professionable' for that. You are to be the bridegroom."

"A mere bridegroom," answered Berrien, dejectedly. "I that might have been curtain-raiser! And who is to be my bride?"

"I haven't decided that," said Mrs. Meriwether. "My one idea was to secure you, and now that you have consented I feel perfectly safe about the whole affair."

"Now that I have consented!" echoed Berrien, turning to Louise. "Miss Meriwether, your sister is sadly out of place in this quiet community. She ought to be minister plenipotentiary to somewhere. Talleyrand wasn't a circumstance to her."

"I realize that every day," drawled Louise. "I am usually the sole subject of her diplomacy, and I haven't carried a single point in the five years we have lived together, though I have invariably been in the right. It isn't worth while to protest, unless you want to go on record as making the point. You will find yourself doing what she tells you in the end."

"I shall decide on the bride at my leisure," Mrs. Meriwether went on, affecting not to hear them. "We want some one with enough wit and *savoir-faire* to carry it off well, and for that reason I can't ask one of our pretty débutantes."

Berrien's countenance fell. "I should so much prefer a pretty débutante," he objected.

Louise shook her head at him. "You won't get her," she said. "No use to try."

"And yet," continued Mrs. Meriwether, "we want some one who will look pretty in the bridal dress."

"By all means," chimed in Berrien, brightening. "I think that is a matter of the very first importance."

It was still unsettled when Berrien rose to go, and next morning

Mrs. Meriwether received a note from him saying that he had been called out of town unexpectedly, but would return the day before the date they had agreed on for the wedding.

Mrs. Meriwether's invitations read on this wise:

*Mrs. Caroline Milledge Meriwether
requests the honor of your
presence at a wedding,
on
Thursday Evening, January the tenth,
at nine o'clock, at her
residence.*

And they set the provincial city, in which she was a social favorite, ablaze with excitement.

She came into the room where her sister sat, the day they were issued, with her eyes dancing and her cheeks flushed by the frosty air.

"It's all arranged," she began. "Edith Hall has consented."

"I didn't think she would," answered Louise, reflectively.

"Why not?"

"Oh, Edith is such an earnest character. With all her wit and polish, she is the sincerest woman I know. I didn't suppose she would lend herself to a farce like this."

Mrs. Meriwether's countenance fell. "Well, to tell you the truth, she didn't want to; I could see that. But I told her my invitations were out and the party would be a failure if she disappointed me; and, like the lovely, unselfish creature she is, she consented. 'It is absurd for an old maid like me to make difficulties over a little play of this sort,' she said, at last. I didn't say anything, but I thought to myself if I were a man I would say, 'Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me!' She is such a queenly woman, and with it all so sweet and kind and gracious; and I think her face is diviner every time I look at her."

"How was Mrs. Hall?"

"Sitting in the same invalid chair where I left her last, and looking a little more wan. She always says she is better, you know."

"I am sorry you asked Edith," said Louise. "I think she is doing violence to her instincts to please you. You have no idea how sensitive she is. These quiet, self-contained women always are."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Meriwether, with affected carelessness, "I felt that way myself at first, but I don't now. It will be dignified and proper enough if she does it, and I shall be glad to have some of these men see what a lovely bride she would be."

Louise smiled, a trifle contemptuously. "You may be sure that has already occurred to a great many of them. Did she ask you who was to be the groom?"

"No, since I think of it, she did not; and I forgot to tell her, I was so interested in discussing the dress. It shows how indifferent she is. I never knew any one like her."

"It always puzzles me," responded Louise, thoughtfully, "to understand the charm she has for men, when she is so utterly indifferent to them."

"Perhaps that in itself explains it," said Mrs. Meriwether, abstractedly. "Do you know who fried the oysters for Mrs. Chatham's reception?"

Louise laughed merrily. "I declare, Carry, you certainly have the most agile intellect I ever saw. For ground and lofty tumbling and somersaults in mid-air, commend me to your mind. I think it was Fletcher."

It was after an interview with Fletcher that Mrs. Meriwether entered her sister's room in a little rush of excitement, and, throwing herself into a chair, put her face in her hands and began to laugh, with the laughter that hesitates upon the verge of tears.

"What is the matter?" inquired Louise, anxiously. "Has Rosenthal forgotten to telegraph for the terrapin? Won't Madame have your dress ready in time? Answer me!" as her sister's laughter grew more hysterical. "Don't tell me I was mistaken about Fletcher!"

"Oh, Louise," the words came from between her closed palms, "I can't tell you; it's too absurd. They—every one—thinks it's me!" Her grammar was an index of her emotion.

"Think you fried the oysters?"

"No. They think I am going to be married myself."

"The idea!"

"They do. I came upon knots of women in the stores, talking confidentially, and when they saw me they stopped, with one consent, and they spoke about my invitations in the most guarded, careful way. Old Mrs. McIntosh actually pressed my hand and said she hoped I was making no mistake."

Louise's face expressed almost comical dismay. "Of course they think so," she answered. "What unutterable idiots we were not to have thought of that before the invitations went out!" Then, with a glance at her sister's woe-begone face, "But why need you care? It makes it so much funnier. I wasn't in favor of keeping the names a secret at first; I thought it might be embarrassing for Edith; but if that's the turn it's taken I am delighted."

"Are you really?" inquired her sister, incredulously.

"Yes. And you know if there was anything to object to, I'd be sure to object."

"Well," sighed Mrs. Meriwether, only half reassured, "I am beginning to be frightened of the whole affair."

But that mood passed; and the evening before the wedding, a party of bewilderingly pretty girls and handsome young men met at Mrs. Meriwether's for the rehearsal.

They had been busy all day, after the friendly fashion of the old Southern town, in decorating her rooms, and had covered the walls with long, slender sprays of wild bamboo, whose graceful, glistening

leaves and lace-like clusters of small green berries seemed to clamber about at their own sweet will. It was too common a sight to elicit much comment there, though it would have been the despair of a florist in another climate.

The soft coal spluttered and flared in the open grates, and the air seemed actually thrilling with expectant wedding-bells; so contagious is light-hearted merriment, so suggestive are youth and bright eyes and blushing faces.

Edith Hall stood a little apart, regarding the scene with an air of gentle gravity that became her sweet, serene face.

"I forgot to ask you," she said, as Mrs. Meriwether laid her hand affectionately on her arm, "who——"

"Yes," laughed Mrs. Meriwether. "You forgot to ask, and I determined not to tell you till you did ask. It's Mr. Berrien. We are waiting for him now."

"Mr. Berrien!" Edith gave her a startled, questioning glance, but Mrs. Meriwether was rattling along, and did not see it.

"You are the strangest compound I ever saw. Any other woman would have asked that the first thing. There he is now." And she darted forward to greet the latest arrival.

Berrien met her with hand outstretched.

"I have been thinking, ever since I left you," he began, gayly, "of the pretty debutante you promised me, Mrs.——"

His eyes suddenly met Edith's, and he stopped abruptly.

"Here she is," Mrs. Meriwether laughed back at him. "The very prettiest in town. It isn't often that I have the responsibility of choosing a man's bride, but I have succeeded so perfectly this time that I expect to be besieged with commissions from every bachelor I know."

Berrien offered his hand quite gravely, and Edith gave him hers with an air of aloofness which did not escape him.

"I know you will believe me," he began, when their hostess had left them together, "when I say that I am not to blame for this. Mrs. Meriwether had not decided whom she would ask to be a party to this play, when I left town."

Edith's face was suddenly flooded with crimson. "I did you an injustice," she said, impulsively. "I hope you will forgive me."

Berrien smiled. "Forgive you?" he answered, warmly. "I will do anything to spare you this—this annoyance." He hesitated for a word, and did not seem altogether pleased with the one he had chosen. "I can go away again, on still more important business; or," he smiled, with a touch of his accustomed humor, "I can go to bed and send for my physician. He has a large family and a small practice; I can easily induce him to diagnose almost any contagious disease."

Edith's features relaxed into a smile whose effect was transforming to the somewhat severe beauty of her face.

"No," she said. "It would be too great a disappointment to Carry. We will go through with it."

She closed her lips, as she spoke, with an air of resolution under which Berrien felt himself flush, but the next instant they were called to take their places in the tableau.

The rehearsal was a pronounced success. It was to be a Colonial wedding. Mrs. Meriwether had had another inspiration, and had seized upon the fashion of the moment to lend brilliancy to her plan.

A part of the beautiful gown to be worn by Edith Hall had graced the wedding of her own great-grandmother, and the scene was to suggest the days when Jefferson wedded the lovely Martha Skelton and bore her through snow-drifts to his mountain home, and when Dorothea Todd and Martha Custis exercised those widows' wiles to which our invincible Revolutionary fathers invariably surrendered.

This final inspiration had relieved Mrs. Meriwether of her last misgiving, and had even won the approval of her sceptical sister. It was simply a novel way of presenting an historical tableau to her guests; and she received them, as they arrived, the next evening, with an easy assurance that betokened full confidence in the entertainment in store for them.

Some of them looked a little surprised when they found her standing with Louise in the reception parlor; and old Mrs. McIntosh's embarrassment was very apparent.

"Thank goodness I didn't send her that bit of silver I saw at Reinhardt's!" she whispered to her husband.

"Thank me, you mean, my dear," he replied. "However, the terms are synonymous."

There was a hush of curious expectancy when two beautiful children, dressed in Colonial wigs and knickerbockers and Revolutionary panniers and powder, walked gravely through the parlors and drew aside the curtains which screened the inner room in the long suite. And the picture they revealed caused an involuntary murmur of delight from all the company.

They seemed to be looking into a bit of woodland. Broad-leaved, long-stemmed palmettos, gathered from the Florida hammocks, grew from floor to ceiling, and bent their graceful tips over the mimic scene. Their stems were hidden behind a wilderness of tropical plants, and everywhere the wild bamboo climbed, its green leaves shimmering in the light.

This bit of background threw into relief a gay company of dames and gentlemen, maids of honor, train-bearers, and pages, in wedding procession. The women were so beautiful and stately, the men so courtly and handsome! And the powder and patches, the satins and laces, the high heels and diamond buckles, completed a costume more beautiful than any other that has graced the world's salons.

The curtains fell together for an instant, and then were drawn apart to show the wedding, each member of the brilliant company in place. A second time they fell, and when they parted, the music, that had played so softly that one could hardly say one heard it, swept gracefully into Boccherin's minuet, and the bridal party trod the measure, slowly, daintily, with stately step and undulating movement, with waving fan and nodding feather, so perfectly embodying the perfect air that one might almost fancy he saw the music and heard the dance.

When the last deep courtesy had been dropped, and the last note

had rippled into silence, the very air seemed to vibrate with applause. The people hung back, as though fearing to disturb the lovely picture, until the wedding party came forward to claim their congratulations.

"An encore is hardly good form at a wedding," laughed Edith Hall. "You needn't applaud any more."

Mrs. Meriwether, her face beaming, her eyes dancing, found it difficult not to lose her head in the first flush of her success.

"You never looked so lovely in all your life!" she whispered in Edith's ear, and received a soft pressure of her hand in return.

And indeed Edith was the success of the evening. She moved under the influence of a restrained excitement which lent the final, perfect touch to her quiet beauty and the tender gravity of her manner. She had a bright answer for every one; while Berrien, upon whose ready tongue his hostess had built her hopes, stood *distract* and could not be roused to his usual self.

As the evening wore on, Mrs. Meriwether was conscious, from time to time, that one old gentleman in the company was regarding her with a curious, questioning gaze.

"What is the matter?" she demanded, at last, going up to him. "What have I done? Is there anything wrong with my dress, or have you heard me discussing old maids with Miss Forsyth?"

"I have been looking at you with unqualified admiration," responded Mr. McIntosh, quizzically. "How ever could you do it?"

"Do what?" exclaimed his hostess. "'What ever have I been and gone and done?' Tell me at once. Does my petticoat show?" with an anxious glance at the foot of her dress. "I've made a list of all the things I must not say," and she pretended to read from an imaginary tablet: "Item: Don't talk to Mrs. Babcock about second marriages,—Mr. Babcock is her 'dear third.' Don't converse with Mr. and Mrs. Elbert upon the comfort and pleasure of children,—they haven't any. Don't ask any of the John Tatnalls about the Howard Tatnalls,—they haven't spoken since the two Tatnalls ran for Congress. Don't talk to Mrs. Chatham about Tom Bullock's elopement,—all the Chathams and Bullocks are kin. And after all my pains, I see from your face that I've done something dreadful. What is it?"

"Nothing dreadful at all," replied her guest, with the same baffling smile; "merely something daring."

Mrs. Meriwether made a gesture of impatience. "Tell me at once," she commanded.

"Do you pretend to be ignorant," he began, "of the ten-stroke you made in giving Berrien and Edith Hall the leading parts?"

Mrs. Meriwether gave him a startled glance. "Berrien and Edith Hall. Why not?"

"Why, don't you know that they were once engaged to be married, and the invitations were actually engraved?"

Mrs. Meriwether went white to the lips. "Engaged to be married! 'The only grasshopper in the field, and I got it!' I might have known," she continued, dejectedly, "that if there were any two people who, for any reason, ought not to be put together, I would select that very couple."

"Well, yes," said old Mr. McIntosh, rubbing his hands together gleefully; "it was, as I said, a masterpiece. I can't say how I admire you for it. You see, it all happened a few years before you came here to live. The day was set for the wedding, and everything was ready, and then, suddenly, the marriage was broken off, no one knew why. It was the talk of the town for nine days, but no one grew any the wiser. Whatever it was, it took all the life out of Berrien. He had the most brilliant prospects of any young man in the State, but he seemed to lose all ambition, and just drifted into the ornamental, society life he leads now; and Edith refused a dozen good offers and slowly crystallized into a perfect, flawless piece of ice, as you see her. They've had nothing to do with each other since, until you brought them together in this peculiarly felicitous manner." And the old gossip wound up his story with evident relish at having so interested an auditor.

Mrs. Meriwether had sunk into a seat beside him. "Mr. McIntosh!" she wailed. "Oh, what have I done! Why didn't somebody tell me?"

"Nobody knew it," he answered, with painful truth. "You didn't take us into your confidence. But what I cannot understand is how they ever consented to take the parts together."

"They didn't," she answered, remorsefully. "Neither of them knew the other was to appear until last night at the rehearsal. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

She seemed upon the brink of tears, and the old man dropped his bantering tone, and began, consolingly, "Do nothing. My dear little woman, they must realize your ignorance. It all happened long ago. Every one has forgotten it, and they are sensible people—— 'Pon my soul! Look there!"

He broke off abruptly, and her eyes followed his glance to the far corner of the room, where the subjects of their conversation stood talking together.

Edith's face was flushed, her eyes were downcast; and Berrien was speaking with the utter abandon that betokens but one theme to the looker-on.

The crowd had drifted away from them, and for a moment Edith had hesitated, at a loss for something to say to the man by her side. The silence of many years was between them, and it seemed to her that it might not be broken with a word.

Berrien was preoccupied. He was listening to the music which floated in to them,—the same exquisite minuet they had just danced together.

"Do you remember where we heard it last?" he asked, turning to her suddenly.

"Yes," she answered, unsteadily, "I remember."

"It has been singing itself in my ears ever since," he said. "At any time in all these years I could close my eyes and hear it, as we heard it that summer night."

Her eyes fell before his; her breath came rapidly, and the color deepened in her face and throat.

"Oh, Edith," he pleaded, "if we could but take up our lives where we left them that night! If we could forget what has passed between!—if you could forgive——"

She raised her hand with a gesture which stopped him. "It is not that," she said, brokenly. "I realized, long ago, that I had nothing to forgive. I have learned to see how exacting, how intolerant, I was. But——"

"But what?" he asked, eagerly.

She was trembling, and it was with an effort she spoke.

"This," she said,—*"this wretched play,—the publicity, the humiliation of it all. I did not know what it would cost me to go through with it. I can see what people are thinking, I know what they are saying. If I could only go away and hide myself where no one would ever see me again!"*

Her self-control, so well maintained through the evening, seemed fast giving way, and Berrien said, quickly,—

"Take my arm. You can wait in the dressing-room while I call your carriage. Some of the people are leaving now, and you will not be missed. I will make your excuses to Mrs. Meriwether."

With a glance full of gratitude she obeyed him, and, almost before she was aware of it, found herself leaning back in a corner of the carriage, her breast rising and falling with suppressed sobs.

When the carriage stopped, she laid her hand upon the door, but it opened from without, and Berrien stood by the step.

"You here!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," was the quiet reply. "Did you think I would let you come alone?"

She did not answer, but when at the door he turned to leave her she found her voice.

"Won't you come in and see my mother?"

"If I may."

Her mother's startled look did not escape him when he found her in her accustomed seat by the fire. To see her shrunken figure in the spot where he had left it so many years ago, unaltered save by the furrows that sickness had worn in her face, was almost too much for Berrien's self-control, and his greeting was like that of a son returning after long absence.

She was very glad to see him, and Edith stood apart and watched them, as they talked together, with a quickening pain at her heart that was more for her mother, she thought, than for herself; and when he had gone, she dropped at the invalid's feet and buried her face in her lap.

"Edith," the sick woman said, softly, while her wasted hand stroked the soft white one that lay in her lap, "you did not tell me it was Mr. Berrien."

"No, mother. I did not know it till last night, nor did he. He was very kind. He offered to make a way for me to escape from it, and all that; but I knew how it would disappoint Carry, and I decided to go through with it. But it has been dreadful, mother, dreadful. I did not tell you, because I could not."

"My poor child!" she answered. "And it has been hard for him. Edith, he has not forgotten?"

"No, mother," softly.

"And you, my child?"

"Oh, mother! to-night has made it all impossible. If you knew how I have suffered,—what I have seen and read in people's faces! If I can only be quiet, and keep out of every one's sight and thoughts till they forget me again, it will be all I ask."

"Yes, dear, that is natural, I suppose. It has been a hard experience. I am sorry you did not tell me: I would have prevented it at any cost." She was silent for a moment; then, with a sigh, "And he, I suppose, is not to be considered."

"Mother, what do you mean?" She lifted her head, and looked in the sick woman's face.

"Only this, my child. When I first knew him he had a future before him such as few men ever had. I was proud of him,—proud of his love for you. I looked to see him become a great man; I knew he would be a good one. And then you—for some reason which I never asked, no doubt it was a good one—you—disappointed him. Since then I have watched him, as best I could from this quiet corner, and one by one I have seen him lose his ambitions and forfeit his opportunities. He has been like a drifting ship with the fires gone out in its furnace. And to-night I fancied I read an awakening hope in his eyes. . . . But I suppose that is of no consequence."

"Mother! you do not consider me."

"Yes, my child, I am considering no one else."

There was a pause, and then the daughter's arms stole about her mother's waist. "Mother," she whispered, softly, "he would have made you happier than you have been during all these years."

"My dear," came the answer, with an answering pressure, "you have been everything to me; you have left me nothing to ask for; but I had learned to love him before you sent him away, and I had not your reason for shutting him out of my heart."

The tears were coursing down her daughter's face.

"Mother, mother," she cried, at last, "I have been a selfish woman, and an unhappy woman, as I deserved to be. But, if he comes again——"

Her mother bent forward and kissed her. "He will come again," she said.

Clarinda Pendleton Lamar.

TEARS.

WHEN chars the heart to ashes in its pain,
Or withers in its vain desire,
Tears are the benediction of the rain
Falling to quench the fire.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

BAD STORY-TELLING.

IF Oscar Wilde's assumption were to be taken seriously, that all fiction is lying, it might account for much that afflicts readers,—since the lack of *morale* affects the intellect, and what is done without conscience is apt to be done badly. Of course all fiction is not lying, as all killing is not murder; but it is a sad fact that many writers of novels and short stories seem to have left their consciences and much of their brains behind when they go forth to work—as if these belongings might safely remain in seclusion, with the dress coat and the white tie, to be brought out only for especial occasions. Artemus Ward once remarked that he had a giant mind, but did not have it with him; and that (or the latter half of it) is apt to be the case with any of us when we are careless. True, even good Homer sometimes nodded; but this affords no example for us who are not Homers. To come to our tasks otherwise than with all our wits about us, and invite public attention to the chance “oozings of our brains,” is as if one should issue from his apartments unshorn and half clad, or enter upon the busy haunts of men without money in his pocket.

If this were the fault only of certain writers, or of certain classes of writers, the known or the unknown, the little or the large, the case would be simpler than it is. You can almost count on your fingers the authors of our day who always take pains and keep their talents above ground, not buried as in the parable: of those who write well or ill as it happens, and let the result go for what it may be worth, the name is legion. Mrs. Humphry Ward deserves all honor, in that she keeps to a high level of solid thinking and careful workmanship. Mr. Henry James never forgets his subtilities, nor Mr. George Meredith his intricacies and verbal pyrotechnics—which are too much for many of us. Mr. Barrie—since the cruder work of his youth has been marketed—gives pause to the laboring oar, and brings forth nothing that is not original and striking. Sir Walter Besant has a steady conscience, and is seldom other than readable. Mr. Crawford is admirable at his best, but he uses too little his sense of humor, and descends too often to prose that might be Trollopean if it were not so serious: his romance is preferable to his realism, his Rome to his New York. The charm of Mr. Howells's style is not yet shopworn, whatever may be thought of the theories on which he works. Mr. Kipling is probably the ablest living writer of English; but nobody can read with satisfaction everything that he has written—chiefly from his occasional erratic choice of subjects.

This selection of your topic, by the way, is no less important than the handling of it. Even genius may waste itself on an unmanageable theme: it cannot make the cleaning of fish interesting, nor the slums of New York or Paris attractive. The tastes, and even the prejudices (if one likes to call them so), of decent people are entitled to a modicum of respect. “Art for Art's sake” will go down when men and women

are content to forget that their mental machinery is so made as to take some account of right and wrong, of the relative values of purity and vice. The decadent and pessimistic business is all very well in its way, but it has the disadvantage of being easily overdone. M. Brunetière has lately been paying his compliments to M. Zola in this regard, and Mr. Thomas Hardy—*clarum et venerabile nomen*, or nearly so—has estranged many of his admirers by the doleful experiences of his variously entitled "Jude." Tess, most of us felt, went about as far as was desirable on that line.

Thus it is with the established fames, or some of them. Some others, which shall not be named here, are dwindling or have dwindled; their owners no longer declaim with pristine vigor, but lag superfluous on the stage. Fame, when calmly considered (as is the privilege of those who have it not), though hardly the "poor thing" which the great Roman Stoic called it, is a queer thing. It is gained in such odd ways; sometimes with difficulty by long and hard and honest and worthy work, sometimes, it would seem, by a "scratch," by mere luck or near it. It can be lost, too, as well as gained. It comes and goes, doubtless by laws of its own, being governed in some cases, one is tempted to think, as the metaphysician Chauncey Wright said of the Cosmos, "by a corrupt mixture of law and apparent accident." You may lose it by no fault of your own; or you may hold on to it somehow when you have abundantly deserved to lose it.

How low men were, and how they rise!
How high they were, and how they tumble!

Sometimes the tumble quickly follows on the rising. There is a good deal of "vanity," in the biblical sense, about trusting to recently won reputations—or even to those that are not so recent. An editor or publisher, revering the popular taste and bowing to the demands of his *clientèle*, orders a new story at ten prices, on the strength of what its author accomplished last year. He expects it to be "soul-raising and sublime:" it appears, and proves to be such as he would not have considered if signed by Miss Ignota or Mr. Hardhack. It is not without psychologic interest, as illustrating the decay or the uncertainty of human powers; but intrinsically it was not worth printing. Examples may not be cited, but they are not far to seek. If this sort of thing goes on, perhaps in time the public will allow its caterers to accept or decline manuscripts on their merits, with little reference to their sources, and cease to offer "names in place of thoughts."

If approved authors find themselves bound to maintain their previous standard or take the consequences, it might be supposed that beginners, and those who have mounted but a round or two of the ladder, would feel the necessity of taking pains, keeping wide awake while at the desk, and doing their best. But when they do, it is the exception rather than the rule. From the alphabetic slovenliness which will not form its letters legibly nor put in its commas, to the lack of self-acquaintance which results in total inability to judge one's own products, it is too constantly in evidence that those who aspire to feed other minds are themselves in need of discipline. I am not speaking

of inherent inability, but of self-imposed disabilities, which should be removable. The *Evening Post* lately discoursed upon "the glut of talent," meaning the multitude of those "who write with ease" without having anything memorable to say. In many cases they write with too much ease, and the public does not guess in what degree the correctness if not the polish of their writings (when they have something to say that seems worth printing) has been supplied in the editorial office or the proof-reader's den. It is within bounds to say that not one accepted manuscript out of ten is fit to go to the printer as it stands. A writer's revision of typescripts no less, whether novel, short story, or what not, almost always leaves much to be desired and includes much that is not desirable. The experienced author relies on his reputation to bring him through safely, the raw hand on his inspiration or his luck: patient work and careful filing seem not to be in the accounts of our hasty, happy-go-lucky age. For instance, in a story of some merit Tennessee is represented ("by and large") as fifteen hundred miles from New Orleans, Kentucky a thousand only. In another, a French nobleman, fleeing from the Revolution, took along his cash, about a million francs; but, owing to the depreciation of gold, it yielded him only a few thousand dollars. And so on, *ad lib*.

If I seem to be dwelling unduly on little things, slips of the pen (which are mostly slips of the mind) and the like, let us turn to larger matters. As everybody knows, there be different sorts of fiction. There is the realistic school, supposed to have been founded (in some measure at any rate) by Miss Austen, developed by Trollope, and lauded by Mr. Howells; and there is the old romantic school of Scott and Dumas, lately revived in public favor by Messrs. Weyman, Anthony Hope, Doyle, and Company. You can choose between the novel of tendency or purpose, and the novel which aims merely to amuse. There are tales of adventure, and tales of society, and tales introspective or psychical: these deal with different fields by different methods, and have nothing in common except that each strives to depict some supposed phase of life or human nature as it was, is, or might be. And he who can do one of these passably well is not therefore necessarily able to do another. We cannot all have the "all round" faculty: there are diversities of gifts. That of story-telling, pure and simple, is a thing by itself: it may exist where cerebral development proper has met early arrest. Say you have the gift (if not, don't try to exercise it): then you have simply to set your hero and heroine going, to evolve a rudimentary plot, to get yourself into the vein, and the requisite abductions, railway accidents, lost wills, murders, robberies, explosions, etc., will almost come in of themselves; only you have to watch them a little and keep them in order. Your tale will carry the reader along, if of an unexacting mind: at the end he will have gained nothing from it, except entertainment; but that is what he wanted, and he will not complain. Miss Smith, who does society sketches, may watch your triumphant course with envy; but if she attempts to write in that vein she will make a mess and a failure of it, and so will you if you try to poach on her preserves. That probably isn't in you, nor is your gift in her: *sum cuique*.

Or suppose that to the time-honored tale of incident you can add something—unknown islands, alleged sciences of the far future, Phœnician superstitions, or Aztec lore. So far so good; your reader may get a sense of your originality, perhaps a thrill or two; but don't fancy that you have rivalled "A Gentleman of France," where, with all the rush and fury of the action, each character is a character, where the fiction has an accurate historic background, and a spirit of noble chivalry rules. Don't try the high heroic in soul as well as arm, nor think your leading man the peer of him of Zenda. Perhaps you can do things that Hope and Weyman could not do; but they have accomplished feats which it is highly improbable that you could emulate. Be content to produce good work in your own field without marring it by bad work in a field that is not your own.

It was an old remark, apropos of some feminine fictions of the past, that to make your hero talk learnedly—say on ancient Egyptian history, or Greek hymns, or recent biological researches—is difficult, unless you have the learning yourself. So it may be said that to depict society unless one knows it, or to draw character without having observed character closely, or to plunge into the depths of motive and passion when one has not profoundly studied the human heart, are dangerous and profitless attempts. The purely external tale of mere happenings requires little style and less insight. One may be furnished for this, and have made a success at it, and then fall flat when he attempts to delineate manners. It is too evident that he has not had the *entrée* to the circles he would describe: his gentlemen commit too many blunders, his ladies are from the wrong side of the town, the love-passages are silly and vulgar, the whole result is stupid and offensive—to those who know. The thing hopelessly lacks tone; it might pass below-stairs, but not in the drawing-room. Yet the author is not despicable in his own department: pity somebody had not told him to stay there.

In like manner, the tale descriptive is not usually the tale of depth. Pans, well polished and neatly ordered on the dresser, present a not unpleasing spectacle; and so does a Dutch floor, scrubbed till "you could eat off of it." Parlor furniture offers a wider and more varied field: a lady's dress has furnished Richardson and his followers with material for enthusiastic pages. There are those who like this kind of reading, and "it is the kind that they will like." But the gift of observing and reporting externals does not imply a knowledge of things inward and spiritual: it is more likely to indicate the absence of special interest in and acquaintance with phenomena so far from one's proved *métier*. True, the two may coexist: it is the prerogative of genius to be at home everywhere. But Balzac, I think, made the concrete subsidiary to the abstract; and it was a poor eulogy on Victor Hugo that he could describe a building wonderfully. Dickens painted crooked legs and dirty finger-nails to the life; but that was not his only aptitude. Mr. Crawford puts the eyebrows, the nose, the physical "tricks and manners" of his people before you, and this doubtless makes them real to the average reader; but when he rises to the heights in which he is no less at home,—as when, in his last Roman tale, Vittoria refuses

to break with the lover who has killed her brother,—then we know them, their real personality, their souls, as no mere outward lineaments could reveal them to us.

So far as we may classify and divide and label, and distinguish one sort of work from another—always a task of only partial accuracy, and dangerous, in that the distinctions are apt to be taken for more than they are—the psychical should be the highest form of fiction, as psychology, *i.e.*, what Taine called “practical psychology,” is the noblest and most fruitful, if the vaguest, of sciences. It is also the most difficult, and the least popular, since the mind would rather contemplate any other subject than its own powers and processes. He who should make this his main *motif*, ungarnished with the carnalities which are most native and congenial to us all, would find small audience, if any. In practice the masters have hedged their psychology about with visible things, hiding their treasures in earthen vessels, showing us souls embodied, garbed, domiciled, environed, as in every-day life. Thus did Shakespeare, greatest here as in every field; thus did Browning, in his virile, crabbed way. Thus did George Eliot, most intellectual of novelists, to read whose books was a liberal education for those who could take it. Scott could draw character, from the outside; Thackeray went deeper; Meredith did it, to perfection, though with fearfully voluminous detail, in “The Egoist.” The brilliant Stevenson could do it, though he had too much else to do—especially the perfecting of his style. Mr. Kipling has done it by bits and snatches, and may yet do it more largely, but he too has this planet on his shoulders, and is thus far thinking chiefly of broad and strong effects. Mr. James did it once nobly in “The Princess Casamassima.” Mr. Howells has done it in his delicate way, and Mrs. Phelps-Ward, and Mrs. Humphry Ward. These—not to lengthen the list unduly—are the recent masters and mistresses of the literary art. Most of us, every-day dabblers, who do not what we must but what we can, had best not soar too high, lest we be like Darius Green of the ballad, nor dive too deep, lest we never emerge to comfortable daylight. Let us study human nature with all our might, and delineate it as we may, keeping close to the facts, and eschewing that vaulting ambition which o’erleaps itself. In plain words, most of us may not hope to create what shall be recognized as “a character:” in our humble efforts let psychology be as a sauce (if so much) to the feast, since we have not enough of it to serve for meat and vegetables.

Not that the sisters and brethren in general should turn to the society story—heaven forefend! The society story, unless unusually well done, is the most dreary and profitless of efforts—flat as an Illinois prairie, stale as yesterday’s beer, and “dull as ditch-water.” Even in a master hand, it is never the best sort of story, nor near it: the necessary multitude of characters crowds the stage and obscures the leading actors: the inevitable superficiality and worldliness repel sympathy: the tone is perforce low, the interest slight and scattered. “Society” itself is not interesting (except to its votaries), unless as a theme for satire, or a field for study, which can be best prosecuted on a smaller scale, a few people at a time. In the true sense, *i.e.*, on the large scale, as above hinted, few that could write about it know enough of it. Mrs.

Kirk and Mrs. Harrison are of this small number : most of us are not. Do it well, or let it alone.

One would not be narrow or restrictive ; but experience shows that some people can do some things better than others, and that most who try to write for publication are wasting their strength—if they have any. Each must find and feel his way as best he can, and bring out what is in him, if there be anything there of concern to others : in this as in every walk, what we learn of and by ourselves is of more value than what would-be teachers and books can (directly) tell us. But for practical purposes it seems that the range of desirable fiction is mainly confined to two classes, the tale of incident or adventure, and the domestic or moderately social tale. The two elements of course may and should be mixed : something must happen, outwardly or inwardly, in any story, if only of a hundred words ; and the most morose or “thrilling” narrative of Indians, pirates, buried treasure, or flowing gore must as a rule have some love in it, which supplies an element at once social and domestic. But one character will usually prevail, more or less mitigated and flavored by the other. Of the two, the tale of adventure is the easier to make readable (if one has the knack), and it is supposed to be the more attractive to most men ; women, who supply the bulk of novel-readers, generally prefer the other kind. Of course most love-stories are either commonplace and vapid or silly and “sappy :” to one who has any fair share of heart, imagination, and experience, it must appear amazing that writers cannot find more to say about the master passion, or strike more varied notes on the complicated relations of men and women. But then the public does not see the most and worst of these amatory efforts : they are inflicted only on a few partial friends (at retail), and at wholesale on the suffering editor in his den, who thereby grows more sour and pessimistic : if he had to spend his whole life there, with no relief from outside habits, he would soon be beyond the pale and the power of human sympathies.

This is not to say that one should not write to practise and improve his gifts, or simply to see what he can do ; but there is no earthly reason why this prentice-work should be foisted on an afflicted public. Better read it three times and burn it, or keep it locked up to peruse ten years hence and thereby learn how very young you were in the days of your youth.

It is no doubt useless, as I have been admonished repeatedly, to instruct, advise, or warn the incapable. But all are not incapable : every one has to begin somewhere, some time, and our future Crawfords and Stevensons may now be besieging the periodicals in vain. Therefore it may not be useless to say, Don't write on unavailable subjects, nor on subjects of which you know little or nothing. Nobody wants to read tales of theosophic mystery or of ancient India ; and if anybody did, these themes require long study and deep reflection. Genius could hardly make them interesting : it is unlikely that you are a genius, and highly probable that you cannot afford to waste your time. Select a topic that is simple, and within reach of your powers, and that attracts you. Just now there is a fad for colonial and revolutionary tales, which people would not look at five years ago and will probably be

tired of five years hence. Read up on United States history—you will get some useful information anyway—and see what you can do with that. Don't take your scene from France or Italy, where you have never been: home is nearer and just as good. If you can light upon an idea which has not been done to death, or a situation unhackneyed or unfamiliar, make the most of it. New England has been so run upon that it affords material only to a few experts: the Middle States and those between the Ohio and the Rockies, locally speaking, are a poor literary field; but the South and the far West are not worked out yet. Avoid dialect; as a main reliance, its day is done. Avoid the "hifalutin," spread-eagle, and rip-roaring styles: they are of the yet remoter past. Don't write tales of the literary life till you know it as thoroughly as Mr. Howells does. Find out what your bent is, if you have any, and what you have to say, if anything: if not, seek other pursuits. Remember that a poor story or essay is of less value than a peck of inferior apples, and that the author of a bad novel is entitled to no more respect than a shoemaker or farmer who does not understand his business. The pioneers of our literature may have done what now seems poor work, but we knew no better then and had nothing better: they *were* pioneers, and as such entitled to a place in history; but nobody is going to write the history of the multifarious literary efforts of our time that come to nothing.

Whatever you do, take pains with it. Try at least to write good English: learn to criticise and correct your work: put your best into every sentence. If you are too lazy and careless to do that, better go into trade or politics: it is easier to become a Congressman or millionaire than a real author, and we have too many bad story-tellers as it is.

Frederic M. Bird.

THE RISE AND FALL OF ATHLETIC PASTIMES.

WHETHER the conservatives are right who say this old world is in her dotage or second childhood, because half its population is awheel and another quarter knocking about a ball, or whether she has come to years of discretion and cut her wisdom teeth, I shall not pretend to decide. Certain it is, however, that all work and no play not only makes Jack a dull boy, but too often lands him in his grave or the insane asylum. There is no doubt that the early settlers of this new country took life too seriously, and if the luxuriant nineteenth century is carrying athletics too far, even into the realm of delirium, it is only the natural revulsion from an austere workday period. But the pendulum always swings two ways, and is bound to right itself at last.

The need of relaxation is one that has been acknowledged by the sagest men of all ages and climes, and it was the great Æsop, poet, philosopher, and weaver of truisms into pithy fables, that so characteristically reprov'd an Athenian fop who sneered at him for indulging in some out-door sport, decrying it as "a trivial occupation, demeaning

to a man of intellect." Handing the effeminate youth an unstrung bow, he said, "This is my answer." Then, as the young Greek gazed upon it vacantly and without comprehension, the philosopher explained, "The mind of man, like that bow, if always bent, would in time lose its elasticity and become useless. By giving it occasional freedom you preserve its tone and it will serve its purpose."

Plutarch likewise writes, "The most grave and studious use feasts and jests and toys, as we do sauce to our meat."

Who has not heard of Agesilaus entertaining himself and his children by riding upon a stick? I think something of the same kind is told of our own John Adams. Socrates, as well as Lucian and the sober Scaliger, confessed to a love of dancing, music, and song. Mæcenas, with his friends Virgil and Horace, often made merry with sports and games. William the Conqueror was devoted to the hunting-field, Henry V. to tennis, and Edward IV. to falconry. Byron's favorite recreation was firing with a pistol at a coin in a cleft stick. Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Bright, like President Cleveland, were enthusiastic fishermen; while Swift frequently astonished his servants and particular cronies by harnessing them with cords and driving them up and down stairs and through the house.

The oldest of all athletic exercises is unquestionably dancing, and with the Jews and early heathen nations it had a far deeper significance than we attach to it. With them it was not only an amusement but a religious ceremony, and some commentators are of opinion that every one of the psalms had a distinct dance appropriated to it. If this be true, is it not probable that it was to one of his own compositions that David danced before the ark?

At their numerous festivals—for the Israelites had one-quarter of the year given up to holidays—men and maidens must certainly have danced with joy, and in the temples of Jerusalem, Samaria, and Alexandria a stage was erected for this exercise of praise and called the "choir," from which the name has come down to us, if not the custom.

Indeed, it is not two centuries since—according to M. Gallini—at Limoges in France the people were accustomed to dance in the choir of the church of St. Marcel and at the end of each psalm sing, in place of the Gloria Patri, "St. Marcel, pray for us, and we will dance in honor of you." The only remnant of this method of worship at present, however, is to be found among the Shakers of Lebanon and other settlements of that peculiar people.

The Egyptians likewise had their solemn dances, chief of which was the astronomical dance. Plato speaks of dancing as a divine intention, and certainly "the laughter of the legs," as it has been termed, seems a natural instinct in the youngest child. He divides the dances of the Greeks into three classes: the military dances, which tended to make the body robust, active, and well disposed for war; the domestic dances, which had for their object an agreeable and innocent recreation and amusement; and the mediatorial dances, which were in use in expiations.

But under none of these heads comes that most marvellous of all

dances upon record, the dance of the Eumenides, or Furies, at Athens. So demoniac was this that all spectators were struck with terror. Women fainted and fell in fits, and even stern warriors trembled. It has probably been rivalled only by the bloody war-dances of our North American Indians.

But it is as a pleasant diversion we would consider the exercise, and that form it often took with the ancient Greeks and Romans. In later days it became the national art of France, while as early as the Middle Ages in England it was counted among the genteel accomplishments for both sexes. Although dancing suffered a temporary eclipse under the Puritans, it revived with the merry monarch, and from that time to this has never been out of favor and fashion.

Coeval with dancing stands archery. The bow is believed to be the oldest as well as the most universal of all weapons, though used not as a pastime but as a defence and means of slaying the beasts of the forest for food. Its origin is veiled in mystery, for the fanciful conceit of the poet Claudian that it was suggested by the porcupine casting its quills whenever offended possesses more poetry than truth, since it happens that the prickly animal has not the projectile power thus assigned it.

The primary mention of the art is found in Genesis, where it is stated that Ishmael, the son of Abraham, "dwelt in the wilderness and became an archer." Archers, too, were the heroes of Homer; and warriors of every age and country have been more or less acquainted with the primitive weapon. When the Saxons went to the aid of the Britons, they took into Albion both the long bow and the crossbow. The former continued an important implement of warfare until the invention of fire-arms, when it sank to a plaything.

Archery was in high favor as a sport during the reign of Henry VIII. Edward VI. and Charles I. were both fond of having a go at the bull's-eye, while from time to time ever since it has come up for a period and then entirely disappeared, at least in the British Isles and here in America.

In Oriental lands it holds its own more constantly, being one of the few pastimes of Persia in which the women of the harem are permitted to engage. Greatly do those secluded beings enjoy firing their slender arrows into a target composed of sand tightly packed in a wooden frame and covered with a marvellous scroll-work adorned with a gorgeous pattern of brilliant flowers.

As far back as the days of Confucius, that learned lawgiver deigned to write of archery as practised by his compatriots of the almond eye and pig-tail. He tells us that the target of that time was invariably the skin of some wild animal hung up for a mark. For the emperor it was the hide of a bear; for a king, that of a stag; for a mandarin, a tiger; and for a literary gentleman, a wild boar. The distances at which they should shoot are likewise plainly set forth, the first being expected to stand at one hundred and twenty yards, the second at eighty, the third at seventy, and the last at fifty,—which would seem to show that good marksmanship was considered the natural gift of royalty.

Archery's sister sport, falconry, has long been out of date, but it is mentioned as early as the fourth century, and ran rampant during the twelfth. In vain the Church thundered its canons against the cruel pastime; kings and nobles, lords, ladies, and clergy, rode gayly forth to hunt with the belled and hooded birds of prey, and no person of rank would be painted without his "tercel gentle" on his hand as a mark of distinction. A knight prized nothing dearer than his hawk, and to dispose of it, even in the direst extremity, was deemed the height of ignominy.

I believe some effort has been made in England, of late, to resuscitate "the noble art of falconry," especially for the killing of rooks, but the fun hardly pays for the expense.

Like the fabled phoenix, rising from the ashes of the past and the dust of oblivion, have the Olympic games come into vogue during the last year, representatives from the New World going to compete with athletes of the Old upon truly classic ground. For this reason, all the public games of the ancient Greeks have been so extensively written up in the periodicals of the day as to need but a passing notice here. Isthmian, Pythian, and Olympic were all of much the same character, inasmuch as they all consisted of foot- and chariot-races and trials of bodily strength and skill, intermingled with competitions in music and poetry; and here it may be noted that this last, the intellectual part of, the programme, was omitted in 1896.

But while the Grecian athletes of developed muscle and upright life were striving for the olive crowns and palm branches on the banks of the Alpheus, and when the trained gladiators were fighting with each other and with wild beasts in the arena at Rome, the "manly game of ball" was invented, curiously enough, in all probability by a woman. Hand-ball, the Adam as it were of all the various ball games that have arisen since, is thought to have been first devised by Anagalla, a famous lady of Corcyra, for the amusement of Nausikaa, the daughter of a king of Phæacia; and credence is given this by the fact that a ball-dance, or combination of game, dance, and song, long popular with the Greeks, bore the name of the *Nausikaa*, and figures engaged in this graceful pastime are found depicted on ancient vases.

As Homer sings in the *Odyssey*,—

O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play,
Their shining veils unbound; along the skies
Tost and retost the ball incessant flies.

Thus the fashion of hand-ball was set for girls, and it was some time before it was adopted by men.

Just when it made its *début* in our mother-country is not certain, but the early Anglo-Saxons were ball-players. Their favorite game appears to have been much like golf, although known as bandy-ball. So the golfers of to-day have a royal backing of antiquity. That golf was the sport of sports in Scotland previous to the fifteenth century is pretty certain, since in 1457 we find it prohibited by act of Parliament. The motive of this was that the youths of the North should devote themselves less to ball and more to archery; for bitter experience had shown

that when the English and Scotch met in hostile combat the superiority of the English bowmen more than once turned the tide of battle. So golf was under a cloud until the introduction of gunpowder stole away the prestige of the bow, when it emerged from its retirement.

The canny Scots made their own clubs, but imported their balls from Holland, until King James put a stop to it and conferred the monopoly of ball-manufacture upon one James Melville for twenty-one years.

Charles I. was an enthusiastic player. It is alleged that he was amusing himself on the Leith links when he received a letter announcing the rebellion in Ireland, and was forced to resign his stick and ball for the sword and banner.

Another early outgrowth of hand-ball is tennis, which was played in Greece under the name of *sphairistiko*, and of which the physician Galen wrote as "a healthy exercise and pleasant." Through Italy it found its way to England, where it was first known as "fives" and became a prime favorite with the nobility. Indeed, an edict was once published forbidding the lower classes to indulge in it. On this account tennis has been called both "the king of games" and "the game of kings." It was formerly more often played in halls and courts than on a lawn, and seems to have been rather a gambling game, as an old manuscript still extant shows this record of the spendings of Henry VII., one of the finest players of his time: "Item: For the King's loss at tennis, 12 pence; for the loss of balls, 3 pence." His son, Prince Henry, also had trouble with some Frenchmen who made a wager with him on tennis and by whom he lost much money. With us, tennis is not quite so much in vogue as it was a few years ago, being somewhat superseded by golf; but so the fashion in games has come and gone all down the ages.

Polo also is a sport that can boast a long and honorable pedigree, having been traced in Persia far back in the Sassanid dynasty, even to the eighth century. There it was played with a long-handled mallet called the *chugán*; and this is the instrument meant by the Persian historian when, in his legend, he makes Darius insult Alexander by sending him a mallet and ball, as a hint that he was a boy, more fit to play polo than to go to war. It is an exceedingly interesting and manly pastime for wealthy youths, while it is the father of the school-boy's game of hockey, which has been called "dismounted polo."

As foot-ball is now played by our collegians with hands rather than with feet, it must be almost identical with the old Roman game of "hurler," except that the original pig-skin, or whatever the covering, was stuffed with feathers instead of being blown up by air. But in the Middle Ages it was real foot-ball, and the ball was of heavy leather filled with wind by means of a ventail.

Croquet is a French amusement, but has long been in high favor in England, where it once figured as *pale-maille*. The "Mall" won its name from this game, which was frequently played by Charles II. and his courtiers in St. James's Park.

But cricket—and, it may be, our national base-ball as well—is derived from two early British sports liked by both sexes, stool-ball and tip-cat or cat and dog. The former consisted of placing in the centre

of the field a small stool, which one side tried to hit with a ball, the other meanwhile endeavoring to prevent it by driving the ball back with their hands. From this came the primitive wicket, or cricket, besides the custom of bowling the ball to the striker; and from tip-cat is borrowed the running betwixt two points while the ball is being fielded or returned from the other side.

It is generally conceded that la crosse, which is constantly increasing in popularity, originated with the Indians and was played by them years before a pale-face beheld these shores. This is probably true, though not, as the wit declared, because the red men, having no use for their snow-shoes in summer, took to playing ball with them. The name, however, is Canadian French, and centuries ago the people of France practised a sport with mallet and ball termed the *jeu de la crosse*.

So in athletic pastimes, as in everything else, we see that there is "nothing new under the sun." But perhaps the one that comes nearest to it is cycling, whose first foreshadowings do not extend back of the present century.

"Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross," sang old Mother Goose, and the melodious dame was a truer prophet than she deemed; for somewhere about 1818 a rough wheeled affair of that name jogged through London streets. Here is how the poet John Keats describes it:

"It is a wheel-carriage to ride cock-horse upon, sitting astride and pushing it along with the toes, a rudder wheel in the hand. A handsome gelding will come to eight guineas, however. They will soon be cheaper, unless the Americans take to them."

This was followed by the dandy-horse, an improvement with the head of a steed, wooden wheels, and padded seat, on which the postmen pranced through the rural districts, in the thirties, at the rate of about seven miles an hour. The dandy continued in use until the advent of the velocipede. This was a cumbersome structure, and ere long gave place to the "ordinary," the first real bicycle, but six feet in height. Still, the right track was reached at length, and ultimately, with rival variations in the form of tricycles and unicycles, the present "safety" was evolved. It has held its own for a full decade, and probably will continue to hold it until some electric motor of moderate price puts it to the blush.

In ball game and on the fleetly speeding bicycle woman now takes her place side by side with man as she never did before. Our grandmothers, in their sedentary youth, spun on picturesque whirling wheels beside the open fire; but the *fin de siècle* maid takes her spins upon the merry modern wheel with pneumatic tires.

Agnes Carr Sage.

PURPOSE.

ACCOMPLISHMENT by effort brought to pass
Is sunlight focussed by a burning-glass.

Grace F. Pennypacker,

THE STRIKE AT BARTON'S.

CONSIDERABLY chagrined, and altogether disgusted with the turn affairs had taken, the Hon. Joel T. Barton, ex-member of the legislature, director of a bank or two, and founder and head of the Barton Manufacturing Company, leaned back in his big office chair, and, as was his custom when annoyed, tugged at the thick tuft of grayish hair adorning his chin. Fully conscious of the novelty of their position as ambassadors from their brethren in the employ of the Barton Company, the five men seated in a line before the president's desk fingered the brims of their hats, shifted their feet, and coughed nervously. One of them beat a devil's tattoo on the arm of his chair and whistled softly until his mate on the right nudged him into a knowledge of the noise he was making.

"Gentlemen," said the president when the pause in the discussion had grown rather more embarrassing to him than to his visitors, "gentlemen, your demands surprise me. I understand that among the workmen of this city there has been considerable—um—um—discontent—"

"Half the shops in town is struck, or will be," interposed one of the committee-men.

"As I say, I realized the growth of a most unfortunate uneasiness among the industrial population——"

"An' the railroaders ull be out inside o' twenty-four hours."

"But, gentlemen," and the president waved his hand in protest against the interruption, "this action on the part of my employees amazes me. I have always regarded our company's relations to its men as most amicable, yet last night I get notice that no more work will be done until a new arrangement is made satisfactory to the Union, and to-day you come here and submit a demand for the entire readjustment of the scale on a basis which would hardly be warranted in the most prosperous years we ever had. You give me until to-morrow noon to answer. That is short notice.—Rafferty, you have been with the company for thirty years, and I am surprised to see you here on this business. What have you to say?"

"The Lawyer' can tell ye better than me," was the veteran's response.

Solon Jones, known to his mates for good and sufficient reasons as "The Lawyer," arose with alacrity.

"Mr. President and gentlemen of the committee," he began, "as you all know, the growin' devel'pment of the social problem, the new lightin' up of the dark places in the relationship——"

"Of course, of course," said the president, hastily. "I catch your meaning.—Rogers, what do you say?"

Rogers shook his head and contented himself with "Talkin's not my job." Heinberg, the next on the list, was equally reticent.

The president turned to the fifth committee-man, by far the youngest

of the delegation, a compactly built fellow, neat in dress and intelligent in look. "Brown," he said, "you, at least, ought to be able to explain the reasons of the Union in this matter. They tell me you are one of the scholars of the shop. What's the matter with the present scale?"

"It was made up too long ago," Brown answered, slowly. "Since then, Mr. Barton, you know there's been a good deal of change in the general run of the jobs, and the new machines have knocked out some of the best men. Then there's been a big falling off in over-time. As things are now, nobody is getting within ten per cent. of what he did two years ago. Some of us are not making a living. That's what's the matter."

While the committee-man was speaking, another young man walked briskly into the room. As son of the proprietor, and vice-president of the company, the delegates bowed to him a trifle stiffly, but with appreciation of the fact that in case of hostilities he was likely to be the active leader of their opponents. The younger Barton promptly took a hand in the proceedings.

"I suppose, Brown, you regard this as a promising time to ask a raise in pay?" said he.

"We know business is not booming, but we believe you don't want to be closed down at present. I tell you we have in the Union three hundred of the three hundred and thirty-odd men in the shop."

"And you consider your demands reasonable?"

"I do."

The Bartons withdrew to an inner office for a brief consultation. On their return the president told the committee that he would send a reply as early as possible, but that very likely the limit of time set by the Union would be exceeded.

"It's worse than I thought," he said to his son when the door had closed upon the retiring committee. "D'you know, I didn't expect to see Rafferty and Brown mixed up in this idiocy."

"Brown's going to give us more trouble than all the rest of the lot," the son responded. "I'm going to keep an eye on the gentleman. Something has been going wrong with him, and he means to ease his feelings by stirring up as much trouble as possible."

"Perhaps he's got a grievance about that machine he wanted us to take up. By the way, just wire Higgins to look after the thing: he's in Washington this week."

"All right, sir," replied the son; "but if I'm not mistaken we'll have more important matters to attend to soon than delayed applications for patents."

Unaccustomed mid-week leisure, a general willingness on the part of the married men to avoid domestic discussions of the wisdom of striking, and a natural eagerness to learn the attitude of the company's officers, combined to fill the hall in which the sessions of the Union were held. There was anxious silence as the committee entered, and "The Lawyer," who delivered the message from Barton, was honored with an attention his speeches did not always command. For some reason his talk was unprecedentedly brief and pointed, and no sooner was his task accomplished than he descended from the platform and

slipped out of the room, pausing at the door long enough, however, to note that several of his associates were engaged in a simultaneous effort to secure the floor, a fact which assured him that much would be said before anything would be done. John Brown, too, did not wait to hear the debate through to the bitter end. Familiar oratory had few charms for him; moreover, he had no doubt about the result. There was bound to be a strike, and he was bound to be in it: these matters he had regarded as settled when the committee parted with the president. Above all, he had a little business of his own to transact.

As the young fellow stepped into the street, he noticed two men standing half concealed in an opposite doorway. One was "The Lawyer," who for once at least seemed willing enough to be a listener, for he stood in what appeared to Brown to be a nearer approach to respectful attention than he had supposed possible in the case of the Union's spokesman. The other man was talking energetically and adorning his discourse with quick, jerky gestures. A dark cap was pulled well down upon his forehead. He wore a thin beard, peaked after a fashion rarely followed in that neighborhood.

"I only hope I'll be as lucky in convincing my audience as that chap is with 'The Lawyer,'" Brown muttered. "I guess, though, I'd better fix up my ideas a bit, even if it's an old story I've got to tell."

No sooner had he turned the corner than he increased his pace. The street he was traversing led up a slope crowned by a rocky knob, against which the highway came to an end. A well-worn footpath skirted the base of the rocks, gradually rising until he who travelled it reached an elevation from which he commanded a wide view on the one hand of a region of factories and tenements, smoky and grimy, and on the other of fields, rough pastures, and scrubby woodlands. Town and country met abruptly. Man had done little to make the one attractive, and Nature had been grudging in her gifts to the other. A creek, which once had done something toward swelling the bigger stream to which it hurried and toward supplying the water-power which had brought the first factories to the town, formed the boundary. Its current was dyed by the refuse of two or three outlying mills, and it merely added to the dreariness of its narrow valley.

Brown halted at a little platform partly sheltered by a huge boulder lodged in the hill-side. It had its uses, had this big stone: it gave promise of a place of refuge in case of sudden storms, and on sunny days it offered shade to the wayfarer who chose to tarry beneath it. But it had another advantage, which, in the young man's eyes, was all-important: it rendered him safe from observation from the few houses which stood on the summit of the hill. He looked at his watch and sat down on a ledge. For five minutes he waited with patience, for as many more with growing evidences of uneasiness, and then he was rewarded. There was the sound of a step which he recognized, and Mr. Brown knew that his business of importance was about to be transacted.

A girl, slender, dark-haired and dark-eyed, stood before him,—a girl not beautiful perhaps to unprejudiced eyes, but passingly pleasing

to those which now beheld her. Her gown was no more ornate than that of the average female resident of the workers' district below them, but to the man who met her it was a triumph. He had been assured that it was the work of her own hands, and he had yet to reach the point where anything she did could be done badly.

Brown, who as a rule preferred deeds to words, took the girl in his arms and kissed her. He repeated the salutation as he led her to the ledge from which he had just risen, and when she seated herself he stood before her in the attitude of one who is prepared for a hard fight.

"Minnie," he said, "this thing has got to stop. That's all there is about it."

Brown paused for a moment after this declaration of principles. Then he went on:

"You know there is going to be a strike. The old man wouldn't give a definite answer, but there's only one thing he'll do, and the Union will make the fight, sure. I'm in it deep. They asked me to go on the committee, and I went. You know what that means as well as I do. Sure as shooting, I'm done for in that shop, no matter how the strike comes out. If we're beaten, I'm out; if we win, all of us on the committee are bound to get it in the neck as soon as the boss gets a chance."

"Oh, Jack! Jack!" cried the girl.

"You know I'm right. Well, I thought it all out, and hang me if I'm sorry. So long as I'm in the shop your father won't hear of me. I can't come to your house, I can't see you except in some place like this romantic spot," pointing to the dreary landscape spread below them. "Two years we've had of it, and two years is too much. Ever since I knew you I've been saving up. I've got nearly four hundred dollars in bank: you know that, and what that money's for. It's going to take us away from this town."

"Us, Jack?" the girl broke in. "Oh, I'm so sorry, so sorry, Jack. But you know I can't go——"

"You must," he declared. "We've wasted too much time now. What's the use of staying here? You know well enough what chance there is of your father giving in. Now I'm as good as out of the shop, and there never was such an opportunity to cut this place. Opportunity! Why, Minnie, it is just forced on me. You say the word I want you to say, and we will be married and seeking our fortune tomorrow."

Minnie shook her head. "No, no, dear," she said. "I have promised to be your wife, and some day I hope to keep that promise, but not the way you ask. There must be no secret about it,—no run-away match. I must go openly with you from my father's house and with his consent, if not with his approval. What I ask is only right: you know that. In my heart I feel that if I agreed to your plan there would surely come a day when both of us would regret what we had done. I love you, Jack, but you ask too much. I——"

Brown interrupted her with a gesture. Stepping closer to her, he spoke slowly and even more earnestly than before:

"Listen to me. Six years ago I came here from a country town. I came to finish my apprenticeship, to learn in a big city what couldn't be picked up in the little shop where I began work. I had as good an education as my father could give me,—too good, perhaps, for the life I chose. But he thought I had a mechanical turn, and that it was better to follow it than fail in some profession. So I learned my trade, and then—you know what happened. Pay in the shop was good, there was plenty of over-time. But drudging away wore out all my ambition. I got careless, and made good-for-nothing friends. When I met you I was down at the heel every way. Then I braced up—that was for you; I quit drinking—you made me do that; I worked out the idea of a machine that might make me rich—that you might enjoy the money. Two years ago everything looked promising. Then I spoke to your father, and you remember what he said: 'My daughter will be no mill-hand's wife. She shall never marry a man, a native-born American, who can't rise to something better, who has led the life you've led here. Never let me see you in my house again.'

"I thought it would be easy to win over your father, but it was a mistake. Luck was against me all round. First my invention was tied up somehow at the Patent Office: the boss, who pretended to be mighty friendly, had something to do with that, beyond any question. Next I tried to get into some business, some office, some store,—anything to leave the shop; but nobody wanted me, and I had to stick to the old job. There was only one thing left to do: I saved every cent I could for just the emergency we've come to to-day. There are good manufacturing towns west of here. Come with me to one of them, and we'll try a fresh start. You must be with me: that's the whole story. With you at hand I'm one man, without you I'm another,—a weak fellow only fit for other men to walk over."

The girl's eyes flashed, and she rose to her feet. "You wrong yourself, Jack," she cried, "and you wrong me. I won't let you talk so. It's fair to neither of us. I love you for what you are, and not for what you call yourself; and I know you too well to believe you will break down like a child when put to the test."

"The test is for you, not for me. It seems pretty clear how you will stand it, too. But once more I ask you, Will you marry me and leave this place?"

Minnie sank back to the rough seat. Her firmness of a minute before had vanished, and there were tears in her eyes, but Brown understood her too well to be very hopeful.

"Let it go, then," he said, quietly. "I shall try to see you again before I leave." He bent over her, kissed her, and, turning, hastily strode down the path.

His course, taken almost involuntarily, led him back to the big room where the Union's members were still assembled. Preoccupied as he was, he could not but mark a change in the temper of the men, who now spoke with a vindictiveness almost entirely lacking earlier in the day. There was no formal session under way, but the discussion was carried on by groups, among which "The Lawyer" was circulating industriously. Brown looked on with rising curiosity.

"Rather livened up, hasn't it?" he remarked to Rogers.

The old man grunted in affirmation. "He started 'em," he added, pointing to "The Lawyer."

"How?"

"Made a red-hot snortin' speech just now," Rogers explained. "Told 'em the company paid twenty per cent. last year, built the addition, put in a new engine, and yet had a few thousand surplus. 'Tain't fair, he says, and I says so too. 'If we can't get back what belongs to us, we'd best keep the robbers from 'joying it,' Lawyer argues. 'Let's burn it. Down with monopolies.'"

"Sure, sure," Brown answered, abstractedly. In spite of his own trouble, he realized that there was food for reflection in "The Lawyer's" new plan of campaign. That worthy had hitherto preached a very different gospel from that of destruction; besides, he had never ventured on anything like definite statements as to the finances of the company. As a rule, "The Lawyer" had dealt only in generalities; now he was giving particulars, his acquaintance with which was difficult of explanation, and which were calculated to convince the men that the company was determined to keep down wages without rhyme or reason. What was the source of this information? As Brown pondered the question, three or four men moved toward the door. They beckoned to him to follow, and he accepted the invitation willingly enough.

"Come round to Deitcher's," said one of them as they left the hall.

"All right," Brown responded. He perceived that the efforts made early in the day to keep the men from drinking had been relaxed, and the fact was significant. In the mood which possessed him, the change rather met his inclinations.

Deitcher's was an establishment whose repute had long ago passed the milk-and-watery classification of "shady." In local speech it was known as a "tough joint," and it lived up to that notable distinction. It offered to its patrons a large, low-ceiled room, generously equipped with tables, chairs, benches, and stalls, supplying such comparative seclusion as is granted by heavy curtains sliding on metal rods six feet from the floor. At the rear were three exits, while behind the bar was an ingenious trap-door, which more than once had proved its usefulness to gentlemen desirous of speedy disappearance from public view. It might be added that the arrangement of the furniture was designed to the end that persons entering from the street could in no way advance directly toward the rear of the room, a precaution against unpleasant surprises which on several occasions had baffled most carefully laid plans of the police.

The party made its way to a table near the bar, over which a muscular person presided. He served the new arrivals speedily,—that was the fashion at Deitcher's,—Brown noticing with some surprise that his companions agreed in calling for whiskey, Deitcher's brand of which had a well-deserved fame for semi-lethal effects.

"They're fixing themselves to be ugly," he thought, but the plan suited his humor. "Have another, boys," he said, briskly; but, much to his surprise, his companions declined.

"We've got to get back to the hall," one of them explained. "You'd better come along."

Brown shook his head. "Settle things as you please, and I'll agree," said he. "I'll join you in a few minutes."

As his friends made their way out of the place, a newsboy darted in. Brown bought one of his load of "extras" and scanned the headlines. In big black type he read announcements that the city's labor troubles had gone from bad to worse, that the employees in the railroad yards had shown signs of a desire to join the striking factory-hands, that the men in half a dozen big shops had quit work since morning, that the disorderly element was taking advantage of the situation, and that, after vainly temporizing with two or three unruly crowds, the city officers had tried more active measures, but, employing a small force of police, had succeeded in doing little but increase the tumult. He read also the news that all the police had been ordered on duty and the city's militia companies had been summoned to their armories.

"That's all right," he remarked; "clubs and feather beds, eh? Let the mayor get 'em all out; the more the merrier."

"Ah," spoke a man at his elbow, "then, my friend, you do not fear the police or the troops?"

Brown looked up quickly. The man with the peaked beard stood beside him. "Oh, they're earning their pay, that's all. Sit down and have something," said the young man.

The stranger obeyed. Brown looked him over carefully. He was of middle age, slender but wiry in build. A pair of spectacles served to cover eyes that were bright enough not to need artificial aid. Brown set his new acquaintance down as a foreigner, but his accent was too faint to give much of a clue to his nationality.

"Your health, sir," quoth the man. "I drink to your good self and to the cause of the people."

"Thank'ee for both of us."

"You may soon be permitted to do your part for both."

"How?"

"It is the part of men to cast off slavery. One slavery you Americans have destroyed, only to leave the slavery of capital. But the day approaches when that as well shall be destroyed. Now, this hour, in this city, the good work is going on, the bondsman is tearing at his fetters, the toiler is rising against the monopoly which grinds him down."

"Well," said Brown, coolly, "that may all be very true, but where do I——"

"You ask what is for you to do! You, who are young and strong, whose vigor is not yet sapped by your oppressor: you who are one of those men who now deliberate in their hall what you shall say to your master,—a master of freemen, eh?—when you know how he has profited by your labors, how he has paid to himself dividends three times as great as those he should in equity receive, and yet has added to his surplus, that fund which shall supply him with the sinews of war in his conflict with those who have made his riches,—you know these

truths, yet you falter, you ask wherein you are concerned? You fear the issue of the inevitable battle? Have you never heard of the powers, the forces, the pent-up energy, the inventors, the tools of the money-kings, have unwittingly raised up against their monarchs? Yet these weapons are ready for the hand of the poorest among you. Ye blind, open your eyes; behold the remedy for the evils which afflict you."

The speaker jumped up and thumped the table vigorously. Brown watched him closely, but said nothing, a method of campaign which appeared to puzzle the foe of the money-power, for after a brief pause he went on in a lower tone, "I must quit you now. I will see you again, however, and that before long."

The man with the peaked beard left the room by one of the passages in the rear of the place, his late auditor gazing after him thoughtfully.

"So that is the source of 'The Lawyer's' figures," he said to himself. "He seems to know a variety of pleasant matter for social conversation. Maybe we'll meet again, although I'm not stuck on the gentleman. In the mean time let's see how things are going on in the hall."

Brown found that in his absence a fine crop had been raised from the seed "The Lawyer" had sown. A new policy had been adopted. Negotiations were to be ended, and an ultimatum was to be served upon the company at once. Already the formal communication to the president had been drawn up, among its clauses being a recital of the company's earnings as enumerated by "The Lawyer," and, when Brown entered, a discussion was in progress whether to send the letter by the old committee or by a single member of the Union.

"Let me take it," he suggested, and he noticed in spite of the new enthusiasm a general willingness to give him the post of honor. It was very clearly understood that the man who bore the message would bring down upon himself the greatest wrath of the company. There were other heroes at the meeting, no doubt, but this particular forlorn hope offered few allurements.

The lot falling to him without serious competition, he lost no time in setting out on his errand. Full of the belief that his days of employment in the old shop were ended in any case, he walked on briskly. His temper, he felt, was on edge, and he entertained something like a hope that he would be received with distinguished incivility. A row, he argued, would do him a world of good.

The afternoon was nearly over when Brown reached the shop, but he had no doubt that he would find either the president or his son within. Two or three policemen lounged about the big doors, and at respectful distances were knots of men and boys, who, to the messenger's eye, seemed to be waiting patiently for some event which would be worth seeing. He obtained admission to the building after a short parley with the guards, but it occurred to him that a certain excess of caution was observed in sending one of them to escort him to the private office in the rear. He knew the way perfectly well, but his suggestion that such was the case brought only a gruff "Very likely" from the policeman's lips.

It was to the vice-president that he delivered his message. Young Barton carried the letter to his desk, and read leisurely and at first with an air of indifference, which disappeared as he saw set before him "The Lawyer's" efforts in profit-calculating.

"Brown," he demanded, "on what authority do the men use these figures?"

"I'm not here to make explanations," curtly replied the envoy.

Barton pulled at his moustache, as he often did when annoyed. Brown knew the family trait, and felt correspondingly cheered in spirit.

"Mr. Brown," and this time the vice-president's tone was more conciliatory, "perhaps I went too far in asking for the Union's source of information or misinformation. Inasmuch as these figures are incorporated in this demand upon us, however, I presume that I am at liberty to say that they utterly misrepresent the condition of our business."

"Oh, of course."

Barton flushed, but he went on with what he had to say: "I will tell you this frankly and plainly. Some of the figures given here are incorrect; others have apparently been taken from our old books with the express intention of misrepresentation. They are gross sums, against which other large accounts are to be charged. That could easily be proved. Do you understand book-keeping?"

"That's a safe question."

Barton straightened up in his chair. "Very well," he said; "that is unfortunate. You know that the company can make but one answer to the demand of the Union. You shall have a formal statement in writing to that effect."

"From the president?"

"No, sir; from me. I am a responsible officer of the company, and, in addition, am fully empowered by my father to act for him in this matter. You probably know that while he was in the front office this afternoon stones were thrown through the window and he was seriously injured. Your Union is beginning the fight nobly, Mr. Brown."

It was the messenger's turn to change color. He knew nothing of the stone-throwing, and the news of it caused him regret, but, the desire of contention being strong within him, he said, "That was no Union work; but, of course, such accidents will happen. I guess the stones were meant for somebody else."

"I dare say," Barton answered, dryly. He wrote out a brief refusal to grant any of the terms demanded, and added a paragraph that all employees of the company failing to report for work the next morning would be regarded as no longer connected with the shop. This missive he handed to the Union's representative.

"When do we get our money?" Brown asked.

"As soon as the pay-roll can be made up. But you shall have yours at once."

"Quicker the better."

"If you will come here at eight o'clock to-night you shall have a pay check."

"I'll feel safe when I get it."

"Brown, what the devil do you mean?" cried the vice-president. "Do you suppose I would defraud you?"

"That," said the other, "offers a fine field for speculation." He had composed this bit of repartee at his leisure, and felt proud of it.

Barton was at his side in an instant.

"You want trouble, then. I've stood your insults as long as flesh and blood will bear them. You've gone too far, and I mean to tell you that you are a ruffian, a blackguard, and a coward."

"You lie!" Brown shouted. The result he had plotted for had been attained.

It is a well-understood principle in some forms of personal encounter that he who strikes the first blow enjoys a great advantage. Barton, the more muscular man of the two and by far the better trained in athletic diversions, seized his opportunity. He struck first, and he struck hard, his blow easily breaking down Brown's unskilful guard, and his fist landing fairly upon its mark. Down went Brown, with the promise of as pretty a black eye as ever followed fisticuffs, with a sadly shaken belief in his own prowess, and yet with no idea of owning himself whipped. It was fated, though, that Barton's blow was to be the only one struck. The clerks on duty in the office rallied to the vice-president's assistance, and as Brown regained his feet and prepared to renew battle two of them seized him and held him fast. By their employer's directions they pushed him through the shop to the entrance and then thrust him ignominiously into the street. In the first skirmish capital had scored a victory.

Slightly dazed though he was, Brown perceived that the crowd in front of the shop, in the few minutes he had been within, had increased in size and was waking to activity. The policemen no longer lounged; they had their hands full keeping back the men and boys who were pressed forward by the uneasy rear ranks. The officers had drawn their long night-sticks, and, though they had not yet been forced to use them, they knew very well that the chances were all in favor of a speedy test of the toughness of the clubs. In making his way through the throng Brown encountered his new acquaintance. The meeting was face to face, and the envoy's bruised optic instantly caught the attention of the alien.

"Halloo, my friend," cried that worthy; "who is he who has smitten you? My young sir the vice-president, is it not? Ah, he strikes hard, does that young man. You will bear his mark for many days."

"What business is it of yours?" Brown demanded. "And what do you know about it, anyway?"

"You ask me what I know of your wound,—I the friend of the people, and you the good young man who bore the letter of the Union. That is a simple question. You go to the shop, you see the vice-president,—the president is at home invalided,—you come forth beaten and bruised. It is plain, is it not? But you will have your revenge?"

"Will I?" Brown answered, in a passion. "You bet your life I will. I'm going for my pay at eight to-night, and I may get a chance

at him; or, if not then, I'll lay for him to-morrow. I'll be even with him for this, or——"

He broke off his threatenings, for half a dozen men had gathered about him, and modesty forbade a general advertisement of his thrashing. The man with the beard disappeared. Brown hurried to the hall, where he was received by an excited crowd. Luckily for him, the room was rather dark. He was able to send the letter to the chairman with word that the company had therein said all it had to say, and, after waiting for the reading of the missive and hearing the howls of rage and derision which greeted it, he quietly left the hall and sought his own quarters. While he had no hope that his encounter would remain a secret, he was naturally desirous to remove traces of it as far as possible before talk of the bout became general, and after a visit to an apothecary, whose shop was on his way to his lodgings and who by much practice had acquired great skill in restoring bruised flesh to something approaching its normal appearance, he travelled on to the house which for several years had been his abiding-place. There he passed an exceedingly bad hour, by careful nursing of his woes succeeding admirably in reaching the point at which a man is convinced that pretty much all the world is against him.

The town clocks were striking eight when Brown again arrived in sight of the shop. In the street the crowd was moving about, its temper evidently worse for one or two slight skirmishes it had had with the police, a dozen of whom now guarded the entrance and made a pretence of keeping the sidewalk free of people. From the talk of those about as he made his way through the groups Brown learned that in other parts of the town there had been serious outbreaks and the forces of the law had been compelled to do some hard fighting to make headway against mobs. A dozen yards from the big door the young man found himself close to the space which the police had been able to keep clear, and he was preparing a brief explanation of his call for the satisfaction of the guards, when a girl, who had been standing where a shadow almost concealed her, stopped him.

"Oh, Mr. Brown," she said, "please, will you do me a great favor?"

Brown failed to recognize her. All that he could make out was that the girl was dressed in black, that a shawl was thrown over her head, and that she carried a small package. "What is it?" he said, with some curiosity.

"You know my father, Mr. Fouquet," the girl explained, "and it will be a favor more for him than it will for me. Here I have some work he promised to send to the shop to-day, but he was delayed and couldn't finish it until the evening. He prides himself, you know, on doing his work as he promises, and he sent me here with it as soon as he finished. I was to deliver it to Mr. Barton or his son, but this crowd and the police frightened me. I did not dare to go on, and I waited here, hoping to see some one I knew who would finish my errand. You, Mr. Brown, are the first of my gentlemen acquaintances I have seen. Won't you please see that the package is delivered?"

Fouquet, the young man knew, was an old employee of the company, a skilful Swiss to whom were intrusted many jobs requiring unusual care, and who did much of his work at home. He was not a member of the Union, but he had contrived to keep on amicable terms with those enrolled in that body, perhaps for the reason that they saw little of him. With the old man's home life Brown was altogether unacquainted. As he saw nothing unreasonable in the girl's request, he said,—

"Why, certainly I will see that the package is delivered. Let me have it. You may feel perfectly safe about it. I'm going to the shop anyway. You must excuse me if I didn't recognize you."

"And you don't now, I'm afraid. And you forget the picnic! Ah, you men, you men!"

Being one of the men, Mr. Brown was flattered. To be sure, the reference to a picnic gave his memory little clue, for the form of diversion named was a favorite with the various organizations of the workers' district, and the outings they conducted were gregarious. He took the package, trying to get a glimpse of the girl's face at the same time and failing completely. She murmured her thanks and walked rapidly away.

Evidently Brown's visit was expected, for a clerk at the door assured the police that he was to be admitted. His money was ready for him in the back office, he was told, and there it was delivered to him. The vice-president was not in sight. Brown gave the clerks the package he carried, telling them that Fouquet was anxious that it should reach young Barton.

"All right," said one of them. "I'll put it back of his desk. Fouquet's a queer old chap, though, to worry about a job at such a time as this. What is this, anyway? Halloo!" he added, as he raised the package close to his head: "must be one of those time attachments he's been so long tinkering up. He must have set the works running, for I can hear the tick. I'll tell Barton you brought it in; though he'll be too busy to-night with the pay-roll to look at it."

"He'll be here all night, will he?" Brown asked.

"Sure. He knows it's a mighty good time for him to stay on deck, now that the old man's laid up."

"Tell him I'm sorry to miss him."

"Didn't you get enough the first time?"

"Enough!" Brown declared. "Does he think the row is over? You tell him the band 'ain't begun to play yet, and when I get through with him his folks won't know the pieces."

With his money safely stowed away, the young man walked slowly from the shop. He thought he saw his bearded friend in the outer fringe of the crowd, but he paid little attention to the circumstance, for some problems of more interest to him than the doings of mysterious strangers demanded his consideration. He was free from the shop: that was one part of his programme carried out. But Minnie—on her action depended all the rest, and her suitor had no confidence in his ability to win her over to an elopement. Probably, in any event,

he would have to leave the city, he reflected, but certainly he could not go until he had made another effort to persuade her. Besides, there was the score to settle with young Barton. The bruised flesh under his eye was too sensitive to let him forget that incident in his troubles. Altogether, Mr. John Brown was not cheerful. In his way he was a fatalist, and he could not help fearing that his run of bad luck was only begun. Meditating these things, he had reached the street which led up the hill toward Minnie's home, when he saw, by the light of a corner lamp, her familiar form moving along the other side of the way. He crossed to her and called out, "Minnie, what are you doing out at this hour?"

The girl laid both hands upon his arm. "Oh, Jack," she said, "I'm so glad to see you! I've been almost frantic about you. They told father that you had been badly hurt."

"And, loving me as he does, I suppose he told you a pretty tale about it."

"It was bad enough, Jack, bad enough. But you are not hurt, are you, dear?"

"The doctors expect to pull me through if I can have the right kind of nursing. They're very particular about that. There's only one nurse who can cure me. Guess who she is."

"Please don't joke about such things. If you were really sick and needed me, do you think that I would hesitate?"

"Then why don't you come to me? To-day I told you how much I needed you every day and every hour."

Minnie drew back a little. "Please don't, dear," she said. "Since you left me I have been thinking it all over, but the end is always the same. We can't make what is wrong right. Don't think that I care less for you. Don't you see that it is because I do care so much that I daren't do what in the end would cause you sorrow?"

"I'd willingly risk it," Brown muttered, but he saw that the girl was almost hysterical, and he did not press his suit. He asked her where she had been, and was told that she had gone on an errand for her father, who owned several small houses in the outskirts of the city. She had had to bear a message to the tenants, and had succeeded in delivering it to all but one.

"I couldn't see Mr. Fouquet," she remarked.

"Fouquet?" Brown asked. "So he's one of the renters, is he? I suppose he'd turned in. The boys always say he goes to bed early to save candles."

"No: he wasn't at home."

"What! Why, he must have been there all day. I ought to know something about that."

"You must be mistaken. The neighbors told me he started off two days ago. I know the house was locked up."

"But his family—his daughter? Didn't you see her?"

"Mr. Fouquet is a bachelor. I'm sure of that, and I know that he lives alone. His house is just a bit of a place."

Brown whistled. Something was wrong somewhere. He asked Minnie if she was too tired to walk back to Fouquet's with him, and

she gladly accepted the invitation. At their destination they had no trouble in securing news. The old Swiss enjoyed too great a local reputation for eccentricity not to have all his doings watched by his neighbors. All that Minnie had said was borne out by their gladly given statements. Fouquet had left his bachelor hall, as she said, and had locked its doors and windows most carefully.

"Did he leave any word?" Brown asked.

"He never does when he goes away: he's too ugly for that," said the informant. "He'd be afraid of letting folks know something about him. Then, you see, nobody comes to see him, hardly. Why, come to think of it, two folks was askin' for him to-night; and that's more callers than he's had in a year before."

"This lady was one of them," Brown observed, pointing to his companion.

"Yes, that's so," said the communicative neighbor, "and the other was a foreign-lookin' gent, with whiskers like a goat would have if they was trimmed down. He found out that the old crank was gone, and that's all he asked. I wish he'd stay away, I do! He's the meanest——"

"Certainly, certainly. But what time did the gentleman call?"

"It couldn't have been far from seven o'clock: your lady was here inside of five minutes after he was."

"Minnie," Brown said, as they began their return journey, "help me figure this out." He told her of the stranger's conference with "The Lawyer," his acquaintance with the affairs of the shop, as evidenced in the production of the figures from the company's books, his wild talk in Deitcher's resort, his presence in the crowd before the factory, and his knowledge that Brown was to call for his wages in the evening.

"He knows that I had a fight with Barton, and he and half a dozen other men heard me make fool threats. I'll bet he had a hand in having that girl give me the package; anyway, he'd taken pains to see that old Fouquet was out of the way. And he knew what sort of work the old man was doing for the shop."

"But that girl?" Minnie asked, with interest.

"Never saw her before, and I'll never see her again. If there's anything wrong with that package, look where I'd be,—the girl disappeared, and old Fouquet come back to swear that he never even heard of her and certainly never gave her anything to take to the shop. What do you think of it?"

"Let's get back to the shop as soon as we can," she advised, and the pair hurried their steps. Brown was not surprised to find that the crowd near the works had trebled. The street was none too well lighted, and where the darkness was deepest the press of humanity seemed to be greatest. Brown knew the residents of the quarter well, and understood that with the night the most dangerous of them had come gleefully forth from their retreats to have a hand in whatever mischief might be brewing. He left Minnie under the protection of Rogers, who from a place of comparative quiet was watching the uneasy movements of the crowd.

"Big news," the old man stopped him to say. "Over in the West End they've fit and druv off the peelers, skeered the sojers, and one end of the National Works is stuv in. D'ye understand? Dynamite."

The word sent a thrill through Brown. He dashed into the mob, fought his way through it, and, breathless and panting, confronted one of the policemen, who now, reinforced to the number of a score, were using their maces freely in the effort to control the hundreds opposed to them. In trying to slip by his man he caught a sharp tap on the shoulder, and the officer seized him and thrust him back into the crowd. In vain Brown pleaded, threatened, and swore; in vain he besought leave to send a message to the vice-president. The club, of the quality of which he had had one taste, swung nearer and nearer his head. The policeman, losing his patience at Brown's persistence, struck viciously. Brown's hat was smashed over his eyes, and he reeled backward, uninjured, to be sure, but beaten in his effort to break through. Somebody dragged him out of range of the long club, and somebody else thrust a flask to his lips. Liquor, he learned afterward, was plenty in the crowd that besieged Barton's that night.

Brown made such haste as he could back to Rogers and Minnie. The old man was coolly watching the proceedings, but the girl was trembling.

"Jack," she said, "I believe I've seen your man with the pointed beard. He came by here with another man about five minutes ago. He stopped under the light to look at his watch, and I heard him say, 'Twenty minutes, and these people, too, shall have their object-lesson. It is time we were gone.'"

Brown dragged his watch from his pocket. It showed 10.45.

"If that's dynamite, there's clockwork set for eleven," he told the girl. "It may be a scare, but somehow, after that West End explosion, I believe I carried an infernal machine into the shop. Minnie, they've beat me back once: shall I try again? If it is dynamite, then it's a big risk, even if I get in."

The girl gave a little cry. "Go, Jack," she said, "and may God preserve you!"

Brown again hurled himself into the crowd, but it seemed to him that the mass of men grew solid before him. He saw the flash of a pistol, and then came from the front ranks a great shout of rage. Right before him a brawny fellow was bent down, tearing at a half-loosened paving-block. Brown jumped upon the man's broad back, caught a glimpse of a fresh squad of police pouring out of the big doorway of the shop, and then leaped ahead. He fell upon the shoulders of two men, dropped to the ground in front of them, dived under the arms of two other rioters, seized by the neck the next man in his path and twisted him until he went down cursing and struggling vainly and giving two more precious feet of gained ground. More pistol-shots sounded above the din, and in front a man dropped. Brown cleared the body at a bound, only instantly to lose what he had made, for the ranks nearest the police surged back and swept him with them. The officers were charging, and the mob was giving way.

Only three men between him and the advancing line of fast rising

and falling batons; now the first went down under a blow, now the next grappled with the blue-coat and struggled desperately for the club, now the third fell to his knees, unhurt, but half paralyzed with fear. Brown heard him sobbing like a child as he darted by him. The first line was broken, but a second was almost upon him. The reserves had been ordered up, and they were coming on the run. Brown measured the distance, leaped forward, and dropped. An officer struck at him, but the blow fell short, and in an instant the second line had passed over him. He was up like a flash, and, dodging into the shadow of the wall, dashed for the entrance. Luckily for him, the two men left on duty there failed to see him until he was between them. They called upon him to halt, but the order came too late. He was half-way down the shop before they realized what had happened.

That was the way Brown made his counter-charge on the police. Its success amazed him afterwards, but just then he had no time for rejoicings. He ran into the rear office and up to young Barton's desk, seized the package, carried it to a window, raised the sash, and hurled his burden into the old mill-race. Then he turned to face Barton and his allies. On the wall the big office clock pointed to three minutes of eleven.

Nobody spoke for a moment. Then the vice-president walked up to the intruder.

"Brown," said he, "what the devil are you doing here?"

The striker made no reply. The room was growing dark before his eyes, the men around him vanished. As he fell unconscious there was a deep roar, the building shook, and the window he had raised went down with a crash.

Two days later, Brown, his face wearing the dogged expression of one who, trying to believe he is perfectly well, finds himself treated as a promising convalescent, was receiving valuable advice from the most famous medical man of the city he had been so desirous to flee.

"You don't need drugs," the authority was laying down the law, "but you do stand in very great need of a course of contentment. Physically you are sound enough; but hereafter when you hear somebody speak of 'reaction' you will understand what he means. The next time you do more in half an hour than you usually undertake in a month you'll know what to expect. I prescribe six weeks of change of scene, leisure, and happiness; and, what is more to the point, arrangements are made to fill the prescription."

The patient groaned. "Doctor, you are very kind, but you don't know—you can't."

"Wait a moment; don't jump at conclusions. Item one: You and a very estimable young lady for some time have cherished a mutual attachment. You are unwilling to leave her; that shows excellent taste on your part. In the last two days she, exercising the prerogative of her sex, has changed her mind, and, while there can be no elopement now, she is—ah—ready to be led to the altar."

"But her father?"

"If he does not consent, he offers no objection. You will perceive

that when a daughter insists upon nursing a young male invalid for thirty hours without rest, a parent is forced to admit that the situation is changed. Besides, public opinion, my dear sir, counts even with a father, and on this point it is all one way. I shall have the pleasure of escorting the young lady here in an hour, and I am informed that the pastor of her church, by a curious coincidence, is to call about the same time. Therefore, unless you object——"

"I?"

"Then for item two: The Messrs. Barton believe that, owing to the bitterness of feeling against you in certain quarters,—your exploit, I may tell you, is viewed in varying lights,—it would be better for all concerned to have you change your place of residence. It is not your shop-mates: to a man they're proud of you; but certain outsiders would undoubtedly try to do you harm. So the Bartons have arranged to offer you a position in their Western branch, which carries with it excellent prospects for advancement.

"Item three: For the next month your employers desire you to study American forestry. They will provide you with tickets to one of the prettiest spots in the United States,—a quiet resort, with fishing if you want it, perhaps some hunting, and every chance in the world for intervals of solitude for two. Being on your wedding trip, you'll appreciate them."

For a little the hearer of good news meditated blissfully. Then his look changed, and he half raised himself on his elbow.

"Doctor, have they said anything about my patent?" he asked.

"Yes. Unfortunately, it seems that another ingenious gentleman evolved nearly the same idea years ago. But, young man," and the physician started for the door, "can't you be satisfied to let somebody else have part of the earth?"

W. T. Nichols.

GLORY AND GRIEF.

STEEP hill, hot sun, and thorny path,
Of fame no single sign;
Your words of cheer, and then a change,—
Your hand no more in mine.

Alone, I toiled 'mid pain and tears:
My golden morning came.
A censor rose: "The victor is——"
I heard him call my name.

But, looking through the surging crowd,
I wept, O Loved, O Best!
I with my laurel wreath, and you
With violets on your breast!

Clarence Urmey.

HISTORIC ANIMALS.

EVER since the serpent's entrance into the garden of Eden, where he became the disturbing element, birds, beasts, and reptiles have played an important part in the world's history.

According to the Moslem's creed, certain animals besides man are admitted into heaven. Among these are Balaam's ass, which reproved the disobedient prophet, Solomon's ant, which rebuked the sluggard, Jonah's whale, the ram of Ismael, caught by the horns and offered in sacrifice instead of Isaac, the dog Kratim of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, the camel of Salek, the cuckoo of Balkis, the ox of Moses, and Al-Borak, that conveyed Mahomet to heaven. Sometimes the ass on which our Saviour rode into Jerusalem and the one on which the Queen of Sheba appeared when she visited King Solomon are added to the list.

These animals were said to be gifted with the power of speech. Balaam's ass spoke Hebrew to his master on one occasion, the Al-Borak of the prophet Mahomet spoke Arabic, and, according to Greek mythology, Areion, the wonderful horse which Hercules gave to Adrastus, spoke good Greek. Xanthos, one of the horses of Achilles, announced to that hero in Greek his approaching death, and the black pigeons gave the responses in the temples of Ammon and Dodona. The stork, according to Swedish legends, fluttered around the cross of the crucified Redeemer, crying, "Styrkê, styrkê!" ("Strengthen ye, strengthen ye!"), and was hence called the stork, but ever after lost its voice. Storks are still venerated in Morocco.

Swine were adored in Crete, weasels at Thebes, rats and mice in Troas, porcupines in Persia, the lapwing in New Mexico, bulls in Benares, serpents in Greece and many of the African countries. The Hindoos never molest snakes; they call them fathers, brothers, friends, and other endearing names. On the coast of Guinea, a hog happening to kill a snake, the king gave orders that all the swine should be destroyed.

The Sandwich Islanders believe that the souls of their deceased monarchs reside in the ravens, and they entreat Europeans not to molest them.

The Hindoos declare that drops of water falling from a cow's horns have the power to expiate sin, and that scratching the back of a cow destroys all guilt.

The calf, the white cow of Siam, the hawk, the ape, the ibis, the cat, the asp, the crocodile, dogs, beetles, frogs, mice, and rats have all been held in reverence in different sections of the globe.

In Heliopolis, when a cat died in a private residence the inmates shaved their eyebrows, and when a dog died they shaved their entire bodies. The killing of a cat, even accidentally, was reckoned a capital offence.

All sacred animals were embalmed and buried with costly and

impressive ceremonies. Herodotus asserts that the first temples in Egypt were built for the reception of the insects, birds, reptiles, and quadrupeds that the inhabitants worshipped.

It was a dove that first announced to Noah the subsidence of the flood, and Mahomet's dove was taught to pick seed from the Prophet's ear. The prophet Elijah was fed by ravens, and the crowing of a cock warned Peter of his unfaithfulness to his Lord. The cackling of geese once saved Rome from capture, and a flock of cranes betrayed the murderers of the Greek poet Ibycus.

The crossbill, "covered all with blood so clear," is said to have tried to free our Saviour from the cross by pulling the nails from his hands and feet.

The knot was the favorite bird of Canute the Great, the Danish king. The eagle is not only known as the distinctive ensign of the Roman legion, but is also the representative bird of America, as the owl was the emblem of Athens.

In India, over the "Tower of Silence" the vultures congregate in flocks, and as soon as a Parsee corpse is deposited on the slabs they swoop down through the open roof and devour it.

The sacred crocodiles of Egypt were buried in the Labyrinth with her proudest kings. St. George's dragon is not devoid of interest to the Christian world in either an allegorical or an historical sense.

Cleopatra killed herself with an asp, after the loss of the battle of Actium.

Spiders, those little teachers of industry, have also played an important part in history. It is said that when Mahomet fled from Mecca he hid in a cave and a spider wove a web over the entrance. When the Koreishites came thither they passed on, believing no one had entered there, as the spider's web was unbroken. In the Talmud we are told that David in his flight hid himself in the cave of Adullam, and a spider spun its net over it. When Saul came in search of him, he passed on without entering the cave, as the web was undisturbed.

Dogs were supposed by the ancients to be specially endowed with supernatural power which enabled them to be sensible of their owners' death, no matter how far removed they might be, therefore they were revered in different sections of the world. Barry, the famous Mount St. Bernard dog, whose stuffed skin is now in the museum at Berne, is said to have saved the lives of forty human beings. Lord Byron's dog Boatswain is buried in the garden of Newstead Abbey. Sir Walter Scott's pet dogs were Maida and his jet-black greyhound Hamlet. "Luffra, the fleetest hound in all the North," was Douglas's dog. Llewellyn's dog, about which so much pathos clings, was a greyhound by the name of Gelert. Jip was Dora's dog in "David Copperfield." Punch's pet was Toby, and Fingal's, Bran. Landseer's dog Brutus has become famous by his introduction in his master's picture "The Invader of the Larder." Cavall was King Arthur's dog, and Phœbe the lapdog of Catherine de Médicis. When Lady Jane Grey was executed, her faithful lapdog was found concealed in the folds of her gown. King Roderick, the last of the Goths, lavished his affection on his canine favorite Theron. Master McGrath, the

sporting greyhound of Lord Lurgan, who won three Waterloo cups, was presented at court by the express desire of Queen Victoria, an honor conferred on no other of his race.

Horses, too, have played no inconspicuous part in history, in some instances even being deified. "Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow," cried Richard III. at the battle of Bosworth Field. Black Agnes was the favorite horse of Mary Queen of Scots. Bucephalus, the favorite charger of Alexander the Great, used to kneel when the king mounted him. He cost three thousand five hundred pounds, and was thirty years old when he died. Chosroes II. of Persia had a horse, Shibdiz, called the Persian Bucephalus. Orelia was the favorite horse of King Roderick, and Xanthos the famous charger of Achilles. Copenhagen, the horse of the Duke of Wellington, was twenty-seven years old when he died.

In 1609 an Englishman by the name of Banks had a horse which he had trained to follow him wherever he went, over fences and to the roofs of buildings. He and his horse went to the top of that immensely high structure, St. Paul's Church. After many wonderful exploits at home, the horse and his master went to Rome, where they performed feats equally astonishing. The result was that both Banks and his horse were burned, by order of the Pope, as enchanters.

Elephants have frequently figured in history and gained victories in battles. Hannibal, with thirty-seven elephants, crossed the Pyrenees into Gaul and with bundles of brushwood tied to the horns of oxen deceived the army of Fabius Maximus.

The mythical Semiramis was defeated in her invasion of India by an army of elephants.

Romulus and Remus were said to have been nursed by a she-wolf. Tasso says Clorinda was suckled by a tigress, and Orson, the brother of Valentine, was suckled by a she-bear and brought up by an eagle.

Poe has immortalized the raven, Whittier the robin, and Longfellow the snow-white bird that sang to the monk Felix.

King Charles V., rather than disturb a swallow that had built her nest on his tent, gave order when the camp was broken to leave his tent standing.

Less classical, but perhaps better known, was Dick Whittington's cat, the sale of which to the King of Morocco for a fabulous price enabled the aforesaid Dick to engage in business, rise to great wealth, and finally become Lord Mayor of London and a shining example for all boys to follow. Next in the feline family we have the Kilkenny cats, who swallowed each other, and left only the tails behind to tell of the battle.

In every-day classics we have Robinson Crusoe's goat and parrot, Mother Hubbard's dog, Little Red Riding-Hood's wolf, Little Bo-Peep's sheep, Baa-baa black sheep, Mary's lamb, the three bears, Cock Robin and the murderous sparrow, the cow that jumped over the moon, the little dog that laughed to see the sport, and the spider that frightened "little Miss Muffet."

F. G. De Fontaine.

A BUZZARDS' BANQUET.

DOES ugliness as an attribute exist in Nature? Can the ardent, sympathetic lover of Nature ever find her unlovely? If Nature is not utilitarian she is nothing. We have only wonder and worship for her prodigal and perfect economy, but does she always couple beauty with utility?

To one who loves her, Nature is never tiresome nor uninteresting, but she is often most fascinating when veiled. She has moods and tempers and habits, and even physical blemishes, that are frequently discovered to the too pressing suitor; and while these may quicken his interest and faith, they often dissipate that halo of poetry with which first fancy clothed her. How else were Thoreau's love-songs talked without tune?

Like the spots on the sun, all other of Nature's blemishes disappear in the general blaze of her loveliness when viewed through the veil of farness. From the deep distance of a bed in the meadow-grass, there is perfection of poetic motion, something thrilling and sublime, in the flight of a buzzard far up under the very dome of a blue sky; but look at that bald-headed, snaky-necked creature upon a fence-stake, and you wonder how leagues into the clouds ever hid his ugly visage from you.

Cathartes aura from a utilitarian point of view is an admirable creation; and so are the robin and the oriole; and so, too, are most birds from artistic and poetic points of view: they are the soul and song of nature a-wing. Not so the buzzard. He has the wings of Gabriel, but the head and neck of Lucifer. If ugliness be an attribute of nature, then the buzzard is its expression incarnate. Not that he is wicked, but worse than wicked,—repulsive. The jackal is a mean, sordid little scamp, yet the miserable half-dog beast, if he has degenerated, has not fallen far, for he was never up very high; but the buzzard was a bird, and what he is now is unnamable. He has fallen back beyond the reptiles, into a kind of harpy with snake's head and bird's body,—a vulture more horrid than those mythical monsters of old.

Having once seen a turkey-buzzard feeding, one will have no difficulty in accounting for the origin of those "angry creations of the gods" that defiled the banquets of King Phineus. If there is any holiness of beauty, then the turkey-buzzard, with clipped wing, is the most unholy, the most utterly lost soul in the animate world. The jackal looks respectable, almost honest, in company with this buzzard.

One bright, warm day last January—a frog-waking day here in Southern New Jersey—I saw the buzzards in unusual numbers sailing over the pines, nearly two miles from my door. Hoping for a glimpse of something social in these unemotional, silent solitaires, I hurried over to the pines, and, passing through the wood, found scores of the buzzards feasting just beyond a fence in an open field.

Creeping up a little distance from the scene, I quietly hid in a great drift of leaves and corn-blades that the winds had piled in the

corner of the old worm fence, and became an interested spectator at the strangest, gruesomest assemblage ever seen,—a buzzards' banquet.

The silence of the nether world reigned over the banquet. Like ugly shades from across the Styx came the buzzards, deepening the stillness with their swishing wings. It was an unearthly picture: the yellow winter sunlight, the stub-stuck cornfield, the dark pines, had changed to features fitting some Stygian Strophades, harpy-habited.

The buzzards, great and sombre, were stalking awkwardly about, with the ends of their long wings occasionally dragging the ground, all fighting deliberately and calmly for a share of the spoil. This clumsy, silent semblance of battle heightened the unearthliness of the scene. The hobbling hitch of a seal upon land is as graceful as was the uncertain strut of these fighting buzzards. The scuffle continued as long as the buzzards remained upon the ground, wordless and bloodless, not even a feather being disturbed, save those which rose with anger as the hair rises on a dog's back; but the fight was terrible in its uncanniness.

Upon the fence and in the top of a dead oak near by others settled, and lapsed immediately into a state of apparent unconsciousness that was almost a stupor. Here they sat, gloomy and indifferent, their heads drawn down between their shoulders, perfectly oblivious of all mundane things. Each buzzard seemed not to be aware that any other buzzard was on the earth.

Not one showed any hurry or anxiety to fall to eating. After alighting, they would go through the long process of folding up their wings and packing them against their sides; then they would sit awhile as if trying to remember why they had come. Occasionally one would unfold his wings by sections, pause a moment with them outstretched,—persuaded, it would seem, of his mistake,—and with a few ponderous flaps sail off into the sky without having tasted the banquet. Then another upon the ground, having feasted, would run a few steps to get spring, and, bounding heavily into the air, would smite the earth once or twice with his over-long wings and go swinging up above the trees. As these grew small and disappeared in the blue distance, others came into view, mere specks among the clouds, descending in ever-diminishing circles until they settled, without word or greeting, with their fellows at the banquet.

The fence was becoming black with them. Evidently some kinds of news spread even among these incommunicative ghouls. Soon one dropped upon the fence-stake over my head. He was clad in rusty, faded black; his beak was milky white; his eyes big and watery; and wrinkled about his small head and snaky neck was red, bald skin, completing a visage as degenerate and ugly as could be made without human assistance.

Perhaps half a hundred were now gathered in a writhing heap upon the ground. A banquet this *sans* toasts and cheer—the essence of the unconvivial. It was a strange dumb-show in serious reality rather than a banquet. The noise of their scuffling, the dry clashing of their wings, the occasional flapping and pulling and pecking as they moved together, were interspersed with low, serpent-like hisses. Except for a sort of

half-heard, guttural croak at rare intervals, these hisses were the only utterances of the buzzards that broke the silence. So far as I know, this batrachio-reptilian language is the meagre limit of the buzzard's faculty of vocal expression. With croak and hiss he warns and woos. And what tender emotion has a buzzard too subtle for expression by croak or hiss? And what need has he of words to add to the horror of his countenance?

Among his own kind, except when angry, the buzzard is silent. There is scarcely a trace of companionableness in his nature; he seems entirely devoid of affection and fellow-feeling; he shows no interest in any one or in any thing save his stomach, and even with this he appears out of humor, for his hypochondria is doubtless due to dyspepsia. The buzzards are, however, gregarious to an extent, and some naturalists would find a trace of sociability in their nesting in communities. But this is not the rule; they most often nest in single pairs, widely separated. When they nest in communities, it is rather because the locality is suitable than from any desire to be together. Still they frequently choose the same dead tree, or clump of trees, for a roost, which may yet prove that even in a buzzard's bosom there is something that calls for companionship.

The buzzard usually lays two long, brown-blotched eggs in a rough nest of sticks and leaves upon the ground, or in a hollow log, or stump, or dead tree. Frequently there is no nest whatever, and the eggs are deposited upon the bare earth. I once found a nest in a low, thick mat of brier and grape-vine. As I came upon the nest the female was brooding the eggs, and the moment she caught sight of me, instead of trying to defend her treasures, as any normal mother would have done, she turned like a demon upon her nest, thrust her beak fiercely into one of her eggs, and devoured it before I could scare her off. This one unnatural act is without parallel in all my observation of bird-life. The indolent habits, the unnamable tastes, had demoralized and unmothered this one-time bird.

Originally the buzzard was not so depraved in his tastes; his very looks attest this. A long time ago, when man ascended the throne of the kingdom of Beasts, there was a readjustment in Nature in consequence of many newly made offices. Among others, the office of scavenger was created. Who should the scavengers be? Every division of the kingdom had its election: the insects chose the burying beetle, the fish chose the sharks, the reptiles the alligator, the mammals the jackal, and the birds elected the buzzard. The buzzard protested and sulked, and continues to sulk, but he has been engaged so long in the business that he is incapable of earning a living in any other way.

I saw all this in the face and attitude of the buzzard on the stake above my head,—the history of a life in a look. He sat there as if conscious that it was beneath a bird of his parts to live a scavenger; he was mad with himself for submitting to circumstances so degrading, mad with his position in the society of birds, but, recognizing his inability to change his place and manner of life, he has lapsed into a state of soured silence that is perpetual.

The buzzards are a lazy, cowardly, degenerate set. That they have degenerated from something far removed is proved by the fact that at this late day they have a decided preference for fresh food,—doubtless the taste of their ancestors,—and even now are armed with the great talons and beak of the eagles. Through ages of disuse their talons and beak have become weakened, dull, and unfit for the hunt; and now the buzzard, instead of struggling for his quarry, is content to eat a dinner in any stage of decay.

This discovery of the buzzard's fondness for fresh food led to some interesting observations as to the relative strength of his vision and power of scent. It is astonishing with what rapidity the buzzards collect from unknown distances about any carrion. A dead animal may be dragged into the field, and in less than an hour there will be scores of these sombre creatures gathered about it, when, in all the wide reach of the horizon, never more than one or two have been in sight at a time. You may spy a buzzard sailing so high that he appears no larger than a swallow. He is descending. Follow where he lights, and you find him eating the snake that you killed in the path a few minutes before. How did he discover, from so great a height, that tiny snake, entirely odorless? And how were all the buzzards of the county so promptly notified of the death of Dobbin?

We associate the buzzards with carrion, and naturally attribute their marvellous power of finding food to their sense of smell; but no bird has much sense of taste: consequently birds are defective in powers of scent, and I believe that the buzzard is among those most deficient. It is not his nose but his eyes that aid him most in discovering food.

In winter I have seen them find meat when frozen and free from scent as readily as in summer. One day I carried a freshly killed chicken into the pasture, tied a long string to it, and hid myself near by in a corn-shock. A buzzard passing overhead soon began to circle above me, and I knew he had seen the chicken. Down he came, leisurely at first, spirally winding as if descending some aerial staircase from the clouds, till just above the tree-tops he began to swing like a great pendulum through the air, turning his head from side to side as he passed over the chicken, watching to see if it moved. He was about to settle, when I pulled the string, and he darted up in great fright. Again and again I repeated the experiment; each time at the least sign of life the buzzard hurried off, and he alighted only after being thoroughly assured that the chicken was quite dead.

The buzzards fly high in the air, and whenever they see one of their fellows circling over a particular place they take it as the signal of a "find," and all hasten to the spot from miles around.

There were fully a hundred gathered about me, some sitting moody and sullen, some coming, some going, while others were hungrily picking among the bones. They had no suspicion of my presence, but I had grown tired of them, and, springing suddenly from the leaves, I stood in their midst. There was consternation and hissing for an instant, then a violent flapping of wings, and away they flew in every direction.

Their heavy bodies were quickly swung above the trees, and soon they were all wheeling away beyond the reach of straining eyes. Presently one came over far up in the blue, floating without effort among the clouds, now wheeling in grand circles, now swinging through immense arcs, sailing with stately grandeur on motionless wings in flight that was sublime.

Dallas Lore Sharp.

SOME LITERARY SHRINES OF MANHATTAN.

I.

IN OLDEST NEW YORK.

MATERIAL New York is both large and great; its dimensions are vast, its wealth is enormous, its commercial power is immeasurable, its better streets and structures are grand and imposing, the richest realities upon the planet lie within its limits. But, for those who can discern it, there is a greater New York, replete with glorious memories and big with thoughtful suggestions, which dwarfs and subordinates the material vastness and opulence,—a city redolent of letters, of history, of romance, of poetry. Some subtle sense may enable us to see, beneath the mammoth edifices, the modest homes of the pioneers of cisatlantic literature, within the twilight of cañon-like passages roofed by railways and dominated by multi-storied structures, the quiet streets where walked generations of thinkers; to hear upon the pave, amid the clamor of the modern Babel, the re-echoing footfalls of men whose memory the world will not let die. In the older section of the city every rod pressed by our pilgrim feet becomes sacred ground when we heed its suggestions of the past, its association with the lives and works of the luminaries who here created for the young republic a place and a name in the world of letters; memories of the "Dutch Herodotus," Knickerbocker, pervade the ancient thoroughfares; Halleck and Woodworth hallow Wall Street; Broadway is sung by Willis and Drake; the shade of Clarke stalks in City Hall Park.

To this memory-haunted city came Bryant from his Berkshire home; here Cooper and Brockden Brown wrote, Talleyrand taught, Whitefield, Edwards, and Tennent preached, Francis and Emmet practised. Here Irving was born, Paulding flourished, Drake died, Hamilton was buried. These hallowing memories are reminiscent of a time long past, when the city held a virtual monopoly of the best and foremost of distinctively American literature; but the modern New York has not been content with mere material greatness and commercial power; its wealth has founded great libraries, its commercial spirit has erected large publishing houses and established great journals and greater magazines, giving generous rewards to numerous authors and writers; these in turn have organized the various clubs and associations of literary men which have helped to promote and popularize lettered tastes, and to create an atmosphere which stimulates literary talent and attracts its possessors

from other portions of the republic. So that the New York of our day, with its dependencies, holds a galaxy of literary lights perhaps nowhere excelled, and as we proceed northward from the fast disappearing literary shrines of the older Manhattan we find in increasing proportion the haunts of more recent writers, some of whom yet dwell incarnate among us and maintain here a literature of broader scope than America has before known.

To seek out some of the scenes of Manhattan's *littérateurs* has been our object during weeks of "splendid strolling," which have revealed shrines so numerous that many of them may not be even mentioned here.

If our quest begin where New York began, at the Battery, we find ourselves at the outset in a region rife with the memories we esteem most precious. All about us lie scenes that are suggestive of Irving and his whimsical conceits: here is the spot where Oloffe Van Kortlandt of Knickerbocker's history was cast upon Manhattan's shores and saw the vision of St. Nicholas which encouraged the Dutchmen to settle there; here is the site of mighty Fort Amsterdam, upon whose ramparts "William the Testy" erected his windmills and Quaker cannon, the place of the outlying bulwarks of mud "faced with clam-shells," which later became the scene of extraforaneous festivals and dances, and where the puissant Peter Stuyvesant witnessed that "exhibition of the graces" which evoked his decree that all petticoats should be flounced at the bottom. Still later Irving himself frequented the then fashionable resort, and walked with such companions as Paulding and Verplanck, or pondered his compositions beneath the sycamores by the water-side; here Halleck, Drake, Willis, and Morris were habitual strollers in bygone days; here Bayard Taylor, listening to the lapping of the waters upon the shore, composed "The Waves," and the charm of the place inspired some of the graceful stanzas of Thomas Appleton. Stedman, too, has sung of the Battery in a popular poem, and Robert Burns Wilson, in his "Eventide," has embalmed an enchanting memory of that verdant and breezy headland. Hither Howells brings Basil and Isabel March in the outset of "Their Wedding Journey," and hither they return in "A Hazard of New Fortunes."

Despite the encroachments of the elevated railways, this is still one of the most delightful of Manhattan's pleasure-grounds: as we pace its margin of sea-wall we look out upon the most beautiful of bays, flecked with flashing craft, and see beyond its shimmering waters scenes of song and story. Here we behold the theatre of some of the exploits of Cooper's "Water-Witch;" there is the islet—where now the great bronze goddess lifts her electric torch—which the erudite Knickerbocker would have us believe was once a "wart on Anthony's Nose;" beyond are the verdant upland slopes where Winter lives and Curtis died; yonder lie the shores of ancient Pavonia, palled by humid outpourings of factories and refineries, as they were aforetime by clouds from the pipes of the burghers of Communipaw.

In the near-by straggling streets—believed to have been laid out by the cows—have lived many men of letters in picturesque dwellings which, after lapsing through various stages of domiciliary dishonor, have

usually given place to business structures. At No. 17 State Street, opposite the Battery, whilom was the home of Irving's older brother William, the Pindar Cockloft of "Salmagundi," with him dwelt his brother-in-law, James K. Paulding, who contributed most of "Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff" to that sprightly literary production, and who here wrote "The Backwoodsman," his most finished poem. William Irving's house was the resort of a brilliant coterie of the wits of the town, including that roistering company composed of Irving, Kemble, Paulding, etc., and variously known as "The Nine Worthies," "Lads of Kilkenny," and "The Ancients," who held carousal at Cockloft Hall. Of this circle, Gouverneur Kemble, "The Patroon" of Cockloft, lived a few rods distant, in a staid and stately mansion standing amid ample gardens in Whitehall, at the corner of Stone Street. This was also a haunt of Irving, and years afterward we find Paulding, who had married Kemble's sister, writing to Irving in Europe, "In the division of the estate the old home has fallen to me; here have I set up my tent, and if living in a great house constitutes a great man, a great man am I, at your service." Paulding, who was celebrated in Halleck's "Fanny," and humorously greeted by Drake as "the poet of the backwoods, cabbages, log-huts, and gin," wrote here many poems,—like "The Old Man's Carousal,"—sketches, and tales: of the latter, "The Dutchman's Fireside" was most successful; of his many verses, the only lines now often recalled are those beginning "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." Paulding left the old house to take a place in Van Buren's cabinet, and its site is now covered by a large office building.

At No. 3 Bridge Street, just around the corner from Paulding's, Irving lived some years after his first residence abroad, in the home of his brother Eben, the "Captain Great-Heart" of the Cockloft frolics. Irving calls this house "the family hive," because it was always filled with relatives: it was here that his brother Peter, another of "The Nine Worthies" and founder of *The Morning Chronicle*, died. A few steps out of Whitehall in Pearl Street, in what was then No. 33, a dwelling of somewhat decayed gentility, John Howard Payne, author of the immortal lyric "Home, Sweet Home," first saw the light; and in this same street, where the father of Halleck's "Fanny" dwelt after his retirement from trade, we find, beyond the historic Fraunces's Tavern, the place where Irving and his brother commenced as "P. & E. Irving & Co., Merchants." Near Whitehall, too, we find in Beaver Street the site of the school in which poor Henry William Herbert taught Greek during eight years of the period in which his best historical romances were produced. The school has disappeared under a modern warehouse, but upon the opposite side of Broadway still stands the Stevens House, where, in his room upon the second floor, he ended his unhappy life with a pistol-shot, years after he had made himself famous in another department of literature under the pen name of Frank Forrester.

Other portions of Broadway have been sung in Willis's "Unseen Spirits" and Clarke's "Belles of Broadway," and by the muses of Mr. William Allen Butler and Mr. Richard Watson Gilder; and

this lower portion—to which our ramble has brought us—figures in the verse of Drake and Halleck, who as “Croaker & Co.” provoked the talk of the town by their quaint and satirical poems in the *Evening Post* in the days when Lower Broadway was still the fashionable promenade. For years after Halleck found “Our fourteen wards Contain some thirty-seven bards,” one of the bards, his friend the “Mad Poet” McDonald Clarke, who made Broadway his habitual haunt and found in it the inspiration of much of his erratic song, was prominent among the promenaders here by reason of his military bearing and garb. In a modest domicile of red brick which stood near the beginning of Broadway and has long been supplanted by a tall business building, Irving lived for some years with Henry Brevoort; here in his second-story library, whose windows looked out upon Bowling Green, where his doughty hero assembled his warriors for the campaign against the Swedes, and upon the site of Fort Amsterdam, the scene of so many incidents of the book, he prepared a revision of the first American work which all the world read, “Knickerbocker’s History.” Mr. Edgar Fawcett has lately laid a scene of his “Romance of Old New York” at this historic little Green; a few doors above it an architectural colossus covers the spot where Alexander Hamilton, principal writer of “The Federalist,” once resided, and just around the corner, in what is now Exchange Place, a region of banking buildings, he had his office at the time of the fateful duel with Burr.

An edifice of painted brick at the corner of Greenwich and Rector Streets, west of Broadway, was the boarding-house of Irving at the time Halleck lodged but a few doors distant in Greenwich Street, in rooms which he described to his sister as “neat and indeed elegant.” While living here he formed the familiar friendship with the poet of “The Culprit Fay” which was to be too soon ended by the death of Drake, and here Halleck wrote the poem “On the Prospect of War,” commencing, “When the bright star of hope for our country was clouded.” Near by in the same street, a three-storied brick house with green Venetian blinds was once the home of Hoffman, Irving’s legal preceptor, where was born the brilliant and unfortunate Charles Fenno Hoffman, half-brother to Irving’s *fiancée*.

The stroll along Broadway soon brings us to Trinity Churchyard, with its many ancient monuments, no one of which, albeit graven with the name of statesman or warrior, so much stirs the interest of the passing throng as the poor, despoiled gravestone, sunk in the sward a few feet from the sidewalk, which tells that “Charlotte Temple,” the unhappy heroine of Mrs. Rowson’s pathetic tale, has here found rest on the lap of earth. At a book-store a block above, on the 6th of December, 1809, the issuance of “a History of New York” was announced, the same being “published to discharge certain debts Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker has left behind him.”

The spire of old Trinity overlooks the length of the sordid money centre which has been celebrated in the poetic humor and sentiment of “Fanny,” “Pan in Wall Street,” and “Israel Freyer’s Bid for Gold,” and hallowed by the commercial labors of the bards Halleck, Stedman, Stoddard, and others. At No. 3 Wall, then the corner of New Street,

Irving displayed his law-sign on the house of his brother John, and there shared his office while projecting, with William Irving and his brother-in-law Paulding, the publication of the droll and sparkling "Salmagundi" papers, which were to "vex and charm the town." Upon the opposite corner, covered now by lofty office buildings, was the store of Wiley the publisher, whose back room—called "The Den" by Cooper the novelist, who held a sort of literary court there—was the familiar lounge for many of the American *littérateurs* of the time, including Halleck, Dunlap, Percival, Paulding, etc., much as Murray's London drawing-room was for English authors. It was from this establishment that Richard Henry Dana—to whom the manuscript of "Thanatopsis" was submitted before publication, and who was one of the first to recognize the genius of Bryant—issued "The Idle Man," in which Bryant's "Green River" first appeared, and to which Allston was a contributor.

Among the old offices on the site of the United Bank Building was "Ugly Hall," where were held the séances of the "Ugly Club," a circle of handsome young men, among whom Halleck was a leading spirit. Nearer Broad Street was the law-office of Irving's nephew and biographer Pierre M. Irving, and, near by, the prim old mansion in which the brilliant and scholarly writer Gulian C. Verplanck, co-author of "The Talisman," was born. A tall building a few doors out of Wall in Broad Street holds the offices where our poet and critic Edmund C. Stedman is a banker for some hours of each day. Hamilton erst had his modest home almost opposite to where

the Treasury's marble front
Looks over Wall Street's mingled nations,

and but a stone's throw from that of his rival Burr in Nassau Street. A few steps distant were the law-offices of Hoffman, where Irving was a student, and where, as his letters tell us, crazy furniture and dirty windows contributed to the general gloom, while "the ponderous fathers of the law frowned upon us from their shelves in the awful majesty of folio grandeur." The Dutchess County Insurance Company, of which Halleck was secretary, was located around the next corner in William Street; not far away in the same thoroughfare was the *Evening Post* in the days when Bryant came to its editorship; and the law-office of Burr was once upon the same block. In the Custom House we may still find, in what was then the Debenture Room, the place where our bard Richard Henry Stoddard—like Lamb in the East India House—wrought upon uncongenial tasks during the years in which he gave forth such poems as "Songs of Summer," "The King's Bell," and the pathetic stanzas of "In Memoriam." Near the foot of Wall Street, Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," had his printing-office: here he published some of the several literary periodicals he vainly endeavored to float, and produced many poems over the *nom de plume* of "Selim," a name by which he was called by his intimates. In the same neighborhood Jonathan Edwards, author of "The Will" and other learned treatises, first preached to a congregation of seceders from a church farther up Wall Street.

Upon the site of the Gillender Building in Nassau Street the genial "Harry Franco" (Charles F. Briggs) and the scintillant Edgar Allan Poe edited the *Broadway Journal*, which Poe removed to Clinton Hall after he had purchased his partner's interest with a note which Horace Greeley subsequently had to pay. At No. 9 of the same block, covered now by a great bank edifice, the poets Woodworth and Morris some-time published the *New York Mirror and Ladies' Gazette*, in the same building where Pierre M. Irving for twelve years had his office. The home of Dr. Elihu Hubbard Smith, an old-fashioned house in the contiguous Pine Street nearer to William, was the abode of Charles Brockden Brown, the first American to adopt literature as a sole profession. He had become the attached friend of Smith while the latter was studying medicine in Philadelphia, and afterward, when Brown's friends there discouraged his literary ambition and projects, he removed to New York and became an inmate of Smith's house, where he wrote "Wieland," "Ormond," "Arthur Mervyn," and other weird and once widely read tales, said to have greatly interested Shelley and to have suggested some of his poems. This home of Smith's received such guests as "the American Addison,"—Joseph Dennie, author of "The Lay Preacher,"—William Dunlap, and James Kent, and was a meeting-place of the "Friendly Club" of men of letters and culture. Here Scandella, an Italian *littérateur*, was tended in an attack of yellow fever by his friends Smith and Brown, who took the malady from him, and, of the trio, Brown alone survived.

At the Pine Street corner of Broadway a many-storied modern structure has replaced the building where Bryant edited the *New York Review and Athenæum Magazine*, in which Halleck's "Burns" and "Marco Bozzaris" first appeared. Upon the opposite side of Broadway the Boreel Building covers the site of the City Hotel, the old-time resort of Cooper, Hillhouse, Woodworth, and others of the *literati*, where Louis Napoleon dined Halleck, and where was given the dinner to Dickens at which Irving presided and presented the guest in the very shortest and most abruptly closed of dinner speeches, terminating with the aside, "There, I told you I should break down, and I've done it!"

A humbler resort, whose character remains little changed although the building has been reconstructed, was the quiet little ale-house back of the hotel at the corner of Thames and Temple Streets, kept by William Reynolds, an ex-gravedigger of Trinity Churchyard and a lowly but attached friend of Halleck. The poet was introduced to the place by Drake, and here met "Reynolds's pretty daughter" Eliza, with whom he maintained a warm friendship to the day of his death. A few rods nearer the Hudson, in Greenwich Street, a dingy edifice, whose entrance has been despoiled of its brown pillars, and whose rooms are darkened by the elevated railway and dinned and assailed by passing trains, was the abode of Poe during a brief period of his meteoric course. It was to this house that he came with a cash capital of four dollars to begin anew his literary career in New York, and here he wrote "The Balloon Hoax" and the strange poem of "Dream-land." In the next, Cedar, street, lived for a time the brother of

Thomas Campbell, to whom the bard consigned the manuscript of "O'Connor's Child" and a new edition of "Gertrude of Wyoming," for the publication of which in America Irving negotiated. Upon another block of the same thoroughfare the Bank of Commerce building towers upon the place where Noah Webster lodged when he edited *The Minerva* and for some time afterward, only a few doors distant from the modest dwelling which had once been a residence of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

The offices of *Current Literature*, of which that graceful and sympathetic delineator of Creole character, George W. Cable, is editor and the grandson of Bryant is chief owner, are in the adjacent Liberty Street, and upon the opposite corner of Nassau sometime stood the seed-store of Grant Thorburn,—“Laurie Todd.” His garden, according to Mrs. Lamb, was once upon the site of the iron-fronted edifice of the Real Estate Exchange, and just around the corner in Nassau Street, in rooms adjoining his first shop, he nursed through an attack of yellow fever a stripling lad who lived to invent Hoe's printing-press. Almost opposite to Thorburn's store, his rival the political essayist William Cobbett for some months sold seeds and plants.

A few rods out of Broadway in Cortlandt Street—a locality long since resigned to commerce—erstwhile was the home of Mrs. Renwick, which was long a cherished resort of Irving and other literary lights. Its charming hostess—mother of Professor James Renwick and sister of the great Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review*—was a native of the lovely Scottish Annandale, where Burns saw and sang of her as “The Blue-Eyed Lassie” and later made her the heroine of “When first I Saw my Jeanie's Face,” a lay not usually included in the volumes of his verse, concluding with the lines,—

While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover.

She and Irving were warmest friends, and it was her hand that rooted at Sunnyside the ivy from the ruins of Scott's “fair Melrose,” which now riots upon the walls of Irving's old home. A few doors below Mrs. Renwick's, on the same street, an ample old house held a triune sisterhood of wit and beauty, toasted by the gallants of the time as “The Three Graces.” Of these sisters, the oldest, Mary Fairlie, was Irving's especial favorite; she was the “Sophy Sparkle” of his “Salmagundi” papers, “the fascinating Fairlie” of his letters, his friend and correspondent for many years: some of his most brilliant epistles were addressed to her.

In Broadway below Cortlandt the *Knickerbocker Magazine* was founded by Lewis Gaylord Clark, with a corps of unexcelled contributors,—among them Robert C. Sands, who was preparing an article for the first number at the instant of his fatal seizure. Dey Street, near by, was of yore the dark and blood-stained glen where was fought the famous “Peach War” between the burghers and the Indians, chronicled in Knickerbocker's veracious history; and just across Broadway the passage at No. 17 John Street marks for us the place of the entrance to the old theatre which the lads Irving and Paulding used surreptitiously

to attend, and where these embryo authors probably saw the young and pretty Elizabeth Arnold, afterward the mother of Poe, who played here in 1797 as Marcia in the comedy of "The Spoiled Child." In the old church across the street George Whitefield "preached like a lion," and at the boys' school next door—long replaced by a business edifice—Dr. Francis was a pupil with Irving and heard him declaim in stentorian tones, "My voice is still for war!"

The warehouse in which Halleck was for many years book-keeper and accountant for Jacob Barker, although presently threatened with demolition, still stands in South Street a little below John: it is now used for storage, and is little changed, save that a glass partition, which divided the office, where the author of "Marco Bozzaris" was employed, from the store, has been removed. The adjoining warehouse of the short-lived firm of Halleck & Barker has been altered somewhat more; the neighborhood is quieter, and the number of bowsprits that project across the street and "threaten the office windows" manifestly smaller, than in Halleck's day. A quaint two-storied dwelling at 131 William Street, above John, was supplanted many years ago by a warehouse whose front is soon to be embellished with a tablet setting forth the fact that Irving was born there. At an early age he was removed to No. 128, a house of Dutch design and of Dutch bricks, which stood within a garden, upon the opposite side of the street, and here he grew to physical manhood. One who saw this dwelling with Irving has described it to the writer as a two-storied edifice with curious attic windows in each of its four steep gables, with a side entrance from the yard, built of narrow bricks like those now to be seen in the front of the yet older building standing two doors below. Two windows of the second story were pointed out by Irving as belonging to his own sleeping-apartment; beneath these the roof of a wood-shed once declined to the enclosing fence and afforded the lad the means by which he stole out, after compulsory attendance at family prayers, to rejoin his friend Paulding in the pit of the John Street theatre, not many rods away.

Around the corner, at 107 Fulton Street, the poets Morris and Willis established *The Home Journal*, which has numbered among its contributors some of the brightest writers in American literature. At the Broadway corner of this street are the offices of the *Evening Post*, the paper which Bryant edited during the greater part of his life; we find, by the south window of a little room on the upper floor, the place where he habitually sat, and where he was employed in correcting proofs on the morning of his last day of conscious life. The window at his side then commanded a wide prospect of the lower city, within its "shore of ships," and upon this the poet loved to look in the pauses of his work. The graceful Willis whilom dwelt at 184 Fulton Street, beyond Broadway, within a few doors of the school in which Ray Palmer was a teacher at the time he composed America's best contribution to Christian hymnology, "My faith looks up to Thee."

Theodore F. Wolfe.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



**Picturesque Burma,
Past and Present.
By Mrs. Ernest
Hart. Illustrated.**

Nowadays, when the life of even the best books is all too brief, the element of timeliness counts enormously, and nothing could be more opportune at the present moment than the issue of this sumptuous book on Burma. It gives us at once a survey of the field in which England and Russia are struggling for supremacy and a sure foothold in that India which has been Kiplingized into something half unreal.

The title of the volume—a handsome royal octavo of nearly four hundred pages—is *Picturesque Burma, Past and Present*, with the implied meaning that all Burma is picturesque,—a proposition which is amply justified by the text and pictures. And how few of us know anything about this latest conquest of the British in India! Common enough are references to his Lordship of Dufferin and Ava, but it would puzzle many to give the origin of the terminal title. The empire of Ava was the realm subject to the weak King Theebaw and his pitiless queen Supayah Lat, who now “live in retirement” in British Madras. The dethronement of these royal homicides is an act of very recent date, for it was only in 1885 that General Prendergast marched into Mandalay; yet the tale of the conquest is like a page from Plutarch or Marco Polo, so antique were the customs of the people made subject without a serious show of war. It was a gentle race, believing in Gautama Buddha and practising his precepts to the fulfilment of temperate lives; but the English thirst for profit soon introduced trade in opium, and, under many pleasing but unconvincing pretexts here set forth, this goes on in increasing ratio, against the prayers of the older and wiser men and the women.

The author of *Picturesque Burma* is Mrs. Ernest Hart, who accompanied her husband on a tour through the land in 1895, and who now embodies her well-chosen and typical observations in a narrative as fascinating for its style as for its subject-matter. Many of the illustrations are from Mrs. Hart's own pencil, and these betray the faculty of grasping the picturesque side of things which characterizes the entire text. She has succeeded, with anecdote and picturesque traits, with good sense and keen insight, in furnishing so composite a view of the great Irrawaddy and its queer craft, of Mandalay, which belies its fanciful geography in Kipling's line, of Amaurapoora, of Pagahu, of the great forests and their wild life, and of the domestic manners of the natives, as to give the sensation to the reader of having visited the strange land for himself.

The history and resources of Burma, the religion, which penetrates every avenue of life, and the effect of British domination, are all dwelt upon as essential details in the completed canvas.

The text is enriched by a series of ten remarkable photogravures giving views of places and people, and by numerous other pictures very essential to the understanding of the letter-press; besides two useful maps. The cover is

from a design in Burmese embroidery; and in every feature the publication is a credit to its joint publishers, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and J. M. Dent & Co., London.

A Musical Note from Walter Damrosch.

Richard Wagner.
By Houston Stewart
Chamberlain.
Translated by G.
Ainslie Hight. Il-
lustrated.

Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "Wagner" and Freda Winworth's "Interpretation of Wagner's Nibelungen Ring" are well worth the attention of Wagner enthusiasts in particular, and of music-lovers in general.

Mr. Chamberlain's book is written with a pen burning with enthusiastic adoration of Wagner's genius. He gives us a vivid picture of the master's life, his aims, his worldly failures and spiritual achievements.

Existing biographies, records, and letters have been carefully and intelligently read and sifted, and a certain simplicity of style will make the book popular in the best sense of the word.

Wagner's position as the greatest dramatist and musician of the century is too well assured to need a defender at this late day, but this book will show to many what is not so generally understood,—that Wagner's *life* and his *works* are inseparable, and that the latter were the inevitable result of the former.

Und wie er musst, so konnt' er's.

In reading this *Life* we see the proud spirit that could not endure the servile bondage of the world driven into welcome exile, and in this isolation enabled to create its true habitat.

If Wagner had been a business man he could have made a fortune through his great talents, but his inability to utilize them financially kept him during the greater part of his life in want and poverty. What wonder that, conscious of his genius and of his power to use it for the lasting benefit of the world, he sometimes cried out in despair that "the world owed him a living"? That he was saved to us, and enabled to carry out to their fullest extent his artistic reforms and his developments of the *music drama*, is due primarily to the unswerving devotion and help of two men, Franz Liszt and King Ludwig of Bavaria.

An Interpretation
of Wagner's Nibe-
lungen Ring. By
Freda Winworth.

The little book by Miss Freda Winworth is perhaps the cleverest analysis of the Nibelungen tetralogy that has been published, and will be a great help to students, as it gives the underlying idea and symbolism of the great Norse epic in remarkably clear form.

The classifications are very original, but so simple that a child could understand them.



Cleveland's Baking Powder
does the work, just right, every time

MR. IRELAND.—“This book on swimming is very useful in sudden emergencies.”

Mrs. Ireland.—“Is it?”

Mr. Ireland.—“I should say so. If you are drowning, turn to page 103 and see how to save yourself.”—*Tid-Bits*.

CANNED SALMON.—The fish are swimming near the surface now, and if they look up they will see upon every pole which rises from the wall of mesh either a hawk, an eagle, or a great gull ready to pounce upon them. They dive and try to swim under the weed. They cannot. The water is shallow, and the weed rises from the very bottom. Meanwhile hawks and eagles are busy, a panic ensues, a few fish dart through the narrow way. It is more open beyond, and, after all, it leads in the right direction. The general impulse is to go forward. No one wants to turn back, and, like sheep, they follow their leaders through the gates of death, for after this it is all over with the salmon. Before long the wide pool narrows again. Again a straight way lies beyond them, and soon they are crowding and jostling each other in a pound fifty feet by thirty feet, where they stay, hopelessly confused and dashing wildly from side to side, until a steamer comes along with a scow in tow. On the scow is a crane. Chains from the crane are hitched on to the net, which is below the pound, and some thousands of strong, free fish, who had an hour ago the whole sea to swim in, are drawn up to the surface and ladled out in scoop-nets, knocked on the head, thrown on the scow, and carried off to the American canneries at Point Roberts, where they go through a sausage-machine and become “canned salmon.”—*Temple Bar*.

THE MAGIC NUMBER.—They were gathered together on the piazza of the summer hotel.

“I often hear of the magic number,” said one. “What number is it?”

“Why, nine, of course,” replied some one else. “There are nine Muses, you know, and you talk of a nine days’ wonder. Then you bowl at ninepins, and a cat has nine lives.”

“Tomfoolery!” broke in another. “Seven is the magic number. Seventh heaven, don’t you know, and all that. Seven colors in the rainbow; seven days in the week; seventh son of a seventh son,—great fellow; and——”

“Tush, tush!” remarked a third. “Five’s the number you mean. A man has five fingers on his hand and five toes on his foot, and he has five senses. A nickel is five cents; and——”

“Three is undoubtedly the magic number,” interrupted another, “because people give three cheers, and Jonah was inside a whale three days and three nights, and if at first you don’t succeed, try, try again,—three times, you see!”

This was received with some contempt by the company, and a soulful youth gushed out,—

“Two, oh, two is the magic number! One’s self and one other! The adored one! Just us two!”

A hard-featured individual who had been listening to the conversation hitherto unmoved here remarked, in a harsh voice,—

“The magic number is No. 1 in this world, and don’t forget it.”

An interval of deep thought on the part of all followed, after which they went in silently to supper.—*New York Sunday Journal*.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

COD LIVER OIL



FEED THE CHILDREN

The lean boy, the scrawny girl,
may be growing like weeds, but they
are thin, weak and awkward. The body
cannot support the bright, active mind, and
yet supply its own needs for the rapid growth.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil

with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda gives
flesh to the body, strength to the mind, and
supplies the bones with just the material
a growing child needs. * Be sure
you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
NEW YORK.



SPORT FRIEND.—“What do you call 'em, Tom?”

Tom.—“We haven't named them yet, but my wife, who is a member of the Episcopal Church, thinks of calling them 'Cherubim' and 'Seraphim,' because they continually do cry.”—*Texas Siftings*.

TEST OF A GOOD CLOCK IN AFRICA.—In talking over the minute factors that have meant profit or loss to manufacturers, some curious details were given me by experts. For instance, one clock manufacturer of Waterbury, Connecticut, found that a certain rival was doing a large trade in cheap clocks sent out to the wilds of Africa. He got hold of a sample clock, and, finding that there was a heavy profit in the enterprise, invested a large sum of money in making a still better clock, thousands of which were shipped to the same market. Strange to say, sales were very slow, while his rival, turning out a cheaper and far less accurate timepiece, was selling all he could make. Finally the explanation came. Savages like noise. The clocks made by the original exporter had a particularly loud and aggressive tick. His imitator made a better clock, but it was almost noiseless, and the savages would have none of it. The remedy was simple. The next shipment of clocks to the Guinea coast ticked louder than anything previously heard there, and all went well.—PHILIP G. HUBERT, JR., in *Scribner's*.

OLD-TIME FRIENDS.

(IN THE SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.)

Mister “Soldier of the Legion,” you are dying in Algiers,
And the boy upon the “burning deck” is shedding bitter tears,
And we're getting closer, closer to the Hohenlinden fight,
And we really fear that curfew's going to ring again to-night.

Sir John Moore will be buried in his ancient soldier's coat,
While not a drum is beating, and we hear no funeral note,
And Mary, known to all the girls so very long ago,
Will lead us out that “little lamb” whose “fleece was white as snow.”

And Cato will tell Plato that he reasons very well,
While Hamlet on the future in soliloquy will dwell,
And we'll hearken on the hill-tops and we'll listen in the glade
To the wonder and the thunder of the charging “light brigade.”

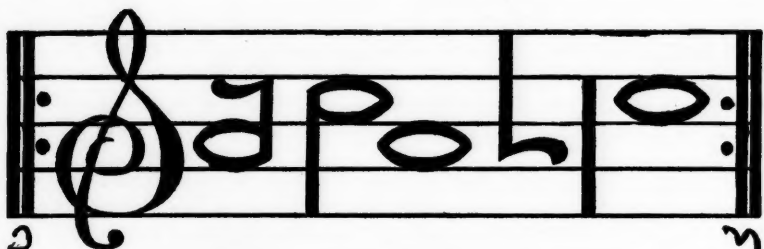
But come, old friends, and lead us to the meadows far away,
For the boys who rang the curfew once are getting old and gray,
And death, the reckless reaper, is thinning out the line,
But in dreams they drift to Bingen, to “Bingen on the Rhine.”

Atlanta Constitution.

“JOHNNIE,” called his mother, “stop using that bad language.”

“Why,” replied the boy, “Shakespeare said what I just did.”

“Well,” replied the mother, growing infuriated, “you should stop going with him: he's no fit company for you.”—*Tid-Bits*.



"A sailor's wife, a sailor's joy should be,"

Yo - ho , Yo - ho !

But when he does the work at sea

His aid, like hers, is sure to be

**CLEANS
SCOURS
POLISHES**

Sap-o, li-o!

A GERMAN doctor, who has been collecting information about the habits of long-lived persons, finds that the majority of those who attained old age indulged in late hours. Eight out of ten persons over eighty never went to bed till well into the small hours, and did not get up again till late in the day.

HE REMEMBERED.—It is said that no man ever had a more marvellous memory for faces than Henry Clay. The instances given to prove this are numberless.

On one occasion he was on his way to Jackson, Mississippi, and the cars stopped for a short time at Clinton. Among the crowd who pressed forward was one vigorous old man who insisted that Mr. Clay would recognize him. He had lost one eye.

"Where did I know you?" asked Mr. Clay, fixing a keen glance on this man.

"In Kentucky," was the reply.

"Had you lost your eye before then, or have you lost it since?" was the next question.

"Since," answered the old man.

"Turn the sound side of your face to me, so I can see your profile," said Mr. Clay, peremptorily, and the man obeyed. "I have it!" said Mr. Clay after a moment's scrutiny of the profile. "Didn't you give me a verdict as juror at Frankfort, Kentucky, in the famous case of the United States *vs.* Innis, twenty-one years ago?"

"Yes, sir!" cried the old man, trembling with delight.

"And isn't your name Hardwicke?" queried Mr. Clay, after another minute.

"I told you he'd remember me!" cried the old man, turning to the crowd. "He never forgets a face, never forgets a face!"—*Youth's Companion*.

A DROLL LETTER.—One of the drollest letters ever sent to a sovereign is probably the following, received by the Queen of England: "dere Mrs. Quean, I lost my doll in the big whole in the mountain people say you own the other side of the world too and wont you please tell them to look for it." The queen thought it rather less trouble to send the little petitioner a new doll.

HE WAS EXCUSED.—One day the aged negro did not appear in time for work, and, as the master had counted on his early presence about the stables, he took Rebecca to task for the tardiness of her spouse.

"Hev to 'scuse Rufus dis mawnin', boss. Hev to 'scuse him."

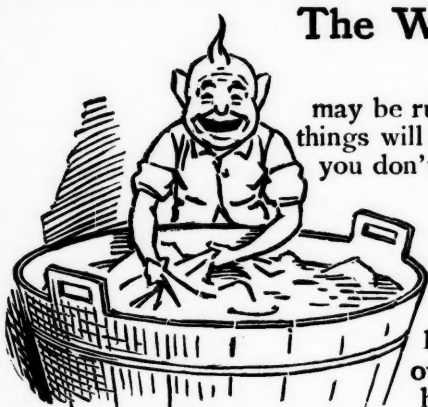
"What's the matter with him? Why ain't he here on time, eh?" the master put in, testily.

"Hev to 'scuse him dis mawnin'. Rufus died jes 'fore sunup, boss."

The quaint manner of her putting the matter and her faithfulness to her own work acted somewhat on the master's good qualities, and, quickly telling her she could "have a holiday," he turned away, possibly to conceal his feelings.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

BEGAN SCORCHING EARLY.—First Wheelman (to beginner).—"Strange how a fellow will run into things when he first begins to ride."

Second Wheelman.—"Yes: I ran into debt to get my wheel."—*Exchange*.



The Washing that's Easy

may be ruinous, perhaps. Plenty of things will save work in washing—if you don't mind more or less harm to the clothes. But if you do mind it, and want to be sure that you're not running any risk—then get **Pearline**. **Pearline** has been proved, over and over again, to be absolutely harmless. It saves more drudgery, in washing clothes or cleaning house, than any other thing that's safe to use. You can't afford to use anything that's doubtful.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of **Pearline**, be honest—*send it back.* 532 **JAMES PYLE, New York.**

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Attention is directed to the new Instalment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the instalment period of twenty years.

In everything which makes Life Insurance perfectly safe and moderate in cost, and in liberality to policy-holders, the Provident is unsurpassed.

A POUND OF FACTS is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

A LESSON FROM AFRICA.—Sometimes valuable information about ourselves comes from unexpected sources. A leading organ of the Methodist Church contributes the following interesting note about American baking powders all the way from Africa.

Rev. Bishop William Taylor, for several years Methodist Bishop of Africa, says that the red label of the Royal Baking Powder, so familiar to every house-keeper in America, is quite as well known and the powder as highly prized in every part of that continent to which civilization has extended. The Royal Baking Powder was taken to South Africa a great many years ago by Mrs. Robinson, a missionary. But its use soon spread beyond the missions, and it came to be regarded as a necessity by all classes. It was found particularly valuable in the mines and upon the ranches, and frequently sold at interior stations for a dollar a pound.

Another interesting statement is that no other baking powder will stand service in that country. Rev. Ross Taylor, the agent for African missions, says, "During the past ten years we have shipped Royal Baking Powder regularly to our African missions, and for the last four years to the exclusion of all other brands, because of the testimony of our missionaries that it maintains its strength, freshness, and purity in the tropical climate, which others do not. For instance, the superintendent of our mission in Angola, a work that is financially maintained on commercial lines, reported that he could not hold his trade with anything else but the Royal. We are using it in forty mission stations in Africa."

This natural test demonstrates more forcibly than a chemical analysis could the wide difference that exists between the different baking powders in their combination and actual practical value. The maintenance of its strength and freshness under all climatic conditions is evidence that the Royal Powder is more accurately made and composed of purer and better ingredients. Such a powder only will give uniform results in perfect foods and prove of the greatest economy in the saving of flour, butter, and other articles used in their production.

ENGLISH DAIRY PRODUCTS.—English dairy authorities state that the English cows produce 1,400,000,000 gallons of milk annually, of which 400,000,000 are used for making butter and cheese, 600,000,000 as milk for the table, at an average of sixteen gallons per inhabitant, and 400,000,000 in fattening calves.

SCHOOL-ROOM VENTILATION.—After many years of the most careful experimenting it has been found that in the rooms of our large school-houses, which are or should be lighted mainly from one side, the most thorough aëration with the least liability to injurious draughts is obtained by introducing the fresh, warm air above the heads of the occupants of the room on the side opposite the windows, letting it spread along the ceiling to the window side of the room, and there, cooled by contact with the glass, descend to the floor and pass at the lower level to the outlet, in the same wall as the inlet, but in or near the floor. There is no doubt that the warm breath of the people in the room to a certain extent rises and mingles with the fresh air flowing across the ceiling; but, notwithstanding this, the atmosphere of the room, as shown by the unanswerable testimony of analyses made at different times of the air in the various corners, is more uniformly pure under this system than under any other.—*American Architect.*

DOBBINS' FLOATING-BORAX SOAP

is **GUARANTEED** to be the **BEST** floating soap on the market and the **only one** containing **Borax**. It is **100 PER CENT. PURE**. We take pride in calling attention to the following certificate from the leading analytical chemists of this city:

DOBBINS SOAP MANUFACTURING CO.,
119 SOUTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

GENTLEMEN:

We have carefully analyzed the sample of Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap you sent us, and find it to contain fully five per cent. of Borax (Bi-Borate of Soda). It contains nothing injurious for use in the bath, toilet, or laundry. We find it free from all adulteration, and therefore certify to its purity.

Yours respectfully,

BOOTH, GARRETT & BLAIR.

This soap costs more to make than any other floating soap, and a moment's comparison of it with the best floating soap you know of will show any one that its actual value is much higher than that of any other brand; but it will be sold everywhere at the same price as other leading, though poorer, brands. Your grocer has it, or can easily get it, and one trial will convince you of its great superiority to the best of other floating soaps for Toilet, Bath, or Laundry use. It is put up in two sizes, — a five-cent cake, or Toilet size, and a larger cake, or Laundry size. The latter is more convenient and economical for general household use.

It is the only floating soap whose wrappers are printed in red; hence it is impossible to mistake it for any other, even at a distance. Ask for Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap, Red Wrapper. See list of Premiums offered for returned wrappers.

Any lady can make her soiled kid gloves look like new by rubbing either Dobbins' Electric or Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap on a piece of dampened flannel and applying it lightly to the glove. It works like magic. Try it.

Dobbins' Soap Manufacturing Company,
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For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over **FIFTY YEARS** by **MILLIONS** of **MOTHERS** for their **CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING**, with **PERFECT SUCCESS**. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for **DIARRHŒA**. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, upon addressing, with stamp, naming this Magazine, **W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.**

DOBBINS' SOAPS.

100% PURE.

IMMORTALITY—"At last!"

He clutched the volume rapturously.

"At last have I achieved a name that will live forever!"

His eyes gloated upon the fair printed page.

"A name that will be spoken wherever English is. A name that in far distant ages will fall living from the lips of men. A name that will echo and re-echo until the earth clogs the last tongue."

His eager gaze devoured the title of the act of assembly:

"An act authorizing Johannes Schmidt to change his name to John Smith."

—*New York Sunday Journal*.

HOW THE GRIZZLY EATS PEANUTS.—A man who stood in front of the bear-pit at the menagerie in Central Park was greatly interested in observing just how the big grizzly bear took the peanuts that one of the visitors was handing to him. The bear stood up at an angle of about forty-five degrees, hind feet on the floor of the pit, one forefoot resting on the stone ledge in which the bars of the cage are embedded, the other extended through the bars to take the peanuts. He did not clutch them under his claws and then turn the claws inward upon the ball of his foot, but when he reached out through the bars he spread his claws apart sideways, as one might spread the fingers of his hand apart. The visitor would place a peanut between two of the claws, and then the bear would close the claws together, as one would close the fingers of his outstretched hand. He would hold the peanut between two claws in the same manner that a man sometimes holds a cigar between two fingers. Holding it thus, the bear would carry the peanut to his mouth; then, thrusting his paw out between the bars again, he would open his claw out sideways as before, waiting for another.

"I suppose it must be an acquired taste," said a solemn-faced bystander, referring to the bear's apparent fondness for peanuts.

"I don't know," said another man. "I'm not so sure but what there are some places where grizzlies live that peanuts grow."

"That may be," said the solemn-faced man, "but I'm sure there's no place where they grow baked."—*New York Sun*.

ACROSS THE GRAVE.

Where murmuring waters meet,
A tale you told,
And all the dusky sky
Flushed red and gold.

With tender eyes of love
You looked in mine.
Beloved, from heaven's height
Those stars still shine.

And homeward through the woods
A hand you gave;
And, lo, that hand doth reach
Across the grave.

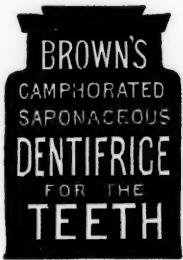
New York Tribune.

What ambition have you? What of all things is nearest your heart, and therefore your true self?

Fame, is it? The trumpet through which it shall reverberate is already cracked. Is it wealth? None should despise nor any worship it. Is it the rightful care of your family—the education of the young, their safeguard against ignorance and penury, and the assured independence and comfort of your widow? The means are within your reach. Look within!

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TO REMOVE TARTAR FROM THE TEETH,
TO SWEETEN THE BREATH AND PRESERVE THE TEETH,
TO MAKE THE GUMS HARD AND HEALTHY,

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE.

Price, Twenty-Five Cents a Jar.

For Sale by all Druggists.

THE ONEITA union undergarments for men, women, and children undoubtedly fill more of the requirements of perfection in underwear than any other style of undergarment on the market.

Write to William Iselin & Co., 1 Green Street, New York, and they will send you a handsome illustrated booklet, giving the reasons why this underwear has been so wonderfully successful, and other interesting details regarding it.

A MICHIGAN ROMANCE.—An interesting story by Stanley Waterloo, also containing valuable information about the summer resorts in the North, will be mailed to any address on receipt of four cents to pay postage. Address D. G. Edwards, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. H. & D. Railway, Cincinnati, Ohio.

STYLE IN LITERATURE.—"Not only is their thought so much better than your average thought, but their language is so much better than your average language," says Droch with reference to standard fiction, in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "I do not mean," he adds, "simply correctness of speech, but something finer than is called style. Style has been written about very learnedly by learned men. In its highest development it is a very complicated thing. It is the very essence of culture, knowledge, and artistic temperament, that gives a flavor of its own to every sentence that an author writes." But, without entering into the subtleties of style, it is surely evident to every reader of average intelligence and sensibility that there is a great difference in the manner of telling a story, for instance. It does not require a subtle mind to feel the difference in the telling of Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter' and Hugh Conway's 'Called Back.'

"By common consent Hawthorne is acknowledged the best master of style that America has produced. When you have read one of his stories—no matter how dark the crime that he has studied in it—you never feel that he has dragged down your thoughts. It is not only because he is a great moralist in his stories, but because he is a great master of style also. His language is elevated, poetic, fascinating. It makes the appeal to what is fine in your nature rather than to what is gross."

IT SOUNDED STRANGE.—The Rev. Mr. Thirdly.—"Yes, Miss de Peyster, I never see a young man coming out of a saloon but I approach him and ask, 'Brother, are not you going the wrong way?'"—*Brooklyn Life*.

THE MAN AND HIS HOUSE.—The ordinary polite inquiry, "How do you do?" calls for nothing but a conventionally polite response. But if a man is past "the allotted age," and a philosopher besides, it may elicit a reply full of meaning and worthy of record.

When John Quincy Adams was eighty years old, he met in the streets of Boston an old friend, who shook his trembling hand and said,—

"Good-morning. And how is John Quincy Adams to-day?"

"Thank you," was the ex-President's answer, "John Quincy Adams himself is well, sir; quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives at present is becoming dilapidated. It is tottering upon its foundation. Time and the seasons have nearly destroyed it. Its roof is pretty well worn out. Its walls are much shattered, and it trembles with every wind. The old tenement is becoming almost uninhabitable, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon. But he himself is quite well, sir; quite well."

With that the venerable sixth President of the United States moved on with the aid of his staff.

It was not long afterward that he had his second and fatal stroke of paralysis in the Capitol at Washington. "This is the last of earth," he said. "I am content."—*Youth's Companion*.

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MADE WITH THE WHITES OF
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Soothing to face and hands; makes the
skin like velvet, the ingredients being the
sweetest and purest obtainable, and selected
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Leaves a sweet, refined odor, best French
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solidity, will outlast two cakes of ordinary
soap.

Sold at the popular price of **10 cents** by
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FREE sample cake to any one sending
name and address and 2c. stamp for
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keeps it. Don't fail to try it.*

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